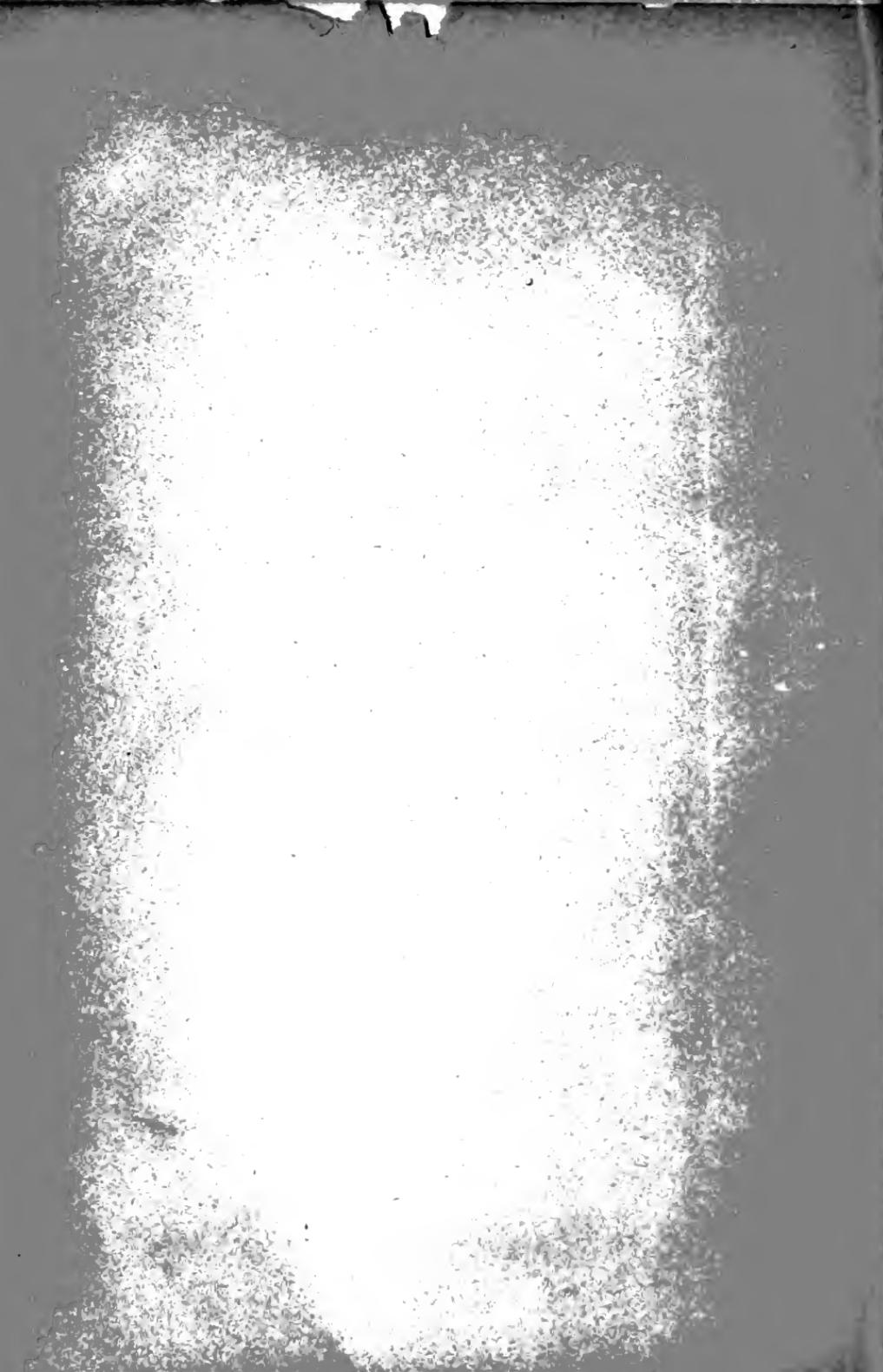


# HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN'S CORRESPONDENCE

Frederick Crawford



HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN'S  
CORRESPONDENCE.



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HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

# HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN'S CORRESPONDENCE

*WITH THE LATE GRAND-DUKE OF SAXE-WEIMAR,  
CHARLES DICKENS, &c., &c.*

*EDITED BY*  
FREDERICK CRAWFORD

*With Portraits and Memoir*

LONDON: DEAN & SON, 160A FLEET STREET, E.C.

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AMERICAN

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A75E5  
1891

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## P R E F A C E.

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HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN had the habit of carefully preserving everything which he considered of the slightest value or significance. Among his papers were found important and unimportant letters, trivial notes, and, in particular, every written and printed line that touched upon his life's career. In his will he expressed a desire that all letters of any interest among his voluminous correspondence should be published. The Danish edition of these letters consists of three somewhat bulky volumes, and contains upwards of 800 letters, from which we have made a selection such as, it is hoped, will be of some interest to lovers of Andersen in this country.

It has fallen to the lot of few authors to have enjoyed so intimate an acquaintance

# TO ANDERSEN

with celebrities at home and abroad as did Andersen. His letters to his friends have a genuine ring about them, and most of them appear to have been written without any thought of their being published. Their great charm lies in their naturalness and simplicity.

Free from affectation and constraint, the writer unburdens his heart to those he loves with the frankness of a little child. He had a longing for sympathy, and is throughout keenly sensitive of the smallest mark of esteem or regard, whether coming from the most exalted of his correspondents or from his humblest friend or admirer.

Andersen was never married. The romance of his life is touchingly narrated in the following pages. Had he been bound by the ties of home, it is probable that he would not have experienced that constant desire for change of scene to which he so often alludes in his letters. Travelling seems to have been the greatest pleasure of his life. His frequent journeys were each to him as a

new lease of life and energy. At all times a keen observer of men and things, he was quick to seize upon the salient features of those with whom he came into contact, and none more ready than he to appreciate their good points. He had the eye of an artist for all that was grand or beautiful in nature, and in his intercourse with his friends there are numerous graphic descriptions of scenery which had fascinated him, either by its wonders or by its beauty. Here he is never tedious, he never exaggerates, but is always simple and sincere. These characteristics remained unchanged in him, and we find him late in life as enthusiastic in his love of nature and mankind as at the outset of his career. The good and the beautiful in life ever appealed to his pure, simple soul, and were reproduced in his writings with a child-like impulsiveness and sincerity.

A German author, speaking of Andersen, says, "First of all one must learn to regard him as a child, notwithstanding his height, then to pardon him for being one, and finally,

one learns to love him because he was a child; childish thoughts were habitual to him, and he never laid them down while life lasted. In this lay his greatness. It is just on this account that the expression of his pure mind, his noble thoughts, and his warm heart appeals to every sympathetic soul."

A perusal of the accompanying life and letters cannot fail to reveal the amiable and affectionate character of Andersen's nature, and to strengthen our esteem for a writer who has contributed so much to the happiness of childhood. His correspondence throughout is devoid of all cynicism, invective, and the slightest trace of ill-feeling. We are here in presence of a mind remarkable for its gentleness and purity, and admirably adapted to reflect all that is good and true in this world.

The publishers are indebted to Miss Georgina Hogarth for her kind permission to use those letters of the late Charles Dickens which are included in this volume.

F. C.

## *Hans Christian Andersen's Life:* *AS RELATED BY HIMSELF.*

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IN a charming autobiography, written in his own inimitable style, with that strange mixture of shrewdness and simplicity that always characterised him, Hans Christian Andersen has left on record his experiences from his poverty-stricken childhood to his honoured old age. Though at the outset his career was the humblest of the humble—not in the “Uriah Heep” sense of humility—yet he lived to see his native town illuminated in his honour, and to enjoy the personal regard and friendship of his king. It is from his autobiography that the following outline of his extraordinary and instructive career has been taken.

The spirit pervading his book is one of pious gratitude, not unmixed with wonder,

at the amount of success he has achieved, and the faithfulness with which his steps have been guided through the thorny paths of a difficult world. "My life," he says, "is a pretty tale, equally rich and fortunate. If, when as a boy I went forth alone and poor into the world, a powerful fairy had met me, and had said to me, 'Choose thy career and thy goal, and I will protect thee and lead thee onward, as it must be in this world, in obedience to reason, according as thy mind shall develop itself,' my fate could not have been ordered more happily, sensibly, and prosperously. The story of my life will tell the world what it has told to me,—that there is a loving God, who orders all things for the best."

And yet the writer of these words of devout thankfulness had gone through trials and afflictions that would have soured and discouraged many an ardent spirit. But the poor, friendless boy, in the darkest days of want and penury, had, like Goldsmith, "a knack at hoping;" and, lonely and forsaken

as he seemed, "his strength was as the strength of ten, because his heart was pure."

Hans Christian Andersen, one of the truest and most original geniuses the present century has produced, was born the son of a poor shoemaker and his wife, in the little Danish town of Odense, in the island of Fünen, on the 2nd of April, 1805. The parents' home was of the smallest, but neat and clean ; and little Hans Christian, an only child, was, according to his own account, considerably spoilt by both his parents, but particularly by his father. The poor shoemaker was not a happy man. His parents had once been wealthy farmer folk ; but a succession of misfortunes had not only reduced them to poverty, but deprived the poor ruined farmer of his reason ; whereupon the wife had removed to Odense, and maintained her poor insane husband by the work of her hands. The great wish of her son to attend the Latin school had to be given up, and he was apprenticed to a shoemaker ; but

though he laboured faithfully in his calling, he was never reconciled to it, and pined regretfully for the things that were not to be.

Thus it came about that he made a friend and companion of the little son, in whose quiet, imaginative nature he saw a reflection of his own. He took the child out into the fields on Sundays and holidays, made puppet shows and "transformation" pictures for him, and initiated him into the delights of the "Arabian Nights." He little thought what seed he was sowing in the mind of the sensitive, imaginative, affectionate child, who thoroughly understood him. Those were the days of the Napoleonic wars, and Denmark, to her sorrow, sided with the mighty Cæsar. Andersen the shoemaker, restless and unhappy in his workshop, enlisted as a soldier in the Danish contingent, and marched away, only to return a few months later, on the conclusion of peace, shattered alike in body and mind. A burning fever put an end to his life within a few days, and Hans Christian's widowed mother

had to keep a roof above her head by going out by the day as a laundress.

“From the time of my father’s death,” says Andersen, “I was left entirely to my own devices. My mother went out washing for people, and I sat at home with my toy theatre, sewing costumes for the puppets, and reading plays.” He got hold of Shakespeare, though “only in a bad translation”—and wrote his first tragedy—“in which, of course, all the characters died”—besides various other pieces. His poor mother, though secretly exulting in her son’s talent, saw the necessity of his doing something practical to earn money, and Hans was sent to a factory, where a number of boys and men earned a weekly wage by cloth-weaving. He could sing very sweetly, and was made to amuse the assembled toilers with his songs, while another boy had to do his work. But a coarse practical joke played off upon him sent the sensitive lad home in tears to his mother, who promised he should never go to the factory again. The second

marriage of the widow with a man younger than herself, whose relations would have nothing to do with the new wife or her son, did not improve poor Hans Christian's prospects. "My stepfather was a quiet young man," he writes, "who altogether declined to interfere in my bringing up, so I lived entirely for my peepshow and my puppet theatre; and it was my greatest pleasure to collect for it coloured scraps of cloth, which I then cut out and sewed together. My mother looked on it as good practice towards my becoming a tailor, for which calling she considered me born. I declared, on the contrary, that I would be an actor,"—a proposal regarded with horror by the mother, whose notions of the profession were taken from the performances of strollers and rope-dancers. Afterwards the boy got a little elementary instruction at a charity school, where he wrote poems in honour of the master's birthday, and was laughed at for his pains. In due time he was confirmed, whereupon his mother insisted that he should

be apprenticed at once to a tailor ; but the boy who, with all his good-nature, possessed plenty of quiet determination, had managed to save up a little store of thirteen dollars, and actually prevailed on his parent to let him set out, with this exceedingly slender provision, to seek his fortune at Copenhagen. The visit of a travelling opera comedy troupe at Odense shortly before the lad's confirmation, when, by the connivance of a friendly bill-sticker, he had witnessed the performance, had convinced him that his vocation was the theatre. And now for three dollars a postillion was induced to carry him as a "dead-head" passenger to the capital. He had but a single letter of introduction to a certain Madame Schall, a dancer, who thought he was mad, and got rid of him as soon as possible.

A day or two saw him reduced to his last dollar. He made up his mind to get work at a carpenter's, but was driven away, as he had been at the factory, by the coarseness of the workmen. In his distress the idea

occurred to him to apply to the singer Siboni, the director of the music school at Copenhagen ; and, fortunately, Siboni had a dinner-party at his house when the lanky, starving lad came and related his story. Among the guests were Baggesen the poet, and Weyse the celebrated musical composer. The boy was introduced to the company, and sang and recited poetry. Weyse was struck with his voice, and Baggesen with his poetic feeling. Siboni promised to cultivate his voice, prophesying that he would become a great dramatic singer some day. They made a collection of seventy dollars for him, and Siboni received him into his own house as a pupil.

But alas ! within half a year, the voice on which so many hopes were built gave way utterly, and Siboni frankly counselled the poor despairing lad to return to Odense and learn a handicraft. But he had written to his mother in a jubilant, hopeful strain, when he thought his fortune as good as made ; and the idea of the ridicule he would surely en-

counter in his native place made him resolve to remain in Copenhagen at all hazards, though he had nothing like a definite plan for the future. Some kindly people,—Professor Weyse, Kuhlau the musician, a Colonel Guldberg, and others,—clubbed together to make up a little monthly purse for him, and he was enabled to hire a room, “which was only an empty storeroom, without window or light, in one of the most notorious streets of Copenhagen,” where his hard landlady made him run her errands, and domineered over him. Of the mysteries of the great city, which were daily enacted before his eyes, he understood nothing. “I was still such a child,” he says, “that I played with a puppet theatre and made doll’s clothes; and, to get scraps of various colours, I used to go into the shops and beg for patterns and shreds of silk fabrics and ribbons.”

Step by step he pursued his toilsome way upwards. In the son of the librarian of the University he recognised an old inhabitant

of Odense, and obtained permission to read in the library and to take books home. Colonel Guldberg procured for him some tuition in the German language. He made his way into the theatre, and was allowed to appear on the stage, as an undistinguished unit in a crowd, during a market scene ; and it was a proud moment for him when he saw his name actually printed in the play-bill, when the ballet of "Armida" was produced. But the sum collected for him was nearly exhausted when he entered upon the second year of his life at Copenhagen. He was obliged to curtail his very small expenses, and was ashamed to confess how sharp was his misery. "I had gone to live at the house of a sailor's widow," he says, "where I only had lodging provided, and coffee in the morning. Those were bitter, dark days for me ; the woman thought I went out to dine with various families, when in reality I used to sit on a bench in the Royal Gardens, eating a small roll. It was but seldom that I ventured to enter one of the humble kind

of eating-houses, and take my seat at the most distant table. I was, in fact, very forsaken, but I did not feel the whole burden of my condition: I took every one who spoke a kind word to me for an honest friend. God was with me in my little room, and many an evening, when I had said my evening prayer, I asked Him, in childlike fashion, 'Will it ever go better with me ?'

"I had an idea that what occurred to one on New Year's Day would be repeated in one's life throughout the year. It happened to be New Year's Day; the theatre was closed, only an old part-blind porter sat at the door leading to the stage, which was quite empty. With a beating heart I slipped past him, and made my way between the scenes and curtains right towards the front of the stage. There I knelt down, and wanted to declaim; but not a line would come into my head. Then I said the Lord's Prayer aloud, and went away fully convinced that because I had spoken from the stage on New Year's Day, I should get to speak more

from the same place in the course of the year, and should have a part given me to play."

Two years of want and misery left him sufficiently childlike in spirit to fling his arms round a tree, as round an old friend, when he managed to find his way into the Royal Gardens in spring. He wrote another tragedy, into which, in his innocence, he copied passages line by line out of Holberg; and, when taxed with the plagiarism, replied naïvely, "Yes, but they're so beautiful!" Little by little his fortunes began to mend. His voice came back in some measure, and he was admitted among the chorus singers in the theatre. Guldberg remained his friend. Andersen wrote several plays, and offered them to the theatre, but received them back with the intimation that pieces were not wanted from writers who showed a lack of elementary education. At the same time came a dismissal by the management from the chorus and the ballet, on the ground that these could lead to nothing;

but coupled with a desire that the young man's friends would do something towards procuring him the instruction, without which the possession of talent was practically useless. "I felt, as it were, thrust out into the wide world," says Andersen, "without help and without support." The whole of that summer he went on alternately hoping and desponding. He borrowed volumes of Walter Scott, and forgot his poverty in an ideal world, often spending at the library the pence that should have bought his dinner.

The tide in the affairs of Hans Christian Andersen, that was ultimately to lead on to fortune, now began to flow, just when affairs seemed desperate. The struggling, unknown genius found a true friend in Counsellor Collin, the director of the Theatre Royal at Copenhagen, who, discerning in the young man's tragedy of "Alfsol" many grains of gold, recommended him to King Frederick VI. The King placed him as a pupil in the Latin school at Slagelse, with a

stipend that was to be paid quarterly through Collin, who was to report periodically as to the young man's industry and progress. Right well did the worthy councillor fulfil the duty of guardian to the timid, self-distrusting scholar, who now, a grown man, had to begin at the lowest round of the ladder of learning. "In the school I was allotted a place in the lowest class but one—among little boys," Andersen writes, "for I knew nothing at all."

The years passed at the school of Slagelse by Andersen were far from happy. The headmaster or rector of the institution, a good man in many respects, was as rough as Dr. Johnson with his tongue, and perhaps unable to appreciate the pain his rebukes and jeers gave to the anxious, super-sensitive scholar, who took far too literally every reproof, and was dismayed at the number of subjects of which he knew nothing. But Collin was a tower of strength to him. He consoled him in his despondency, exhorted him to perseverance, and prophesied a good

result. "Don't lose courage," he wrote, in reply to a disconsolate epistle from the young man; "be calm, collected, and prudent, and you will see that everything will arrange itself. The rector is well disposed towards you. His manner of proceeding is, perhaps, singular, but it leads to the goal." At length, however, the depressing life at the school in Slagelse had such an effect on Andersen's health, that Collin suddenly took him away to Copenhagen, to the great disgust of the rector, who angrily told his pupil at parting that he would never get so far as to be a student, that his poems would rot in the cellars of the publishers, and that their author would end his days in a mad-house. But, in spite of this lugubrious prophecy, Andersen actually became a student at the University of Copenhagen, and had a piece accepted and produced at the theatre. It was brilliantly successful; and in a tumult of excitement and delight, the young author rushed out of the play-house to the abode of his friend Collin, whose wife was at home

alone. He sank down on a chair and burst into tears. Misinterpreting the cause of his emotion the lady began to offer consolation, reminding him that Oehlenschläger and other great poets had been hissed in their time. "But they didn't hiss at all!" sobbed Andersen, "they applauded and cheered."

Now his brighter days began. "I was a happy man," he writes; "I possessed poetic power and youthful courage, all houses began to open to me, and I flew from circle to circle, but I continued to learn diligently." He took a good degree, and his collected poems were published with much success. Still there were now and then heavy clouds in his life's atmosphere. His over-sensitiveness took alarm at some harsh criticisms of writers, who appear to have been offended at the success of one whom they considered an interloper in the domain of literature. Again unhappy self-distrust got the upper hand in his mind, and Collin judiciously proposed that he should undertake a journey

into Germany for relaxation and amusement. Accordingly in the spring of 1831 Andersen quitted Denmark for the first time, travelling to Hamburg, and thence by Berlin to Dresden. The new impressions obtained on this first "outing" from his own land were valuable to him; and indeed there was need that he should enlarge the circle of his ideas and of his literary activity. Concerning this period of his life he writes,— "From the end of 1828 until 1838 I had to live by my writings. Denmark is a small country, and in those days few books went to Sweden and Norway; so that my receipts could not be great. I found it difficult to get along—doubly difficult, because my garb had to be in some measure suited to the circles in which I was received. To produce, and always to produce, was ruinous, nay, impossible." Accordingly he undertook various tasks of hackwork, such as translations of foreign plays, librettos to operas, etc.

And now, strange as it may seem, his

own countrymen began to fling stones of harsh criticism at him. Just as at an early period of the career of Charles Dickens certain critics were never weary of hinting or openly asserting that "Boz had written himself out"—and this long before "Dombey" or "Bleak House" or "David Copperfield" had appeared—so there were detractors enough in Copenhagen to assert that Andersen had said all he had to say, and that his day was past. Again, many were offended at the idea that one who had received no regular education until he was almost a grown man, should claim to be admitted, on equal terms, to the society of learned men and scientists; and others professed to discover solecisms and grammatical slips in Andersen's work, even when the proofs had been carefully read (this they did not know) by University professors. No one had more reason to exclaim, "Save me from my friends!" than Hans Christian Andersen.

But in contrast to these "good-natured friends" stood the Collin family. Edward

Collin, one of the sons of the worthy counsellor, was as heartily disposed towards Andersen as his father. "He always remained the same," writes Andersen, gratefully, "and if I had to number my friends, he would be cited by me as the first among them." The detractors, however, unwittingly did the object of their malevolence a great service. They declared to him, with insulting pertinacity, that the only chance for him lay in foreign travel; and advised him to apply to the King for a grant from the sum annually devoted to the encouragement of men of letters and science. Andersen took their advice, made the application, and was successful. A "travelling stipend" was awarded to him. "Rejoice, said the friends," writes Andersen. "Appreciate your boundless good fortune! Enjoy the present, for it will probably be the only time you will get away. You ought to hear what the people say because you are going to travel, and how we are obliged to defend you—and sometimes we cannot succeed in doing it."

However, the great point was, that he *did* get away to Paris, where he made acquaintance with Heine, Victor Hugo, and other eminent men, and whither one of his friends despatched a letter after him—"a big, expensive letter," he writes—which epistle, on being opened, proved to contain a most ill-natured criticism on him and his works, carefully copied out of a Copenhagen paper, and sent to him with the postage unpaid. "On the 5th September 1833, I travelled across the Simplon into Italy," he writes. "Just on the fourteenth anniversary of the day on which I had arrived, poor and helpless, in Copenhagen, I was to enter this land of my longings, and of my poetic happiness."

On the 18th of October he arrived in Rome, where he became associated with Thorwaldsen the sculptor, and various congenial spirits, who cheered him concerning his future, and in some measure counteracted the bad impression made by his captious critics. His journey through Italy, in the course of which he visited Naples and saw Capri, Pæstum,

Pompeii, and Herculaneum, and afterwards Florence, Sienna, Bologna, and Ferrara, forms a new point of departure in Andersen's literary career. Its immediate result was the charming novel "The Improvisatore."

The book was published, the author receiving a very small honorarium for the copyright. Its success was immediate and decided. The adverse critics, though they could not at once make up their minds to bless where they had cursed, at any rate were silenced. "The book raised up my depressed hopes," writes Andersen, "gathered my old friends around me, and gained me new ones. For the first time I felt that I had really earned true appreciation." And now critics in Germany and in England began to draw attention to the prophet who had been so scurvily treated in his own country. "The Improvisatore" was translated into German, and, by Mary Howitt, into English. A new novel, with the strange title "O. Z.," considered by many the author's best work, appeared with success; and was soon followed by the first of

those "Tales and Stories for Children" which have made the name of Hans Christian Andersen known throughout the world. "Only a Fiddler," a charming and thoughtful novel, appeared in 1837, and proved another pillar in the temple of the author's fame.

A journey to Sweden, during which he made the acquaintance of Frederika Bremer, further convinced Andersen of the estimation in which he was held beyond the confines of Denmark.

At home the remuneration his works brought him in could hardly be considered princely. "In my own country," he writes, "my books belong to those that are always bought and read, and so I got a higher payment for each successive novel. But when it is considered within what narrow bounds the Danish reading world is limited, it may be imagined that the honorarium could not be of the richest; still I could live, though I was sometimes pinched. Charles Dickens was greatly astonished when I wrote to him that 'The

Improvisatore' had hardly brought me in 200 marks ( £ 10). For a long time he would not believe it."

Andersen's friend, Collin, who, as the warm-hearted poet gratefully wrote, was "among those men who perform more than they promise," tried to get Hans Christian a post in the Royal Library ; but the Chamberlain, to whose department the bestowal of the appointment belonged, refused it, on the ground that Andersen was "too talented" for the drudgery of a librarian's life. But again, good friends came to the rescue. The indefatigable Collin was reinforced by Oersted the philosopher ; and the two worked with such success upon the feelings of Count Von Rantzau Breitenburg, a minister of State, that a pension—not a very large one—of 200 specie-dollars (about £45) was procured from King Frederick VI. for the poet. Andersen was jubilant. He writes : " I was filled with thankfulness and joy ; I was no longer *obliged* to write to live ; I had a sure provision for times of sickness ; I was less dependent upon

the people who surrounded me ; and a new division of my life began."

There were storms now and then, though Andersen declared that the spring of his life had commenced ; and some of the liveliest breezes came from the direction of the theatre.

The poet had written, and with considerable success, for the stage at Copenhagen ; but the audiences were sometimes the reverse of good-natured ; it was considered a good joke to hoot and whistle at a piece, "and the fair ladies smile and rejoice, like Spanish women at their cruel bull-fights," says Andersen, plaintively. The way of judging the pecuniary value of a piece, too, was somewhat eccentric. A man of figures had been appointed director, and he introduced the fashion of reckoning the payment for a play according to the number of quarters of an hour it took in the performance, quarters begun but not completed not being reckoned in. The actors also gave themselves great airs, and patronised the poor poet to an almost unbearable

extent. There were a good many crumpled rose leaves in the couch of a Danish dramatic author in those days. Nevertheless Andersen's tragedy, "The Mulatto," had a grand success. It was at this time he wrote his charming series of sketches, "The Picture Book without Pictures," which became exceedingly popular in England under the title of "What the Moon Saw."

The year 1840 brought new travels ; and this time the journey was continued from Italy to Greece and Constantinople. The story of this tour was told in a new book, "A Poet's Bazaar." On his way, at Leipzig, he made the acquaintance of Mendelssohn, who had already learnt to know him through his writings, and became one of his best friends. In the winter of 1843 he paid a visit to Paris, and was heartily pleased at the warm welcome he received from the literary and artistic celebrities there. Jovial Alexandre Dumas received him with enthusiasm. The courtly Lamartine spoke approvingly of the literature of the North. Louis Blanc, Victor Hugo,

and many other writers of European reputation, received him cordially as a brother and comrade; and Rachel, at that time the acknowledged queen of tragedy, went out of her way to be gracious to the quiet, plain visitor from Denmark, who paid her such honest compliments in his very defective French. Heine, also, who was already suffering from the mortal disease that rendered his life a martyrdom for years, understood and valued the simple, straightforward, self-made man of letters, and laid aside, in his favour, all his caustic wit and satire.

“I did not notice in him,” says Andersen, “any bitter, insulting smile,—I heard only the beating of a true German heart, such as is always found in his songs, which *must* live.”

Whatever of adverse criticism still remained in Denmark with regard to Hans Andersen’s works, was effectually silenced when the first collected edition of his “Tales and Stories” appeared in 1843. The charm of these wonderful productions was acknow-

ledged by all. Even from the stage it became the custom of some of the best comic actors to relate to the audience a tale of Andersen. "It was a change from the declamatory poems that had been heard till people were tired of them," says Andersen. We should say it was. Into most European languages these stories were translated, and everywhere their success was the same.

In 1847 Andersen visited England, and in his autobiography he has recorded the impressions left upon him by his journey. Crossing by steamer from Rotterdam to London, he was astonished by the aspect of the great river, with its shipping and craft. "The Thames," he says, "gives evidence that England rules the seas." London astonished him by its vastness and evidences of wealth; but he had also an eye for the startling contrasts of our nineteenth century civilisation, and speaks mournfully of the wretched objects he encountered in the grandest streets, standing mute, afraid to

beg, but appealing by sad gestures and glances to the pity of the passers-by.

The Danish ambassador, Count Reventlow, introduced him into aristocratic houses, Lord Palmerston's and others; and for three weeks, during the height of the London season, Andersen, greatly to his own discomfiture, found himself sought after as a "lion." A wealthy friend took him to Scotland, where Lord Jeffrey of the "*Edinburgh Review*," Professor Wilson, and other congenial spirits were added to the long list of his friends. On his return to England, he found a hearty letter of invitation from Dickens, whom he visited at a "pretty, charming little house at *Broadstear*"—(it was the famous Bleak House at Broadstairs), and who delighted him by appearing at Ramsgate to see Andersen off by the boat, when the poet departed for Ostend. On a later occasion he had the opportunity of improving his friendship with Dickens by a visit to the great novelist at Gads-Hill.

The later years of Andersen's life were

uneventful, but eminently satisfactory. His modest requirements were fully satisfied by the income he derived from his works, supplemented by the pension from the King.

He came to be looked upon in Denmark as a public institution, and the King and Royal family treated him as a personal friend. In 1867, his native town of Odense voted him the freedom of the city, with the request that he would visit the place and take up his diploma. He came accordingly, and was the honoured guest of the municipality in the town that he had quitted many years before as a poor boy, almost penniless, to seek his fortune. In the evening Odense was illuminated to celebrate his coming. The prophecy of his childhood's days was fulfilled.

Andersen was never married. He died full of years and honours, at Copenhagen, on the 4th of August 1875. He had just completed his 70th year.

H. W. D.

## HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN'S CORRESPONDENCE.

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*Andersen to Ludvig Laessöe.*

HOFFMANSGAVE, 13<sup>th</sup> July 1830.

DEAR LUDVIG,—Did you not say that I could address you thus? Accept my hearty thanks for your friendly letter and the news contained in it. Please tell your worthy mother that she thought for certain no work of mine would appear at the New Year; but, if she remembers, I maintained that there would. Now it looks as if I should win, because at the New Year there will be published a whole book as big as the poems, namely a poetical medley (*en poetisk Iydepotte* for 1831). The contents will be

very mixed,—half poetry and half prose. Up to now I have only a third part of it ready, and it will contain the well-known—"The Man from Paradise," "A Sketch after Nature," "The Comet, 1834," and "Avis aux Lectrices." But of new things I have already "The Mermaid in Tamso," "Fragment of a Rhymed Epistle (Rimbrev)," both of which have undoubtedly now been published in "Flyveposten." "The Jutland Heath in Rainy Weather," "Longing with the Pots," "Phantasy at the North Sea," "Picture from the West Coast of Jutland," "The Beautiful Grammatica"—a touching novel after Schopenhauer—"Ideas for People Who Have None Themselves"—a little book of help for those who want to be poets. That is already a great lot, you see. The best of all is no doubt "Phantasy at the North Sea;" some people here in Odense even like it better than *all* my poems; but this is too much. I send it now to your dear mother, who undoubtedly has read the two small things in "Flyveposten," and if any one of the three please her, I ask, as a

proof, that she will gladden me with two or three lines by her own hand in your letter, please.

But I must not forget that you have not enough subjects for your essays. Now I will give you six,—1. Love of Country; 2. The most important incidents in the life of Moses; 3. A fine winter's night; 4. The relation of the fine arts to each other; 5. The use of the printing press; 6. Point out the places in biblical history where the woman has acted scarcely as well as she ought to have done. In reality there ought to be as a companion essay, one showing all the places where the men have acted nobly; but that would be too lengthy, and therefore it is enough with the women. But I think that your good sister will, on seeing the sixth subject, say that I am nasty!

It is a bad summer, still worse than last year,—rain, and rain, and again rain; from sheer despair I am writing for my "Jutland Pot." Some days ago I went from Odense to Hoffmansgåve, a large manor-house belonging to Hoffman Bang. The lady of the

house is a daughter of the late Malling. Here are antiquities, library, curiosities, and all you can wish for. My bedroom is close to a large picture-gallery, and the garden, which is nearly two miles round, is full of flowers, of which the majority are quite unknown to me. Beyond the garden there is a stretch of about eight miles of flat country. This morning I went for a very interesting drive four miles out on a tongue of land only a few yards wide, which is between Odense Fjord and the Cattegat which rolled its black waves towards me. I stood at the utmost point and picked up a small pebble and some sea-weed.

While I am writing this the nightingale is singing in the garden outside: it is late, and the weather is beautiful. To-morrow I am leaving for Odense, where I intend to finish my letter to you. It is St. Canute's Fair: there is life everywhere. But now good-night.

ODENSE, 15<sup>th</sup> July 1830.

ON my arrival here I received your kind letter, but, my dear friend, it was so dread-

fully short ; not more than nine lines and a blot on the first page ! Next time you must really write a little closer, and on all three pages. Odense Fair is now over ; we had glorious weather and splendid opportunities for studying life. The last day I was in Hoffmansgave I had quite a treat,—I saw some *infusoria*. Just think, there was only one little drop of water on a piece of glass, and it was a whole world of insects, of which the largest looked like grasshoppers, the smallest as pins' heads. Some of them were really like grasshoppers, others had the most monstrous shapes, all were tumbling about each other, and the big ones swallowed their smaller neighbours. I saw *infusoria* in my own blood ; it swarmed with eels and cod and all sorts. This was no optical illusion I could see by the forms of the insects and the movements of the different joints ; and, besides this, when you touched the globule with the point of a pin dipped in acid, they at once fled to the other side and died a moment after. The white mould in ink was a great forest, with plants, trees, and bushes ; the

infinite opened before me, and I turned dizzy.

I am very pleased that your dear mother is going to Moen, I hope the weather may be fine, and she will then really enjoy the trip. I wish I could be there with you, and if, when we had seen the view from "Droning Stolen," we turned to the microscope, like the one in Hoffmansgave, to see the *infusoria* in the drop of water, we should be standing between two infinities.

Now please remember to ask your mother to favour me with a few lines in your letter as regards the poems, "The Mermaid in Tamso" and "Phantasy at the North Sea;" besides this I should like to know what she thinks of my "Poetical Jutland Pot."

Remember me kindly to your dear father, and also to Dina, and all the brothers. I could wish for your sister's sake that it would blow a gale when she goes by the steamer, so that she might try if it would not move even the stoutest heart. I am off soon to Svendborg, Faaborg, Assens, and Taasinge. I think it will be a pleasant trip. Please let

me have a letter from you soon—very soon ; I am longing for one, because the last was nothing. I am sure nobody at home could have seen it, or they would have asked you to write a little more. It is easy enough,—all you have to do is to chat, and write what you say. Adieu.—Yours,

ANDERSEN.

This letter of mine is equal to four of yours ; therefore, please don't make them so short. The last I got drove me to despair ; it was as short as a sneeze, but still I would say, "God bless you." Write and write more. Tell me all about this and that, about all at home and all outside, or about *myself*. You know I like that : don't I ? Farewell !

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*Andersen to Mrs. Iversen.*

COPENHAGEN, 3rd September 1830.

DEAR MRS. IVERSEN,—Now we are beginning in the old style to chat through the medium of a sheet of paper ; how tiresome it

is! It is really like paying a visit with one's eyes blindfolded ; but still it is always something. I miss all of you so very much, although I have not yet been alone in my room with my work, but flitted about from one visit to another. I was so much at home with you, and, after all, I feel to want a real home. It will take a long time before I shall settle down to my room ; in town I am already at home, though the first day seemed dull and irksome to me. But now let us have a little chat about the journey. We did not get away by the post from Odense before six o'clock, and I got under cover with Mikkelsen, and thus escaped all rain. At ten o'clock we arrived at Nyborg, and about twelve we went on board. Of course a gale sprang up—I always come in for that—and the stupid steamer stands worse on her legs than Dania. Bless me, what a passage ! The seas went over my head, and ran down under my neckerchief. I promised I would not go to Norway next summer, but still now I think I shall. All the ladies were sea-sick ; but I was not, which is a

great wonder ; however, had we been only a quarter of an hour longer on board, I should undoubtedly have had to pay my tribute to father " Neptune."

At Slagen I parted from Mikkelsen, and kept my carriage as far as Roshilde ; but not beyond, because the road was so bad that it almost shook me to pieces : it was a real torture. The Roshilde road was in such a state that the poor horses could only drag us half-way. We were obliged to get fresh horses at the inn in Roshilde, and trudged to Copenhagen, arriving there about twelve o'clock. We were here detained a whole hour at the post-office, so there was no time to go anywhere, and I, together with a vicar, Boumman, from the neighbourhood of Odense, went to an hotel, where we knocked the people up, but they would not let us in before we had shown them our passports, as they thought we had been on the spree. Next morning at eight o'clock I took a cab, went to the post-office, got my luggage, and proceeded by Ostergade home. You may be sure it was a tiresome journey ;

I amused myself by thinking what all the children (pardon me, I mean the *big* girls) would say to this and that had they been present.

Mrs. Laessöe likes Jette very much from my description of her. Over the chocolate I told her how much the Misses Hauch were longing for town, and their poetical ideas about it, and she thought that they had the *best* of it, as here there were only narrow streets and towering houses, which seemed to shut us out from beautiful nature.

My opera has now been finally accepted for performance, and Manthey *praises* it highly—*par diable!* At Laessöe's they prefer (of my new poems) “The First and the Last.” Councillor Oersted<sup>1</sup> likes “The Mother and the Boy on the Heath” best, and Collin likes “Calm.” Collin says that Molbech takes a great interest in me, and his

<sup>1</sup> Oersted (Hans Christian), celebrated Danish philosopher and statesman, born at Rudkjöbling in the Danish island of Langeland, 14th August 1778. He was an ardent student of nature, and made in 1819 his great discovery touching the unity of electricity and magnetism. He died in Copenhagen, 9th March 1851.

influence will no doubt be of much service to me. Please let all read this letter if it will amuse them, because while I am writing it, I fancy that I am sitting in the midst of you, chatting away to my heart's content. I hope nobody is angered by the cruel comparisons, neither the "sausage with the butterfly wings," nor "Venus in the kitchen"? These two matters cause me a certain amount of anxiety.

Everybody has read Elmquist's notice of my sojourn in Aarhus, and Heiberg said to-day that he should like to go over there himself to be received like a Rothschild. Jette Wulff sits perhaps at this very moment on Blocksberg, for she is now in the Hartz. Last Saturday, when I left Odense, Mrs. Wexschall was parted from her husband: she is at present suffering with inflammation of the throat (partly in consequence of which she is not going to act for a month). People say that Wexschall has got permission to go abroad for some time. Miss Jorza is said not to have been a success in Dobberan, where she has been staying. Mrs. Liebe

has retired from the theatre. The new guard-house looks rather handsome ; it has been made a storey higher, and will soon be ready. In the meanwhile the soldiers have a wooden house in the market-place. The theatre also looks rather smart in its new white-grey coat. I have read Lindsberg's piece ; it is a flat, trifling little thing, and the only reasonable part is what he quotes from Clausen : so foolish a piece is beneath criticism. Lindsberg wants us to believe that there is neither myth nor poetry in the Bible, but that our Lord wrote it himself, and that Christ was in hell for three days to convert the heathen.

There was a most select company present at the wedding of Miss Lange and Mr. Larcher. Councillor Collin was paired with the ugly Miss Werning ; Councillor Manthey with Miss Larcher the opera-dancer ; the dancer Funck with Mrs. Bülow ; etc.

The poet Johannes Wildt has contributed some verses to the newspaper "Dagen," in celebration of the event.

Last night (Thursday, the 2nd Septem-

ber) the theatre was opened with Oehlenschläger's<sup>1</sup> new comedy, "The Triplets in Damascus," with music by Kuhlau, which is said to be splendid. Kuhlau *conducted the orchestra himself*, and was applauded immensely after each number; but only once, at the most twice, was there any applause for the comedy during the performance. It will scarcely be a good piece for the theatre, but it promises more to read it. The triplets—Baiet, Schwartzen, and Winslow junior—were made up so much like each other that nobody could see the difference. I have not yet been in the theatre, because Manthey, who should have given me the ticket, will not do so, as he says it is out of the question until my opera has been performed: the matter will now be brought before the directors on Thursday, and then

<sup>1</sup> Oehlenschläger (Adam Gottlob), Danish poet, dramatist, and friend of Goethe, Madame de Staël, Oersted, etc. He was born near Copenhagen, 14th November 1779, and died in that city 20th January 1850. Oehlenschläger greatly developed Danish literature, and gave to it quite a new character. Some of his finest tragedies have been translated into English.

it depends upon Molbech, who is on my side, gaining the day. This Manthey is really a very unpleasant fellow, and I could almost get angry. Still he is obliged to put on airs, while he lives. Ten years after his death, he and all his glory will be forgotten.

“The Pages of the Duke of Vendome” is rather pretty: one of them is in love with the Duke’s niece and serenades her; the Duke runs after him, but he manages to escape, and though the Duke gets hold of his sash he cannot recognise him, as the Page puts on a sash similar to those worn by the other Pages, and so it goes on. Finally the Duke pursues him, while the other Pages are sleeping in the tent, and the serenader also pretends to sleep. But the Duke hits upon the good idea of feeling the hearts of all the Pages, and the *one* which beats strongest is the right one. That is how he is found out. Is this not pretty? I hope all ends well for the Page. I have forgotten to ask about it. Remember me kindly to all, and, if you have nothing else to think about, then think of me! Now

adieu, and thanks for the many happy days I spent with you! If my poems have any value, then I am sure your friendly society and quiet villa have inspired a great part of it.—Yours very truly,

ANDERSEN.

On Monday, between two and three o'clock, I shall be with Heiberg, and read all my new poems to him. He has promised to be a severe critic.

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*Andersen to Henrietta Hauch.*

COPENHAGEN, 1830.

MY DEAR GOOD—what dare I say?—Good-day to all! You cannot think with what pleasure I opened the last letter, it looked such a nice long one, and showed me so clearly the jolly Jette, who would be angry but cannot, and the natural, almost too prudent, Caroline. Pardon me, but it is my duty

to write if I wish to see more of the dove with the olive branch from the dear island home. But may I ask you, dear Miss Jette, how can it vex you to write a letter to me—vex you that you are pleasing a human being? Yes, the only reason you have is, that there was more bitterness in it than your heart would dictate; but nevertheless it pleased me more than I can tell. You mean that I imagine myself to be unhappy. Certainly you have reason to believe it, and the world will agree with you; but remember that much passes not in the heart alone, but in reality itself, which nobody knows, and which I *dare* not reveal. Much—much has happened since I last rambled about, buoyant and full of spirits, in Tolderlund. Things have entered into my life's drama which are not phantasy. You say that besides my art and the contemplation of nature I have *memory*, which should fill every void; but that is just what transforms my whole being,—my spiritual self has gained the victory, now I am a poet, and dare say it and feel it before the whole world, whatever people may call this feeling,—

“Nur die Lumpen sind bescheiden  
Brave freuen sich der That.”

I hope you will not have a headache when you again gladden me with a letter, which I shall expect soon. Please don't write any dashes—let your heart speak freely as I know it can. You and Caroline are, I know, the only ones who are thinking a little of me. God bless you for it ; you don't know how it cheers me ! I wish I could tell you through these silent words what a pleasure it is to me to hear from you, and thus recall the many happy hours I enjoyed this summer. I am well-nigh distracted—my soul turns sick ; but away with these gloomy spirits : it is of course imagination, is it not ? But don't be angry with me if I seem a little unkind !

People are surprised at the tone of my last poems ; just think, they believe I am in love. Everybody thinks so, and I have heard the names of several ladies upon whom rumour has fastened my affection. It will perhaps amuse you and yours. Some say that she is a daughter of Elmquist in Aarhus, others

point to a Countess Moltke in Odense, others again think that it is a Miss Hauch<sup>1</sup> in Odense. Some say it is a Miss Guldberg, others assert that it is a Miss Heckscher here in Copenhagen, while some declare it to be Miss ——. The last guess is rather foolish, as she is engaged, and I dare almost take my oath, that she is no more to me, than I to her. We have only seen one another for a few days, and she will soon be a bride. Oh, it is a foolish world! Your excellent sister ought also to have had a letter to-day, but it is impossible, and I venture to think that she will not find it so easy to be cross, as you, at all events, threaten to be.

I am now studying English and Italian, working at a new opera for Bredahl (but it is a secret). Am just about to finish another larger work,—which is also a secret,—and I

<sup>1</sup> Daughter of John Carsten Hauch, a Norwegian scientist and author, born 12th May 1790, died 4th March 1872. He was a disciple of Oehlenschläger, whom he succeeded as professor of æsthetics at the University of Copenhagen. He is chiefly known by several excellent novels, which he produced between 1834 and 1860.

intend to take lessons in philosophy, to which I shall entirely devote myself! I am getting old, and must think on something serious. Here are a couple of poems. The one called "The Pearl" Heiberg says is the best I have written!

If you procure the last "Flyvepost" you will find a poem, "Amor and the Poet," which has been a great success. It will appear in the new Cyclus; but your father may with pleasure put it in the paper *at once*, so that all may read it. Remember me to all. I have no time to read the letter over, or it would be too late for the post.

In the greatest haste and with utmost esteem.

ANDERSEN.

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*Andersen to B. S. Ingemann.*<sup>1</sup>

NEW YEAR'S EVE, 1830.

DEAR PROFESSOR INGEMANN,—It is half an eternity since I have spoken to you and

<sup>1</sup> Ingemann (Bernhard Severin), Danish poet and novelist, born 28th May 1789. In 1822 he was appointed professor

your dear wife. Last summer I passed Soröe, but it was by post, and then you know there is no time for visits. God knows when I am coming to that part of the country again. Next summer I am going to Norway. But if I cannot pay you a visit in person, I will be with you in spirit in my new poems. I hope that they will please you and your wife better than last year's, for these have no doubt a far deeper keynote, and, as far as the proverb is true, that "what comes from the heart goes to the heart," they will surely be well received. I look forward with pleasure to hearing from both of you as to whether I have gone forward or backward; because I am sure that you will send me a letter, as you know how much it will please me, and how much I value your good opinion. I have now commenced more earnest work: I intend to study history and philosophy, and am reading English

of Danish literature in the Academy of Soröe, which position he filled until his death, 24th February 1862. His novels, which were written somewhat after the style of Sir Walter Scott's historical romances, became highly popular in Denmark, and were translated into German and English.

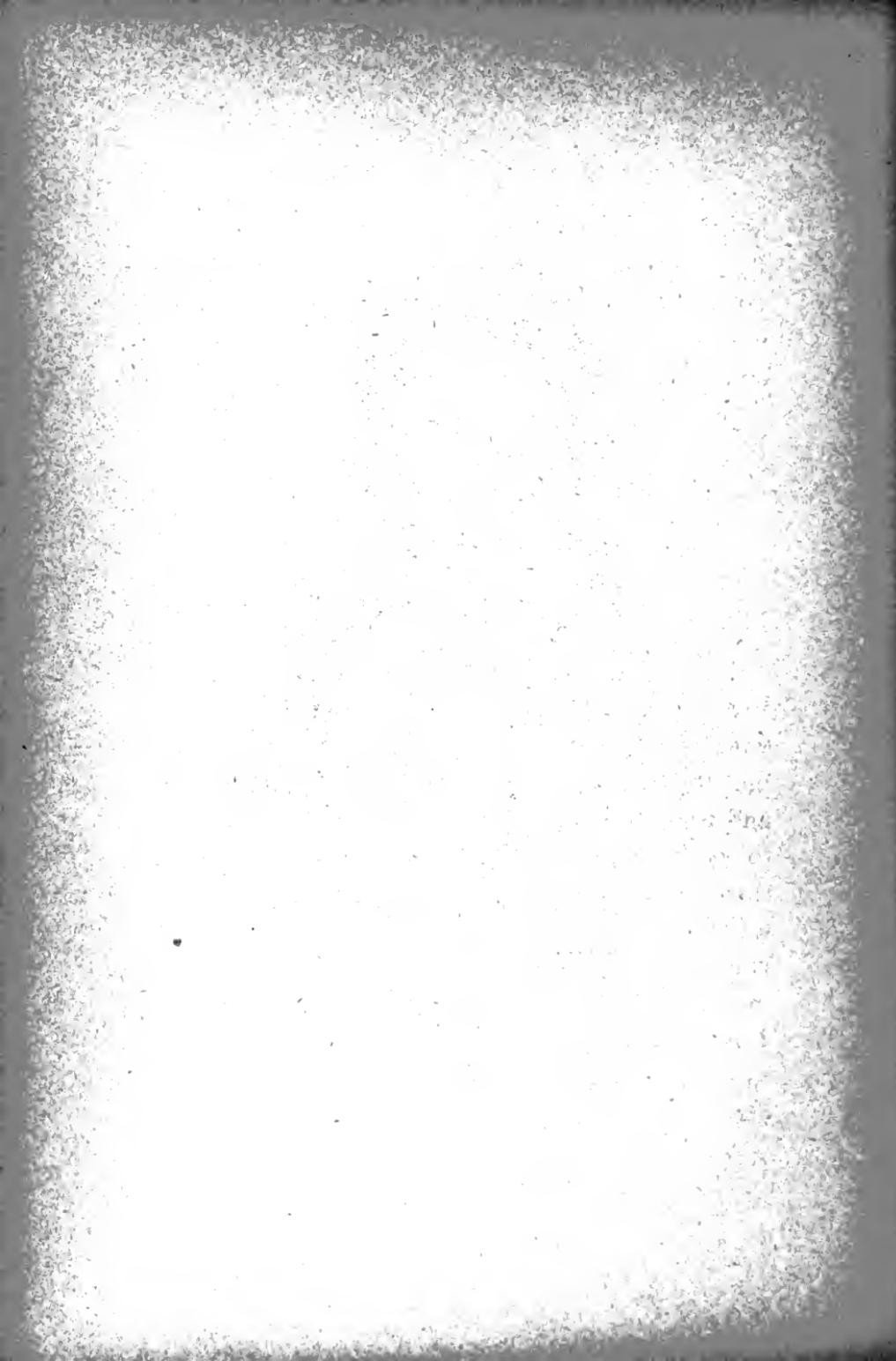
and Italian, in which languages I am specially looking forward with pleasure to reading Byron and Dante.

The summer I have passed very agreeably: I was a month in Jutland in most of the large towns, and two whole months in Fünen. The fruits of this little excursion are my new poems, among which I beg 'specially to point out "The Son of the Desert," "The Spirit of the Air," and "Life a Dream,"—these three I like the best. My opera, "The Raven," is now set to music; the first act is ready; meanwhile I am daily working at another opera, "The Bride of Lammermoor"—a beautiful subject, you know it well—from Sir Walter Scott.

My health is good, but still I don't feel happy. I am not as I used to be: I feel I am getting older, I begin to recognise in life something far deeper than I ever dreamt of, and feel that I shall never, never be really happy here. I wish you were in town, my heart is so devotedly attached to you; your friendly sympathies would be a great comfort to me. Cheer me soon with a



SIR WALTER SCOTT.



letter,—a real long letter,—and when I read it I shall think I am with you and hear what you think of me and my music. Remember me to your excellent wife, and think now and then of yours very truly,

ANDERSEN.

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*Andersen to B. S. Ingemann.*

COPENHAGEN, 18th January 1831.

DEAR MR. INGEMANN,—I ought to write two letters, one to you and another to your wife, as both of you have been thinking of me; but husband and wife are after all *one*, and will therefore know that I am speaking to both. How clearly you have looked through my poems into my inner self, how forcibly do I feel myself drawn towards you. Yes, you—*you* will not misunderstand me, and with the more heartfelt confidence will I meet you, for I want to pour out my soul to sympathetic hearts. I am no longer as I used to be,—life,—everything has a deeper

meaning for me ; I am now in a position in which I feel the great whole in all its intensity, but see that I never can be happy ! I will not conceal anything from you, because you can feel it, and will feel with me ! Yes, my poems are no imagination ; something terribly real is at the root of them. It is so miserable that it seems almost like a bad dream. My soul and thoughts cling to but one being, amiable and simple as I never saw one before . . . but I feel how hideous it sounds. She is engaged, and is going to be married next month. My friends poke fun at me about my poems ; they have no idea that a deep, sad truth underlies them ; but it pains me to hear their jokes, to which I am obliged to listen and reply. I met her last summer for the first time ; her family is one of the highest standing in the town, and I was at the University with her brother. I had only been three days in their house, and, as I felt what I never before had felt, and heard that she was engaged, I went away at once ; but here in Copenhagen we met again three

weeks ago. . . . I don't know, but God is too hard on me. Oh, that I were dead! Here I shall never be happy. Now you know all, comfort me. But that you cannot do—none can!

Put yourself in my position ! I shall never see her again—I ought not, and I dare not. Still I have one consolation left : her brother is for me, he knows all, and feels for both of us ; he loves us both so much, and through him I shall hear of her, but never from her ; she has bid me good-bye ! She dares not, and will not, speak to me any more, but do her duty. . . . She is so beautiful, so gentle, and good, you would love her, so would all the world, and I know she has got the same feeling for me as I have for her, and still I shall never see her again. Next month she will be a wife, and then she will and *must* forget me ! Oh, it is killing me to think of it ! Dear, dear Ingemann, I wish I were dead!—dead!—even if death were annihilation; but it cannot be ! Life is rather a dream—a miserable, long dream. But I trouble you with my grief ! Still if, as I think, my open

confession has reached your heart, then please solace me, both of you, soon—very soon—with a letter. To-day I had one from Wiester, to whom I have sent my last poems ; it was so kind.

Oh that I could reconcile myself to all mankind! Do not forget me! My heart tells me that you will write soon.—Yours from my heart,

ANDERSEN.

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*Andersen to C. H. Lorenzen.*

COPENHAGEN, 18th February 1831.

DEAR FRIEND,—My best thanks for your kind letter, which I received only Sunday night, or, rather, which reached my hands when I got home from a grand party, where I had only been bored. I had almost thought that you had forgotten me, so many days passed before I heard a word from you. Still I have forgiven you that, and

also that you have lost both letters, although it has *grieved me*; because in Ingemann's there was so much out of my heart, which would appear foolish to the hard, unsympathetic world. It was written from the depths of my soul, and should not be read by anybody else; but it is done, and cannot be helped. Do not think of it any more; but this I ask of you, that you tell both Ingemann and Wiester that you have lost the letters, because they will think it is wrong of me that I do not answer them. Remember me kindly to both of them. Oh, you will no doubt love Ingemann when you have learned to know him. I love him dearly, and his wife is such an amiable, angelic being—just the wife for him; and surely he is happy,—happier than a poet ever was.

You have seen that some one has written in my defence as regards “Gjengangerbrevene;” he calls himself “Davieno.” The intentions of the man are undoubtedly good, but he can scarcely write poetry; I wish it had been better. My new piece, “The

Bride of Lammermoor," is now finished as far as I am concerned, and people say that I have succeeded.

Last Monday it was very jolly at the club (Foreningen); all enjoyed themselves. Both the saloons were lined with firs, and living sparrows were flying among the branches. There was real spring water from the Palace in our spring. It was hardly possible to stand the noise. Fancy, the drum-major was beating two drums; at the swings there was another big drum and cymbals; besides that, three barrel organs, clarionets, violins, and dulcimers. They were all sounding together. There was also "The Fortress of Frederickstein" waxworks, Punch and Judy (we had the real dolls). Our carnival ladies were so nice-looking that the professors fell in love. Agerskob was a dazzling beauty; Philipsen was the Jew under the tree; close to him was a "Magdalen home," with three Magdalens. I appeared as a Jesuit and made a speech in verse, but had not the luck to convert any one. At dinner we had several songs,

of which "Ole Bangs" undoubtedly was the best; I enclose a copy of mine.

I am very glad indeed that you are content in little Soröe. It is beautiful in summer-time; I have passed many agreeable hours there, and I hope that next summer we may meet under the green trees.

I am seriously thinking of my novel; it will be the first large work I have given to the public. I am in rather better spirits; my dear, dear . . . does all to soothe the killing melancholy which so frequently comes over me. Last year I was a gay, wandering minstrel, who ridiculed Werther, and this year I am almost the same fool. A peculiar luck has followed me all through my life (later on I shall give you an outline of it) which has impressed me with confidence in Providence—nay, almost led me to believe in predestination. My confidence is firm; I know that everything leads to some good end. But still I can never be perfectly happy, I feel it so acutely, that I shall never be happy here. Life has already shown me its darkest sides; how I wish it was all over.

Yes, how peculiarly romantic it sounds—a thing which I detest—I do wish that I were dead! Believe me, I am not sickening like a child without reason ; but what is the good of talking of it? May I only keep my confidence in mankind! No one has surely met the world with a warmer and more open heart than I did ; but surely no one has been more ridiculed for it than I have, and this has made me suspicious ; it is really hideous.

Please write me soon. How is Hest? Do you like Hauch? I know nothing of the first, and only little of the other, and I believe they know very little of me.

I have written two small poems, which you will get next time. People think they are two of my best ; but still they do not like them, they are too sad ; but the sadness is also of the poet.—Yours sincerely,

ANDERSEN.

My song in the club you have surely read in "Kjøbenhavnsposten," and therefore I do not send it.

*Andersen to Mrs. Laessöe.*

ILSENBURG,

*Thursday, noon, 26th May 1831.*

DEAR MRS. LAESSÖE, or all of you,—Here is my carrier pigeon telling you a little about me. I begin my letter from this place, which is at the foot of the Brocken, and shall add to it until I get to Leipzig, where I am going to post it; consequently it will consist of disjointed fragments. Just fancy, the sea was calm from Almack right to the German coast,—not a soul sea-sick,—and I dined at *table d'hôte* down below in the cabin. We slept three together on divans, one with his legs against the head of the other; I happened to be in the middle, and now one of them would ask me to move my legs, the other to move my head; I was too long for them. The Baltic was like a mirror, but the coast of Holstein was wrapped in a mist; but this was only a curtain for the land of Canaan; we sailed into the Trave, and the fog was behind us.

Here was summer, all the fields were yellow with flowers, the trees green. The river winds for sixteen miles before you reach Lübeck, and it is very strange indeed to be on so big a steamer in so narrow a river.

Lübeck is a very odd-looking and antiquated town ; all the houses have what are called "diels," with pointed gables and carved figures. We arrived there Tuesday, at one o'clock (noon). I saw the "Dance Macabre," and the Exchange ; but of all this you shall hear more fully when I get home. The same afternoon, I, together with some fellow-travellers, took a close carriage and rolled into Hamburg ; but here my sufferings began : I had the most unbearable toothache. I had not slept the previous night, and now I had another night to travel. My toothache worried me the whole of the next day in Hamburg, and even yesterday in Geislar I had a little touch of it ; to-day it is gone.

Hamburg is a very interesting town ; there are finer walks than in Copenhagen ; but you are not to hear anything at all about this town

until I get home. I will only say that I saw "The Freischutz" one evening, and on another a regular show-piece called "Cardillac," after Hoffmann's tale "Miss Scuderi." The theatre has four tiers, besides the pit; and the decorations were worth looking at. In "The Freischutz," where the "wolf's pit" is represented, the wild huntsman was in brilliant transparencies, and there were "Wills o' the wisp;" they dashed across the scene and were like clouds of the most peculiar shapes. On the 19th I was in the Botanical Garden; but all was in full bloom! the nightingale sang, and in the hot-houses were *large* bunches of grapes. I met many Danes in Hamburg. On the 21st I left Hamburg by "Schnellpost" to Brunswick, through the "Vierlands," which extend for many miles along the Elbe. We travelled in a narrow dyke. It all looked like an immense garden. The cherry trees had green berries, the window panes had pictures painted on them, pretty children were running at the side of the carriage, and offered us flowers, among them moss roses, for a couple of pence. After having passed the Elbe the

heath commenced. During the night we arrived at Lüneburg, which has not a house of this century; it was nothing else but old churches; the moon was shining beautifully. The whole of the next day we travelled in dust and heat: six people in a close carriage, and shaken on the dreadful road, so that I felt quite as if I had been cooked and beaten when I arrived at Brunswick the next evening, after being in the carriage thirty-three hours! Fancy!

It was Whit Sunday, and at dawn our carriage was decorated with green; it looked very nice.

Brunswick is a quiet town, with old-fashioned houses. Here also I saw a show piece: "drei Tage aus dem Leben eines Spielers;" but it was so shocking to all human feeling, that I left after the second act.

The Palace was all down, with the exception of a few walls, and men were at work restoring it; the stones were split, and on a building close by, you could see how the fire and smoke had played up the wall. On the

ruins some nursemaids were sitting singing the barcarolle of "La Muette de Portia," while the children were playing on the gravel. From a garden I could see the Hartz mountains like a thunder-cloud.

Wednesday, the 25th May, I went to Geislar, a town you will know from Heine's "Reisebilder;" here I was among the mountains! Oh, I wish you had been with me! Such a scene cannot be painted; it is not like the sky, nor the sea, it is as if the earth were an ocean with mighty billows. I have been down the mine, it was like descending into the infernal regions: the veins were sometimes as high as a church, sometimes very narrow; they looked as if they were of metal. I went arm in arm with a merchant, to whom I was recommended. I pressed close to him, and cried out once in Danish to the guide that he should not walk so quickly with the candle. (Now surely little Dina is laughing. If she had been here she would have turned back at once.)

The water rushed like thunder over our heads; it was fearfully impressive. After

having seen a part of the town, I went this morning (my first journey on foot) with a guide to Ilsenstein, where it is thundering just now; but it does not roll so fearfully among the mountains as inside them. Now my way leads to the Brocken.

BROCKEN (*same evening*).

HERE I am sitting on Blocksberg and writing to you in the middle of a cloud, a nasty cloud which perhaps looks very nice from below, and many a poetical genius wishes himself up in this heavenly land of the mountains; but they should only try it! Here is snow, the fire is lit in the stove, and I have an Englishman for my neighbour. It is quite like winter; I have been obliged to take two glasses of punch, and I am now going to bed, therefore no more from this place.

At this very moment three of the servant girls are dancing outside the window. They have, after the German fashion, flowing cloaks of cotton, and oods

over their heads; they are gathering flowers, while light, misty clouds pass them like lightning; it is like the witch scene in "Macbeth!" There is a party of thirty besides the other travellers; they have brought musical instruments with them, and play delightfully. As we cannot see anything, I am now going to sleep to sounds of music.

BLANKENBERG, 27th May.

A DAY has passed since I wrote last. I am now nine *stunden* from the Brocken. Last night, after I had laid my pen aside, I was called out of the house to see a curious sight. The thirty travellers had dressed themselves in comical attire, and, armed with broomsticks, etc., were dancing a witch-dance in the fog, through which the moon now shone. I slept very well, and was called at three o'clock in the morning. Fancy my luck! The heavens were *clear*, and I saw the sun rise red and large; but the whole

country was hidden by mist. We stood high above the clouds, which were like a rough sea far below. The beauty of the scene cannot be described! I wish you had been here. Later on the mist dispersed, so that we could see forty to forty-eight miles up that part of the country. From the Brocken I continued my journey on the back of a mountain pony, which went slowly step by step; but it was bad enough, for it was only two paces to the precipice where the thick mist was lying like blue-white snow.

From Ebingerode I went to Baumannshöhle, a stalactite cave, which extends several miles under the mountains. You could not reach its limits in a fortnight. It was almost worse to enter than the mine, for it was so very damp. Each of the travellers had a lamp; I had enough to manage mine and to climb down the ladders. The stalactites had formed the strangest fantastical figures; sometimes we were in a place scarcely broad enough for two, sometimes we could not see the mountain wall.

Among the strangers was a Dane, who said that he was a brother of Glovemaker Hausen's wife in Great King Street ; he might have been a brother of your late housekeeper ; he was no doubt a mechanic.

EISLEBEN, *Sunday afternoon, 29th May.*

FROM Luther's birthplace, where I arrived an hour ago, I am going to finish my letter. Yesterday and to-day I have walked about forty-eight miles ; I am not at all foot-sore, but my fingers are blistered from carrying my stock. I leave here at three o'clock in the morning by coach for Leipzig, and then on to Dresden. I have seen an old mountain castle, Regenstein, and have sketched it with a few lines in my diary, but I believe I can explain it to you. I have been at Ross-trappe, one of the finest and wildest parts in the Hartz ; I should have liked to sketch it, but my attempt came to nothing ; it is too beautiful.

To-day I walked alone twelve miles through a forest, where I only met one

human being,—a shepherd with his crook, and two big dogs. Now the remainder of my journey, except the “sachsische Schweiz,” is more among people. As soon as I have finished this letter I am going to see the house where Luther was born. But now adieu. Ask Ludvig to write these three compositions: 1st, Fidelity; 2nd, Love of one's Country; 3rd, The History of Denmark under Christian II.; but not word for word from other books. Ask him also to go to my landlady, and remember me to both. I shall certainly be back in three weeks' time, perhaps before (the 20th or 16th June). Ask them to send my hat to the hatter who made it—his name is inside—so that it will look nice when I get home. In Hamburg a new one will be too dear, and I have already spent a *lot* of money. God grant my dear second mother a happy and glad birthday! My thoughts are there.—With a son's regards,

ANDERSEN.

I expect for certain a letter from you, dear

Mrs. L., with a few words from your husband, for I dare not ask for a letter from him. If you write, please let it be by the very first post after you have received mine. You can send it to Berlin *poste restante*; I shall possibly be at Berlin in nine or ten days. Adieu!

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*Andersen to Mrs. Signe Laessoe.*

ODENSE, 2d August 1832.

IT is almost an eternity since we heard from or saw one another. I must in my dreams go back to your beautiful garden by the sea; how I am longing for all of you. How is Ludvig, Dina, and Frederick?—I mean all the good world belonging to you. My thoughts are now in Zealand, more than I myself am able to understand! I am a peculiar being! In Copenhagen I was longing for Fünen, and here I have been longing for Copenhagen, or rather the people there.

I can never enjoy the present, my life is in the past and in the future, and there is in reality too little for a *real* man. I have been in bad, very bad spirits here ; the weather has been dull, and the sunshine from without and within has been almost alike. I have been about a lot from one mansion to another ; still I have not been well, although I am not ill. At Lykkesholm I fear they almost made too much of me : they let me have everything for which I expressed a wish. I slept in the oldest bedchamber, where Kai Lykke had slumbered. There was a long corridor outside, and the drawbridge just under my window. Young Mrs. Lindegaard asked to be especially remembered to you. You have many friends in Fünen ; I cannot call to mind all the ladies who have asked me to remember them to you.

In a pouring rain I looked over the whole country from a close carriage ; people said the fairies were haunting badly everywhere, and I almost fancied I could feel their cold kisses on my cheeks heated with fever.

On Bramstrop we had theatricals and

other fun, and enjoyed ourselves splendidly.

I have also been in Sanderumgaard. The garden is beautiful, but it is absurd for people to talk so much about it. It is an "Ellemose" with walks, overladen with inscriptions. I saw here a print which interested me very much. It was a rock ; you could guess that the sea was deep, deep below, but could only see where it rose in the horizon, which was grey and wild. A ship passed far out like a point, but foremost on the rock stood Napoleon ; you only saw his back, but you knew him ; a big sea-gull hovered over him. At this moment something has occurred to me which I must tell you. At Ingemann's I read a Swedish poet, Beskow—one of his productions is called "The Dying Poet," whom people ask if he does not feel happy at the thought that his name and fame will so gloriously survive him, and he answers, "Do you believe that the swan soaring towards the sun thinks of the little shadow its wings throw upon the waves beneath ?" Is this not beautiful ? A

noble idea like this satisfies and refreshes one. When my stay in Fünen was drawing to a close I passed a few days at Hoffmansgave ; we made a real carnival of it. We disguised ourselves and sailed out into the Cattegat, made up a fire, and boiled some coffee. I was studying botany, walked about and ate cherries: it was splendid. Kirchheiner and Nielsen have each given an evening entertainment in Odense ; I was present. Nielsen recited "The Heart-Thief" beautifully.

It is a pity that Mathias Winther's disgraceful behaviour towards all Guldberg's people should have cast a gloom over the whole family. They are all fretting about it, and cannot hide it. To-day Winther has arrived at Odense in a close carriage in all his pomp. People are very much afraid of him. What do you think of the death of the young Duke of Reichstadt? Of course, he was poisoned by those horrid Jesuits! The weather has not favoured me.

What a summer! One must get into a Russian bath to drive the cold out. One suffers from the ague as well as

catarrh, and will not be able to stand it much longer, and then the winter comes on stealthily and puts one into the winding sheet; and the worst of it is that this is a contagious disease, so that the same fate may be in store for all of us, and it is really not at all nice for a mind which is not longing for a bed under the green sward, where the bed-curtains are made of planed boards. The first part of this letter is written in Fünen as you see; but I was not quite equal to finishing it; I have therefore been obliged to put it in my portmanteau, and am concluding it at Norager, where I arrived last night.

I hope here to finish my "Months." Up till now I have only March; but it is a success. Of small poems I send you a little trifle, "The Rose."

But adieu. I hope soon to see you and yours all well and happy. Perhaps the summer will have come when I arrive; some summer we must have. Remember me to all.—Yours truly,

ANDERSEN.

*Bishop Esaias Tegnér to H. C. Andersen.*

OSTRADE, 31st December 1832.

Not long ago I had the pleasure of receiving the letter with which you have honoured me. As it is dated the 15th October, it must have gone far out of the way before it reached me. I take this occasion to remark that the safest address for me from Copenhagen is *via* Malmö, where my eldest son takes the greatest care of everything which my Danish friends have the goodness to send me. I cannot thank you sufficiently for the friendly letter and the poems which accompanied it. The former evinces a confidence in me which I know how to value, and the latter give evidence of the foundation of talents, which, once concentrated, will undoubtedly redound to the honour of your country.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Tegnér (Esaias), celebrated Swedish author, born 13th November 1782; son of a clergyman. In 1824 he was appointed Bishop of Menö,—died 2nd November 1846. His first great poetical work, “Svea” (1811), was crowned by the

On the one side, it is delightful to see the progress and the cultivation of poetry among a neighbouring people who sing in a northern tongue, just as one would rejoice in the advancement of a relation ; but on the other hand, the comparison is too humiliating for us Swedes, who cannot be compared with our nearest related race either in poetical range or quality, and are only capable of a few lyrics. The great poetical talents are truly always natural gifts. The Creator bestows them freely or niggardly as he will ; they are consequently of an accidental nature, and can be counted upon no more than happiness or the other gifts of Heaven. But with us also the promise of good, even of great, ability, is not wanting ; only the pity of it is that it most frequently remains merely a promise, and most of us weary of the race at the beginning. There is a restless craving in

Academy. Among the best of his numerous small poems are "Charles XII." and the "Song to the Sun." His renown, however, rests chiefly on his "Frithjofs Saga," which has been translated into almost every European language.

the Swedish blood to begin much and complete little. External stimulants are also absent, from the want of general culture; and encouragement on the part of the Government injures more than it aids, for it generally consists in drawing distinguished authors away from their own orbit, bedizening them with stars and ribands, and placing them in offices of the Church and State where it is impossible for most of them to lead a purely literary life. By this means our literature is certainly not what it should be, nor even what it could be; and our neighbours on the other side of the Sound, with the same means and culture, but a smaller population, excel us by far, not only in the North, but also in Europe.

As far as I am personally concerned I scarcely count myself still among the literati of my country. My severe illness—stone—which chains me to my bed for the greatest part of the year, bows not only my body but also my mind, and robs me of all pleasure in life. The physicians advise

me to use the Bohemian baths; but that would be a long and expensive journey, and I consider it far better to die in my own country, where it is at least cheaper. But my bowed spirit still rejoices in Northern poetry and culture, and greets with fraternal joy the rising stars of our Scandinavian sky.

I beg you to greet Oehlenschläger for me, of whose domestic anxieties I have heard, and which I deeply deplore. I also desire to be remembered to my other Copenhagen acquaintances, Müller, Mynster, Möller, Clausen, Magnussen, and others.—With friendship and esteem,

E. S. TEGNÉR.

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*Andersen to Ludwig Müller.*

PARIS, *the 14th May 1833.*

HERE I am at last! I wish that you also were here, my dear Ludwig; Paris is the

place! Berlin, Hamburg, and Copenhagen, all of them are nothing. I have now been here five days, and already feel at home, and can find my way about quite easily. But you must hear a little about the journey from Hamburg. It was a regular gallop, and I will write in the same style; so now please follow me. It rained in torrents till we arrived at Hanover; here "la grippe" had seized on the citizens, and the weather was villainously cold; still I visited the Obelisk and Leibnitz's monument. On the heath we met swarms of women with children on their backs: whole families emigrating to America. We saw a car full of young girls; among them were two Jewesses who wept and laughed in bidding farewell to their home and an old Jew.

In Cassel nothing was as yet green; still I walked about Wilhelmshöhe, where the water leaps and dances like a trained dog. It was only when we got near Frankfort that the trees were green; it seemed like the height of summer. It is an interesting, cosy town, and has something about it which

pleases my poetical soul. I walked about the Courländer, and visited the Jewish quarter, where Baron Rothschild's mother still lives amongst the Jews, as she, with pious superstition, refuses to leave the house where her sons made their fortune, lest fortune should cease to smile upon them. The baron has a delightful garden outside the town; it is lighted by gas, and the mansion itself is built in the Eastern style. I visited the composer Aloys Schmitt, who asked me to write a libretto for an opera; I asked him to excuse me as I did not know German well enough. To this he replied that he would wait, and would be satisfied with an outline which another could finish. It was important for him to get a subject from a young, ardent soul. He wrote some of the music of his latest opera in my album; and I got a similar memento from the celebrated Spohr, in Cassel.

Saturday, the 7th of May, I went to Mainz. The road was occupied by cavalry; beacons were erected which could be lighted as soon as there was any move-

ment in Frankfort, where there seemed to be great excitement.

Sunday morning I started on my Rhine trip, the weather was so beautiful; the skies were bluer than I had ever seen before, but still I was not struck by the country; I had expected much more. The mountains are not high, and the vines were without leaves; but the Rhine itself is grand and broad, and on each bank were the ancient ruins of castles and interesting relics of a by-gone age; they seemed to look down so sadly that a strange feeling came over me. The whole trip appears to me like a fairy tale, a motley dream of antiquity. But the journey to Paris soon brought me into reality; there was so much bother with our passports, so many examinations and scrutinies, that I got almost tired of the whole journey. The portmanteaus were opened almost half-a-dozen times, and in every town we were surrounded by the police. France is, however, very much like Denmark, only there is such an awful lot of chalk in the soil, especially in Champagne.

Here we drank champagne at a dollar (2s. 3d.) a bottle; but still I should not like to live here, even if the wine was dispensed free. There were fifteen of us inside the carriage, and three or four outside, besides all the luggage! Fancy what a turnout! In a small French town the horses went mad during the night; they kicked and snapped at one another, neighing dreadfully all the while. The ladies cried out, "Holy Mary, pray for us." I prayed very softly: "O Lord, if an accident is to happen, let me break my neck." The horses then bolted, but were soon stopped, and got a good thrashing, which, I thought, they well deserved.

Metz is a large, imposing town, very much like Hamburg. I was half asleep when we reached Verdun, so I cannot say anything about it, except that we all got into a large kitchen, where we had some milk with a drop of coffee in it, which the French call *café*. Friday, the 10th, we arrived in Paris covered with dust and parboiled by heat. At the *barrière* we were surrounded by the police; they were looking for some one in the car-

riage, but did not find him. Of Paris we could see nothing for dust before we got right into the town. The impression was very bad—narrow streets packed with houses. I went to two hotels, but all the rooms were occupied; at last I got a little closet in the *Hôtel de Lille*, but it was very dear. My window looked on to the *Théâtre Vaudeville*; I went to bed in the afternoon, because I had been travelling for five days at a stretch from Mainz. About midnight I was awakened by a dreadful noise. Everything was in flames about me. I jumped out of bed, and now I saw a thunderstorm, the like of which I have never seen before; the rain poured down; people were leaving the theatre and shouting out for their carriages, which were rumbling in a race with the thunder. Flash followed flash; but I went to bed again, I was so tired. When I awoke the next day Paris looked quite different. I met all my countrymen at Lieutenant Dinesen's: there was the theatre painter, Troels Lund, Feddersen, Sager; the naval officers were

Dockum and Bjelke; Jespersen and Castenskjold (gentlemen of the bed-chamber). We went at once to the Artillery Museum, where we saw models of the war material used at the siege of Antwerp.

I have visited the composer Cherubini, for whom I had brought some music from Weyse; and have been in the glorious old Notre Dame, which is grand and impressive. The light streams through many-coloured windows; pillars carry the vaulted bays right up to the heavens. There was no mass. The Parisians will not pay for it, and the cathedral is in that respect entirely like a Lutheran church. In the choir I saw a priest, who was reading to some children. Last night I was in the Grand Opera and saw "Gustave" (the Swedish Gustave III.); it was dazzling. You ought to see it. Now I know what decorations are! In the third act you saw Stockholm by moonlight: the moon was reflected in the water, light clouds were floating in the air, and you really looked up into God's blue skies; there was snow lying over the whole floor of the

theatre—it was no decoration, it was reality—the grand, beautiful reality. The whole house applauded! And then the masquerade in the last act! No, it is impossible to describe it. I counted thirty lustres and twenty chandeliers. There were no side scenes and no side galleries. I believe there were four to five hundred masques. I had also the rare luck to see the French Queen at the play; she is not pretty, but very fair. The Swedish costumes were correct enough. The opera was closed by a dance. Everything was very charming.

But now to something else. How is the proof-reading of my poems getting on? Will it soon be finished? I have promised Oehlenschläger some contributions to "Prometheus;" I think I shall write something about the opera here when I have seen a couple more: remember me to him. Write soon to me, and send the letter through the Embassy; it will then not cost anything. Do tell me when Otto<sup>1</sup> is coming. I shall be his guide, and can also, perhaps,

<sup>1</sup> Ludwig Müller's brother.

be of some service to him in an economical sense. The journey alone in three weeks has cost altogether seventy *species* (about £15); it is well done, my countrymen say, and the expenses are also according to my plan. I have not forgotten a single thing during the whole journey, but I have had all my wits about me, and I find that I have done very well. I am certainly a sensible man! —although you scarcely believe it. But now adieu, my dear, dear Ludwig. How I am longing for you! Still I am not home-sick. I often fancy that I am at home, and then I speak Danish to the waiter. Remember me to Otto and Bangs.—Yours truly,

ANDERSEN.

My address is Hôtel Vivienne, Rue Vivienne, No. 14.

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*Andersen to Ludwig Müller.*

PARIS, 31st May 1833.

I AM still without any letter from you, and none from Edward! What can I

think? I who love you so dearly, and who have such faith in your true friendship! There must be some reason for it of which I am ignorant. Last Monday I expected a letter for certain. When I got home from dinner there was one for me; I seized it with joy, but it was a mere cover with the "Kjobenhavns Post," in which there are some impudent verses about me. The author was afraid that I should not hear anything about them, and he has sent it un-stamped. There must have previously been some verses in my praise, because such seem to have been the cause of this. It was the first letter I received. It is so paltry to pursue me thus in a strange land, and it astonished me for the first moment. After that I despised the matter, and have now almost forgotten it; but I am longing all the more for a letter from my friends. Otherwise I am getting on very well in Paris; I like the town, and like it more the longer I stay here. The fashion here is loose enough. All is shown without any drapery; and you get used to it, so it does not offend. The

most sensuous pictures, often very piquant, are to be seen in the streets. What really offends me most is that even holy subjects are made vulgar. I am far from being prudish: I can stand and look at a frivolous picture, but even in the sensuous there ought to be some decorum. Some pieces are played at the Vaudeville Théâtre which would never do in Copenhagen, except perhaps in the Students' Club. . . . I dare almost say that innocence has scarcely a domicile here in Paris; she is certainly only a *voyageuse en route*, and as such is easily brought into a dangerous position. At least her ears and eyes are poisoned, and then she gets at all events a little damaged. This is the dark side; Paris has sunshine in all other respects. Everybody's thoughts are free and advanced, and intellectual development has reached a high level.

I have had to write this letter to you at short intervals, my dear friend, and it is therefore much shorter than I wished. I am feeling ill, but the best of it is that it is an illness from which all strangers suffer, and is

caused by the drinking water taken from the river. Last night I fainted in my room, but I came to without any assistance; however, it made me anxious. I went to bed; vomited the whole night and morning. To-day I have been obliged to keep indoors, take pills and drink port wine, and my stupid stomach has cost me two *species* (9s.). At first I thought I had the cholera, and felt very strange; but I have the fixed idea that I am going to die out here. I commended myself to God, thought of all of you at home, and submitted myself to fate. They say that most people suffer from drinking this hard water. I hope that my sufferings will soon be over.

The Danes have visited me faithfully. Sager tried to amuse me, and Schram and Dinesen told me funny stories. Bróndsted wanted to send me his doctor, but it is so expensive, and there is no danger. If I could only sleep to-night! I was in Versailles the other day. What splendour! How imposing! Under the terraces there are arcades, where the oranges are kept

during the winter ; the gates would be an ornament for Copenhagen. Immense sums of money are spent on the many grand fountains. The little Trianon was of greater interest to me than all : here Napoleon lived, and here he parted from Josephine. I was in his bedchamber ; secretly I touched the steps to his bed and the pillow. The soldiers pushed in to see these relics, and stood there silent, but there was enthusiasm in their eyes. It made a great impression on me.

I have seen the French Queen in the theatre, but not the King. You can, however, see caricatures of him everywhere,—here as a peer on horseback, there as a juggler who performs with a *pistol*, etc. I have been in the Chamber of Peers and that of the Deputies—the former was the more interesting where old Lafayette shines.

But now I cannot sit and write any more, and Sager goes away to-morrow at six o'clock ; therefore adieu ! Let me soon have a letter. Remember me to your

parents, your brother and sister, Miss Snell, Otto, and Thyberg. Jette will soon get a letter from me. Adieu! If I die, then, let Edward print my "Recollections" (Memoirs). My last thought will be with you.—Your faithful friend,

ANDERSEN.

I wish that you and Edward were here! I should like to see you once more.

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*Andersen to Christian Voigt, stud. theol.*

PARIS, 26th June 1833.

You think of me! You alone of all of them, faithful soul! I have been away from Denmark for two months; but have not received a single letter, excepting one, which was waiting for me from Jette Wulff. Think what it is to be so far away in a foreign land and forgotten by all you love! Edward has not sent me a word—no one, no one but you.

It has pained my innermost soul ! You are, at least, my faithful friend ! Long ago I wrote to you from Paris, and you ought to have received my letter before you posted yours ; but it does not appear to have reached you. I addressed it to Ludwig Müller, as I did not know your address. I write to you at once, to thank you as a brother ! Four times I have read your letter through ; it was so dear, so interesting, so loving, that all the bitterness I feel about those at home,—whom I love, and who have forgotten me,—now turns into sadness. In nine days you will have this letter ; I shall then seem to be with you, sitting on the sofa behind the red curtains, talking openly to each other, as in the olden days, before so many clouds passed over my heart. I am very much changed, all say so ; the actors think I am rather paler, but more of a gentleman. People are always polished up a little in Paris, even in the bearing,—and that was bad enough at home. I am getting bolder and more determined, but in my heart am surely still the same.

How can I give you an idea of my life here! Well, I will just tell you how a day is passed. Last Sunday I walked about in the streets the whole day. Let me describe that day. You are now with me high up in my large room; the floor is of flagstones, white curtains round the bed, two chests of drawers, sofa, arm-chair, etc. We are now going downstairs, but keep hold of the bannisters, because every step is of flagstone, and it is easy to slip. We are down now, and the old porter says, "*Bon jour*," and we get out from the hotel into the Rue Vivienne. Shop after shop, finery and pictures, sausages and meat in festoons—there is business done in every house in Paris. We are now entering a "passage,"—that is to say, a street paved with flagstones, and a roof of glass (just as if Ostergade had a glass arch, and "Peermadsens Gang" a floor and roof). The shops are splendid; all that one's heart can desire is to be had here, even so low down in the scale as the non-platonic love. We now enter a street to get over into a

smaller passage, which leads to the Palais Royal. It is a beautiful palace, with splendid shops in the colonnades. In the middle of the court is a fountain, surrounded by a garden which swarms with people. This was my morning's walk to the *café*, where I read the papers, and then wandered through about fifty streets lined with shops, equal to Copenhagen multiplied by four. I stop at the Place de Bastille where there is an enormous elephant, which, however, is only a model for a bigger one, which is to be erected in the "July days." Hence I walked through a new quarter—St. Antoine—where just now several assaults have been committed (two persons have been murdered and thrown into the Seine). I am now on the Pont d'Austerlitz, from whence I cannot even see the end of the town. Then I enter the Jardin des Plantes, where there is a grand show of wild beasts—this is free: there are lions, tigers, and bears in the pits; elephants are walking about; giraffes eating the tops of the trees—in

fact, a whole Noah's Ark. From there I wander through a labyrinth of streets, where the houses are standing packed one against the other. Dirty boys lying on the ground playing cards, rough men and wild women are playing at ball. Victor Hugo has given a masterly sketch of them. At last I crossed the Seine to the island, the real old Paris, and visited Notre Dame, the most imposing building I know,—many coloured glass windows, high arches, and grand pictures. There were certainly more than sixty priests from eighteen to seventy years old, who behaved in the most affected manner, and people were running in and out. It is now two o'clock; I trot home, about as far as from Vesterbro to Toldboden. Now for the *boulevard*. . . . But I see that I shall not have room to tell you of more than half the day of my wanderings, and what I have written will scarcely give you any idea of the greatness of Paris, its variety and interest.

I have been introduced at the "Europe

Littéraire," a sort of Athenæum for *bels esprits*. I had resolved *not* to visit Heine; but, as fate willed it, he was the first I met with. He received me very graciously, spoke very favourably about our literature, and said, openly before all, that Oehlenschläger was undoubtedly the first poet in Europe. I have been asked to give a synopsis of our literature, especially Oehlenschläger and the younger poets. It is now being translated into French and printed. But do not tell this to anybody who talks about it.

Heine has visited me, or rather the porter; I have not got his card; I will not have anything to do with him. He is indeed a man one should beware of. On the 29th July the statue of Napoleon is going to be erected! What a festival! I shall witness an historical event.

I have decided to leave Paris on the 10th August, but do write before then. You can ask Arnesen to pass the letter through Sküke to the Foreign Department, then it costs nothing, and it is the usual thing to send letters

in that way ; they thus come through the Embassy. Let me have your address ; mine is Hôtel Vivienne, Rue Vivienne, No 14. There are many of our countrymen here ; the one I like best is Lieutenant Dinesen of the Artillery ; he is a brilliant fellow. Castenskjold is very good-natured, and he takes care of all my letters.

Just fancy, I have written twenty-one to different people in Copenhagen (Collin has got nine all in all, you have now two, Mrs. Laessöe one, and Ludwig Müller one). And no reply whatever ! Still you are true to me ! I never forget it. Hertz has not left yet ; I suppose he wants a larger Government grant. He got four hundred *species* (about £90) ; I get three hundred *species* (about £67) ; I added one hundred *species* (over £20) to it during the first year ; but I must have fifty *species* (about £10) more, and that will scarcely last eleven months.

I have been very busy with my long poem, "Agnete." Fancy, half of the first part is done, and well done ! You will be

pleased that I have succeeded ; the Lord will help me with the remainder. This work will close the mouths of many. With God's help I shall be home in December this year.—Your faithful friend,

ANDERSEN.

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*Andersen to Mrs. Signe Laessöe.*

LOCLE IN THE JURAS, 3d September 1833.

THIS day fourteen years ago I left Odense and began the great "fairy tale of my life ;" now fourteen years afterwards I am sitting in the Jura Mountains, with a family of friends who have invited me. They don't understand a word of Danish, and the little children shout at me, because they think I am deaf, when I don't understand their foreign baby talk. A fire is blazing in the stove, it is snowing outside, the clouds are gathered over the forest ; but I know that lower down the mountain I

shall find summer and ripe grapes. I shall soon again drink in the warm air beyond the Alps. How much of beautiful nature have I not seen since I left Paris! From the Jura Mountains I had the first view over the Alps. Our road lay close to the deep abyss, where the clouds were drifting below; but suddenly we came to an opening through the mountains, and far below all was of a lovely, deep green, a land such as you only see in your dreams. It was Geneva, its lake as clear as the azure heavens. There runs the Rhone, so blue that the water almost seemed coloured. The mountains stood high over the horizon like waves of violet glass tipped with creamy foam.

A couple of days afterwards I went by steamer to Lausanne. I saw Mont Blanc white as the Klint of Móen, but the Klint is only a tear—Mont Blanc has wept.

Afterwards I went to Vevay, where Rousseau wrote his "Héloise." The journey was warm; but for the first time it was like the warmth of my own heart. The road to

Chillon and the old castle (you know it from Byron's poem, "The Prisoner of Chillon") was like the path leading to Paradise: it was very narrow, and wound its way between fields covered with vines. Pumpkins and melons were growing around the cottages. Even round a beam which supported a fragile bridge there were melons. The Lake of Geneva was so still. Grand old chestnut trees were hanging over the water, and the back-ground was a mountain reaching to heaven, where the clouds were lying. A mountain with ice and snow stood out dazzling white in the clear air. It is rather distracting in Switzerland, but here among the mountains it is so quiet. Grand and gloomy pine forests surround me—a dead solitude, which I have never known. It is like midnight, although the sun is shining. It has had a strange influence upon me: I have been in a sort of ecstasy for some days, and I have now finished "Agnete"—I am satisfied. The end will please you more than the beginning (which you know). I don't know whether it is this ecstasy or

the cold weather which has influenced me; but I am strongly excited, there is fever in my blood, and I cannot sleep. I am leaving in about eight days. This letter brings you my "Agnete." Pray accept in a friendly spirit this Danish child which was born on the border of France and Switzerland, in the midst of northern scenery, yet on the confines of the flowery south. I shall finish this letter when I leave Locle.

LOCLE, 12th September 1833.

THE day after to-morrow I am going over to Martigny, shall see Pissevache, shall be at the foot of Mount Blanc, pass Simplon to Lago Maggiore, and shall arrive in Milan on the 23d September. I have had a beautiful trip on the River Doubs; the cliffs on the right were in Switzerland, on the left in France. The water was so still that all the surroundings were as if painted on its surface. A little farther down there was a mill, and some falls of about three feet; but soon the water rushed

twenty-eight feet over a cliff; it looked like the whitest milk, from which uprose a clear mist among the dark firs. I have sketched it as well as I can; what a pity that I cannot draw! But still my scribbles have amused you before, and I therefore enclose a leaf in my letter. The one represents the Castle Chillon with the Lake of Geneva; the other is the poor and melancholy view I have from my window here in Locle. A little garden stretches before me, and behind you see the mountain, entirely green, and like a precipitous giant wall. There ought to be some cattle, but I am a worse animal painter than scene painter, so please fill in what is wanting. I have been contemplating this green mountain whilst my thoughts were with "Agnete" in the depths of the sea. Oh, how I am longing to hear how people at home like her! But she will, and must, be appreciated. In "Maanedskriften" I have been spoken of as a *poet* who *once* promised something! This was said even after my "Months" had been published. Those words have

rankled like poison in my heart; may "Agnete" only get praise and sunshine enough to disperse what is killing me. I hope she may be grammatical enough! Let that be as it may. I did not have Else the schoolmistress in my thoughts, but only Aphrodite, when I raised my "Agnete" from the waves.

In this house two old sisters are living; you don't know how they are petting me: they embroider my stockings, darn the holes from Paris, and treat me to flowers and jam! They are the sisters of Urban Jürgensen's widow, whom they have not seen for twenty-five years; they smile so sadly when I mention Denmark. The sympathy and kind attentions I receive everywhere astonish and touch me; friends grow up round me, not only in Denmark, but even among the mountains. God knows what good there can be in me! Here it is impossible to gain people by my poems. They do not understand a word. *Dommage!* What a pity! But now adieu! In Rome I expect a letter from you. Have you got two pictures from

Paris? Remember me to Dina and the sons.—Yours,

H. C. ANDERSEN.

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*Andersen to Mrs. Signe Laessöe.*

NAPLES, 18th March 1834.

ON my last night in Naples I must converse with my dear motherly friend. My heart is so full of all the grandeur I have seen, and which to-morrow I leave for ever.

I have heard the world-renowned Madame Malibran in three operas. This I class among my most sublime impressions in the world of art. Hers is not one of those brilliant voices that startle you, but rather a soul full of melody, which to my mind is of far greater worth. It seemed to me as though I heard a swan, now soaring with beating wings to the lofty heavens, now

diving into the depths of the sea, cleaving the hollow breakers, while the blood from its bursting heart gushed forth into song. My great delight lay in the splendid collection in the museum, carrying one far back to distant ages. I have rested on a divan from Pompeii, the leather of which was still entire. You wrote me once that I would not now be indifferent at home to a ruin or coin ; in most cases I think I shall be still more so than before. I have now seen more ancient and more beautiful things.

So to-morrow I travel towards the north. A strange, sorrowful feeling possesses me ! I leave Paradise here, while it is still, in a measure, in the bud, and shall not see it in its summer dress, nor go to Sicily. Northward, northward, there, where my dear ones live in snow and fog, lies the iron ring to be fastened to my foot.

Yes, yes, Denmark is a poor country ! Italy's cornucopia is filled with fruit and flowers, while we have only grass and a sloe-hedge. I will now step out on to my

balcony, and will describe what I see at this moment.

On the house opposite is a hanging garden, the trees are bending with oranges in the silver moonlight. Under my window four pots are boiling with soup and *frittura*; a half-naked *lazzarone* is eating fried figs. The little children have decorated themselves with orange-peel and green leaves.

Now serenades are being sung, and Vesuvius lights up my neighbour's wall. But no, you cannot fully comprehend it; would that you were here! To-morrow begins the four days' journey to Rome. You heard, from my last letter to Jette Wulff, about the carnival there. You should yourself have seen the streets transformed to a masquerade: the air was full of *confetti*, and especially on *Moccli* evening, when millions of lights, on sticks and in small balloons, floated in the air. But you know the *fête*, therefore no more!

I will continue this letter in Rome. I hope to give you a better description of the Easter than I have done of Naples and

neighbourhood ; it is impossible to describe the really superb where everything dazzles you.

God bless you, and if it is as late when you read this as it is now when I lay down my pen, then sleep well. When I awake to-morrow all I have seen and felt here will be a dream. Even to-night I have seen Vesuvius vomit fire, and lava running in serpent-like streams down to the foot of the mountain. Oh, how hard it is to go towards the north ! Sleep well !

FLORENCE, 8th April.

I AM now so much nearer to Denmark. I would have continued this letter in Rome, but there was so much to do that even my diary was hurried over, so I have postponed it until my arrival in Florence.

We will now pick up the thread where we left it, at Naples. It suddenly became quite wintry on the morning I left Naples.

Vesuvius was white with snow, and the wind blew abominably. I had just had my hair cut, and the wind forced itself through the open pores, so that I really suffered. But when I arrived at the lovely Molo di Gaëta, where the oranges had been gathered, but the citrons were all the richer, it was again summer; and the last morning in Terracina was so clear that I distinctly saw Vesuvius, which, as a farewell greeting, threw up fire and smoke against the sky. It seemed to me that he regretted the cold farewell he had given me before, and now from afar sent me a real hearty God-speed!

Marvellous luck seems to follow me on my journey,—I manage to see all that is most interesting. The Royal family from Naples have arrived in Rome, probably to speak in favour of the Spanish Queen. On that account the fête was most magnificent, and there were fireworks at Engelburg,—an event which has not happened for years. Would that you had been with me on Easter morning at the grand

Church of St. Peter, which seemed to swell with the immense multitude of people, and that you had heard the trumpets ring out from the arches as the relics were shown, and seen the people kneeling in the immense building as the Pope pronounced the benediction! You would have felt as I did. For sensuous beings a sensuous worship of God is necessary. The wonderful, profound silence which reigned taught me that much may be contained even in nothing, for surely silence is nothing. But what, on the contrary, shocked me was the baptism of the Jew. The second day of Easter is always celebrated by the baptism of a Turk or a Jew; this time they had only been able to procure an ugly little boy with a scurvy head, who looked awful as the water was sprinkled over him. His boots and stockings were dirty, but over all the dirt was a glittering white silk robe given by the church. Now the cardinals and priests went in procession, there was singing and waving of incense,

the skulls of Saints Peter and Paul were exhibited, and all that for this wretched little Jew. On the morning of the first day of Easter the whole of the Church of St. Peter was illuminated. The lights were so arranged in the building as to define the outline of the whole church in the clear atmosphere. After having burned for an hour, the whole scene changed in a moment. Every light became a burning torch, and all done by the hands of man. Several hundreds were awaiting the signal to create in a second this glittering temple of God.

The second day of Easter, the last day I was in Rome, Thorwaldsen<sup>1</sup> paid me a visit, and I went to see his new and admirable work in bas-relief, "Nemesis," which may be considered among the most beautiful of his productions. He seemed somewhat poorly. He wrote some kind words in my diary, embraced me, and gave me a fatherly kiss, begging me to continue

<sup>1</sup> Thorwaldsen (Bertel), Danish sculptor, born 1770, died 1844.

as I had begun, and to remember that the artist is the best judge of his own work if not led away by passion. The other artists gave me some pretty sketches: for instance, Bissen gave me "Valburg Hanging the Wreath on the Pillar," and saying, "I greet thee, my love, good morning"; Blunk, "A Beggar Girl"; Koop, "An Ydunna with the Apples," who says that they are not sour; but that is nonsense. I feel that the apple of immortality is a sour apple to bite. Petzholdt gave me a beautiful sketch in oil, "A Storm by Ostia"; Küchler gave me my portrait. But it will be too tedious to mention all; you will, of course, see them.

This last night in Rome we had "*Girandola*." They were the first fire-works I had seen, although I was in Paris at the fête of July. Fire-fish played in the air, Vesuvius spurted fire, cascades of fire were streaming down. It was very magnificent! In the inn, where the Danes met, my health was drunk, and a very jolly God-speed was sung.

On the first of April I left Rome, and my journey to this place occupied five days. I chose the dreary road over Sienna in order to see it; but as we encountered storms and wintry weather in the mountains, and as I had no thick garments, not having experienced any winter since I left home, I was nearly frozen. The weather was so severe, that it was commented upon in the newspapers. A waggon was blown over in the mountains where we were.

I will copy some notes from my diary about the journey, how I fared on my birthday, where I was, and how I was. It was the second day of the journey from Rome; I stayed in a small town,—Ronciglione,—and was awakened at four o'clock. Coffee I could get, but milk,—cream we dared not mention,—was not to be obtained, and they had no bread. So I drank the poor coffee; and, as I reflected thereon, I remembered it was the 2d of April, and I congratulated myself. I sat on the front seat of the coach, and had for a neighbour a very stupid priest, who had never heard

of Germany. So I was obliged to speak some sort of Italian, and as he remarked it was not like his, and heard I came from the north, he asked me if I was not a Milanese. As we drove on the storm increased; there was snow on the mountains, and I was chilled to the very bones. After passing Viterbo, the country becomes more and more barren. The forest along the road had been burnt on account of the brigands, and only the charred, black trunks remained. It was very desolate and wild. By mid-day we reached Montefiascone, celebrated, as you know, by Tugger, who drank himself to death in *Est, est, est!* I had made up my mind to drink the health of my friends in this wine, but there was none to be had in the town. We arrived at a mean little inn, where the hostess gave me some water with salt and cheese, which she called soup: it roused my anger when she demanded a price ten times higher than that of good soup.

All my travelling companions were Italians. Inside the coach was a Signor Piereboni,

with his wife and father-in-law, and as they saw I was cold, they made room for me, so that for the remainder of the day I had a cosy seat, while the wind shook the coach.

By the Lake of Bolsena it was romantically beautiful, with large caverns stretching away in darkness. Upon my observing that this was a *Caserma di Briganti*, the signora in the coach screamed out, "Oh, Madonna mia!" She was very nervous about brigands, and as we progressed only slowly in the wretched weather, it soon became dark and very insecure. Strangely enough, I was perfectly cool, and have, on my whole journey from Rome to Naples, and now back again, felt quite safe—yes, even safer than in Denmark, although my countrymen in Rome have predicted that, as I was born under a star to experience all that is remarkable in Italy, I should also encounter brigands. I am not yet out of it. Perhaps they may stab me to death, but then I shall die in Italy and not return home, where much sorrow, much mischief,

many trials—more than human heart can bear—are awaiting me. But enough of this.

We reached Aquapendente late in the evening, where some pretty, amiable girls received us at the hotel, made a lively fire in the stove, and sold us some *Est, est, est* (a delicious Muscatel wine), in which I drank the health of my friends, and touched glasses with the strangers. I taught the signora some Danish words, among them "*Lysesax*," which she pronounced so naïvely with a "u" that I dare not write it, but she found the sound melodious. That was one day. On Saturday afternoon I arrived in Florence, and am now residing at the "Leone Bianco." As soon as the post-office opened yesterday I enquired for letters from home, and received one from you, Collin, and Oersted, so I was made very happy, and devoured them all three under the statue of the old duke in the Piazza del Granduca. Since then I have studied them over again, and now I will talk to you about some of your observations

You beg of me to forget all about "grumbling" when I return home. That I dare not promise, but I will do it in a new way. You can believe me that all I am longing for at home is to chat with you and a few others, to talk of all the glorious things I have seen ; yes, I really do believe that you, through me, will get some idea of Italy.

Oh that I were at home for a week ! I often feel so much of human nature that I am sorry Jette Wulff will be away when I arrive, and yet I am glad, because she will see my beloved Italy. The criticism I spoke of does not concern "Agnete," but is one about me generally as a poet, which appeared in the monthly magazine, written by Molbech. Now I am more tranquil. The man is mad, people quote authorities, and I am a fool to fret. "Agnete" will in time attain honour and glory—that I predict. But write any more ? No, no, I have written nothing here, they have broken the pinions of the bird. You say that I might get a living ; would

that it were so. But there are many dogs after that bone. I would then bury the poet they have murdered. God gave me the spiritual diploma of nobility, which they have torn asunder. I am a poet, but I can give up my nobility and vanish into the crowd. It is not in a dark moment I write this—I am quite calm, as happy as I can be, and my only wish is never to produce any new work. My delight, my courage, my whole soul hung by only one thread, and that my friend has cut. The operation is performed, the patient is well. Oh, God! my dear mother! I might have been so unspeakably happy. But away—away with the remembrances of all such things.

You seemed surprised at my rapture over Nature in Italy—the grandeur of Naples—which you will not understand. But reflect, there is bliss in breathing the very air. The sea is more beautiful than our winter sky. Vesuvius is a flaming *ygdrasil*, and the blue grottoes are heavenly.

The people here are blessed children who

still believe in the devil, in life, in the dead pictures, and spend their days in joy. You ought to see the beautiful people, hear them sing, and see the islands float like clouds in the rosy mist! Oh, God! I am grieved to think that all is over. You talk about me falling in love again, when I arrive home, etc. God in Heaven! you know well how ugly I am, and how poor I shall always be, and these are things everybody considers, whomsoever the heart may choose, and very properly too.

Were you at the exhibition on my birthday? Believe me, I thought of you. Christian has now passed his *Philologicum*. I congratulate you. Remember me kindly to him and Ludvig. I have a coin for the latter which nobody can make out; it is from Paestum, and another one from the Amphitheatre at Capua, but as this dates from the time of Trajanus, I suppose it is of no great value to him. I am longing to have a chat with Frederick, and to tease Dina.

Give my love to Joseph and Viggo, and

tell Thorald that if he desires it, I will bring some Italian air, well-corked down, so that he may taste and perhaps paint it. You wish me to make many sketches! Yes, since I went to Rome for the first time, and was there praised—for praise I must have if I am to succeed—for my sketches, I have been drawing on all occasions, so much so that Hertz has been teasing me, and has caricatured my ardour by writing some lines in my album, with a sketch of Vesuvius (it is certainly not like it): the joke is very clever. But now I must say something about Florence.

Here it is burning summer, everything is in full leaf, and the river Arno is nearly dry. The galleries seem to me like old sights since my last visit. Venus breathes and lives, and Niobe stands like the cold picture of despair, and will protect her children. I fain would encounter something quite new; it seems to me as if I had beheld all the grandeur of the world, and only repetitions are awaiting me. What a peculiar being I am! Oersted says that

his and my æsthetic religion are widely different: I seek all the discords of the world, while he insists upon it that the poet must seek the harmonies; but I believe I am myself the discord in this world. Too many bitter tears have fallen on the chords of my love to produce harmony, neither shall I attain that at which I aimed. You may not understand me, but I dare not speak plainer.

In eight days I leave Florence to proceed to Venice *via* Bologna, where I shall behold the sea for the last time in the south; but I am afraid it will not compare with the Mediterranean at Naples. About the first of May I shall pass Padua, and go to Verona to see the Amphitheatre and the grave of Romeo and Juliet. Then I bid farewell to Italy, which, as you say, is four hundred years behind the times, but in many respects an eternity in advance.

Here the heart might dream, were it not for the chilly storms coming from the north. Here the sea is God's Heaven, the clouds are phantasies in colours, the

air is nectar for the gods, the earth seethes with grapes, pictures smile from the walls of the houses. This is the home of phantasy, the north that of reason ; but as I am a visionary I feel most at home in my real country. I fear greatly going to Copenhagen, I can foresee all, and know how I shall bear it. I am no longer the child as before. But what once is written must be fulfilled,—I must meet my fate. God knows if it would not be a happier existence to be a simple man,—a good tailor or shoemaker, who sits in his workshop, eats his meals, takes a holiday once a year, and at last retires to the graveyard.

But now good-bye. Remember me to the Ipsens and those of my friends you may meet. I am very well, very happy, and—am going to Copenhagen !

At Munich where I am due in the middle of May, I hope, without fail, to receive a letter *poste restante*; it must not be paid for farther than Hamburg, then it will be safer. Do not fail, you have no idea how much good it will do me. When once I

am at home I hope you will be satisfied with me, and you shall never see the old sorrowful face. I am very happy, and mean to be so. Good-bye, good-bye. With the feelings of a son.—Yours,

ANDERSEN.

Herewith an anemone gathered from the grave of Virgil at Naples.

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*Andersen to Miss Henrietta Wulff.*

(Rain, slush, and fog.)  
16th March 1835.

MY DEAR TENDER-HEARTED SISTER JETTE,—You will see by the date that this letter is written in our dear fatherland, and in Copenhagen. For five months I believe we have not seen a clear atmosphere: I hardly know what blue is like, only it happens to be the colour of my overcoat. Drink in long and deep draughts of the air out there, that you may be fortified when it is your fate to return.

I thank you for your dear but rather short note. You know I am long and big—I want more food—but it may come; therefore I write to-day this long epistle, in reality the first I have written you since my return here. I know not the reason, but it certainly must be in the air; it puts a dampness on everything, and as I have now used up all the Italian air and fire I brought home with me in poetical work, my friends are neglected.

But do you know what work I have done?—written a novel, “The Improvisatore,” in two parts, in all about thirty sheets, and a little drama in two acts, “Liden Kirsten,” which is accepted for performance next month (the music arranged by Bredal), and also some fairy tales for children, of which Oersted says, that if “The Improvisatore” gets me renown, “the fairy tales will bring immortality,” as they are the most finished I have ever written. But I do not think so. He does not know Italy, and so cannot rejoice at the familiar air the novel spreads around me. I know that you

in cold Denmark will love my "Improvisatore," and exclaim with all who have been in Italy,—“Yes, there Andersen has been at home.” It is hard, though, to have to live so far from one’s real home, but I shall return to Italy almost for certain in about four years’ time. My first five-act drama will pay the expenses of my journey.

Weyse is finishing “Kenilworth,” and Hartmann is ready with “The Corsair,” by Hertz; it will be performed within a week. Of Hertz you hear nothing, he writes in seclusion. Our celebrated countryman, Paludan-Mueller, whose genius is, as your mother says, universal, has given us a new poem, “Zuleimas - Flugt”—delicious verse. I consider it one of his most poetical works, but yet a failure. It does not meet with general favour.

Just now a novel, “Min Broders-Levnet,” is being much read and talked about; it is brilliantly written, interesting, but very loose morally; all the women characters are very reprehensible. One does not learn to admire the author or the circle in which he has

lived. This is Carl Bagger. I do not wish my countrymen in Rome to know exactly my opinion, as Bagger is engaged to a Miss Fiedler, whose brother is, or soon will be, in Rome. He is a friend of mine, and I beg you to give him my kindest greeting.

We are flooded with literature of the ordinary sort. A new novel, called "Gordon," will run in eighteen numbers of the "Flyve-post." The author is quite new and anonymous; but I am one of the few in the secret. Oehlenschläger has written a new tragedy, "Socrates." I suppose you know I have seen his "Robbers in Terracina." It was hissed—only what it deserves; it is wretched stuff. To judge by that, he has never been in Italy, and was never a poet, and both are indisputable truths. The description he gives of Italy is only the shady side,—bad food, wooden chairs, heat, and God knows what—the awful brigands! Why, there are no more there than in England.

On the King's birthday we saw a drama by Holst; it was bad, and it was hissed.

After that, a pretty little piece by Heiberg, "Alferne," after Tieck's "Die Elfen." It is the best I know of Heiberg's poetry. Now you know that on a birthday performance the public does not express its opinion, and thus people get mixed in their judgment. The Court liked the first, and condemned the last as only fit for a theatre at Vesterbro. That was the opinion for the moment. I declared at once the first piece to be rubbish, and the second a masterpiece; and I said both to high and to low, "The fault lies with the nation, it has no imagination, and cannot understand fairy-land." It was thought daring of me, but Oehlenschläger said the same, and I repeated it to several students. Three days afterwards the whole city said: "Holst's is bad, but Heiberg's is wonderfully beautiful."

I could mention many who thus altered their opinion, but as we know them too well we will say no more about it.

I have made a new acquaintance. One day a servant came from an old lady, Miss

Bügel, with an invitation; I said it must be a mistake, but the servant came back again, so I accepted the invitation. The old lady overwhelmed me with kindness. God knows how long it will last; it is only a mood. Lately she made me a present of a pretty French dressing-gown, with red roses and a silk belt; then she sent an Italian *fogliette* with sweet wine, first one and then another. On my last invitation the servant was sent to ask me what were my favourite dishes, and when I replied I was unwell, she sent me a powder. Now everybody says I am going to marry her; it is a very good *parti*, but I cannot accept it. I should then have too many step-children.

From the papers I suppose you have heard of David's case, of the petitions, and the King's answer? The mother tells me not to write anything to you about it, so I will not. When you return you will hear people talk; they seem to think you have been away ten years.

Apropos, Miss Bügel asked me to send

her regards to Thorwaldsen, she knew him in Rome. I add my own greeting to hers. I hope he has not forgotten me.

On March 8th we had a Roman feast, at "Borgerdyden," Christianshavn, where all who had been in Italy met. It was exactly like a Roman inn. We had Roman lamps on the table, and the room was decorated with views from Rome; a wreath was hung around Thorwaldsen's portrait, and we had ivy crowns on our heads; pity they were made of stuff. There I met the youngest Roman, Moldenhawer, and heard of you. There were several tedious guests, or rather people, I did not care about. When the health of Thorwaldsen was proposed, a song of my composition was sung.

You cannot imagine how I am longing for Italy! The fresh air, the rich colours, the whole luxuriant nature, the picture galleries, the songs of the beautiful people. Have I not shouted like a child in the orange gardens of Molo di Gaëta, and devoutly believed with the Catholics in

miracles, when I saw the Grotta Azurra at Capri, the most lovely Italy possesses. In my dreams I am often again by the melancholy Lake of Nemi, where the ancient planes grow, where the rich and fruitful vine winds itself among the branches. Often my thoughts wander to the beautiful goddess in Florence,—the Venus di Medici. The artist has so shaped her eye that she sees—the marble has looked into my soul. Still do I hear the song of Malibran, it was a heart dissolved in melody; I hear the singers in the Sistine Chapel, it sounds like angels weeping in melting harmony.

Oh! dear Jette, how empty and cold it is here, in our north. Italy is my home! I would live at Naples, where the mountain burns, where the sea is blue as our winter sky, where the balmy air is wafted from the home of the palms and orange groves. Now I have the willow for the olive, I have the yellow apples in the peasant's garden for the yellow oranges, the green Baltic for the blue Mediter-

ranean, Zrza for Malibran,—that is the best we have! My stay in Italy was spoilt by my friends at home. Would I could do my journey over again, then I would revel in delight as the bee sucks honey from every flower! But I shall certainly go there again, and if I die, I shall haunt Italy, the great Colosseum, the Vatican, and Capri, that paradise on earth!

In my new novel you will see the blue grotto described. Professor Kruse, who is already working on the translation of my book, says that I am the greatest painter; and Oersted says I ought to use the brush instead of the pen. But now about other things.

You know Lottie Phister is dead; what a rare, short, fluttering life! Ingeborg Drewsen has had the small-pox for seven weeks. The doctor had given her up; she has suffered much. Thank God she lives. She sends her love. All who visit her now have been vaccinated for fear of contagion. I alone have not; I fear neither

contagion nor death. I feel no joy in anything, neither do I feel any grief. Believe me I am perfectly calm.

Your brother Christian is a pearl. I love him from my heart; tell him that from me. Many hearty greetings from Mrs. Laessöe, and Ludwig Müller, Collin, and several mutual friends.

As I am writing this, I receive a letter from the translator of my novel, in which he says the publishers want a different title for the German edition from the Danish "Improvisatore." Can you suggest one? Which is the better, "The Boy from the Roman Campagna," or "The Blue Grotto of Capri"? One of these I suppose it will be.

Bid Bödtcher keep his promise to write to me. Or am I already forgotten in his heart? Best regards to Küchler, Petzholdt, and the other countrymen, especially your brother.—From your poet-brother.

H. C. ANDERSEN.

Herewith a leaf from your own garden.

*Andersen to Count Rantzow-Breitenburg.*

COPENHAGEN, December 1837.

YOUR EXCELLENCE has been so kindly sympathetic towards me, and has evinced so much interest in my welfare, that my deepest gratitude has been awakened. I feel the need of approaching you, for, as I have already told you, I require your interest and assistance, which makes the distance between us doubly great. May a happier turning point occur in my life! Although you have given me permission to write you, you will excuse me for addressing you on this subject; it would certainly be more suitable by word of mouth; but this is impossible, and you will therefore pardon me. Just now I feel greatly encouraged, as I am getting much better known in foreign countries than I had ventured to hope. A French translation of the "Impro-  
K

visatore" is being done in Paris, and will appear at the beginning of next year. This is a great honour for me, and I am thankful to God for it. The world's recognition of my talent at once awakens in my heart the deepest gratitude; at the same time I am tortured by misgivings lest I should not be able to accomplish something greater, or even to make steady progress. I feel the power of youth in me, and can produce something better than I have yet done; but my school is life. I must rove about in it. It is necessary for me to travel again; but this I cannot do yet. In the pages of "Literature and Amusement" they wrote that it was praiseworthy and truly kinglike of Frederick VI. to enable men of talent to travel, and they flatteringly added that I had shown the fruits of such travelling. A new trip would, I believe, do still more for me, but this I dare not hope for.

The King is not acquainted with me, and has no idea of the nature of my work. Treasures also lie in books; I need a

certain quietude to produce more, to enable me to gain fresh strength to do honour to myself and my native land; but I am obliged to write to live. You know that we have already talked about it together, and you were sympathetic enough to lead the conversation to it. I feel that you can be of great help to me, but I shall fall to the ground if nothing is done. I should be safe if I had four hundred *ryksdaler*<sup>1</sup> yearly, till I have made a way for myself. I am convinced that the King would grant me this if he knew me,—if he rightly understood me as you do. My friends have told me that I should seize this opportunity; my need of assistance is indeed pressing. The poet, Professor Hauch of Sorœ, has written a petition for me, and begged me to copy it and send it to the King; but it is impossible; I cannot describe my impecunious position to the King, and how should he know that I deserved his favour? Another must tell him, and the only one I know,

<sup>1</sup> Danish thaler = 4s. 6d.

and in whose heart and tact I feel confidence, is yourself. The happiness of my whole life, and my future activity, I leave in your hands. Say to the King just what I know you have so kindly said about me to others. Do not refuse this request! Believe that there is some worth in me, and espouse my cause. I will not trouble you in this way again. You shall be honoured by me with God's help. I cannot present my petition to the King and tell him who I am; and of what use would it be? Nay, may I give it to you? If you will see that it reaches the King's hands, and put in a good word for me, you will indeed have helped me. Do not refuse me. A refusal, however pleasantly worded, would destroy every hope in this direction. I should then be able to do nothing more, and my work would be at an end. I know how much I ask of you, but my life's happiness is at stake. Lay my petition before the King, and with God's help you shall never be ashamed of me! With anxiety and

disquietude I await your reply as to whether I may send you the petition! The dear God has always been merciful to me,—what was best for me has invariably happened. He may perhaps appeal to your heart better than I can.—Faithfully yours,

H. C. ANDERSEN.

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*Castelli<sup>1</sup> to Andersen.*

VIENNA, 7th August 1838.

MY VERY WORTHY FRIEND,—I avail myself of the opportunity of Busch returning to his native land to send you my sincere thanks for your last work, “A Fiddler,” which was sent me. It does me good to see that you still remember me sometimes. You are constantly in my thoughts,

<sup>1</sup> Castelli (Ignace Frederick), Austrian poet, born 6th May 1781, in Vienna. He was the author of many operas and dramatic plays, and died 5th February 1862.

and the fairy tale of the heart's-ease always occurs to me whenever I see that little flower in bloom in my garden.

"The Fiddler" is really a compilation of incidents from your own life. It interested me greatly, as well as your additional short biography. The poor Danish boy has become an able man. Good luck, dear friend! Go forward undauntedly, the goal can neither be stalked, bought, nor begged, but it can be victoriously conquered,—conquered through fighting; you are the man to do it, and your works have already made their way in Germany. Only a few days ago Grillparzer told me that your last novel had pleased him very much, and expressed a wish to read your "Fiddler," which I have now lent him. In it, among some rather mysterious additions, you have thought kindly of me, for which I am grateful to you. If you have any fresh poems, or perhaps a short story of a few pages, send it to me for my almanack, "Huldigung der Frauen." By so doing

you will oblige me and my readers very much.

Farewell, my respected friend, whose heart is attuned to mine. May poetry and life alike become easy to you, and may you sometimes think of—Your true and warm friend,

CASTELLI.

My little garden sends greetings.

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*Robert Schumann to Andersen.*

LEIPZIG, 1st October 1842.

HONOURED SIR,—What must you think of me for leaving your friendly note, which gave me so much pleasure, so long unanswered? But I did not wish to come before you with quite empty hands, although I know very well that I am only making a return for what first came from you. Please accept my music in place of your poem. It may appear weird to you

at the outset. Your poems were equally strange to me at first. But as I entered more into the soul of your verse, my music also assumed a more and more strange character. Therefore the fault is yours alone. Andersenian poems must be composed differently to "Bloom, sweet Violet," etc.

In "Spielman," I fear there is an error. Chamisso<sup>1</sup> has not translated your verse quite correctly. I have marked the place on page sixteen. To a Danish musician—perhaps Herr Hartmann—it would be an easy task to put it right. Perhaps you will ask him about it, and I will make the correction.

My wife has told me so much about you, and I have been so eager for the most

<sup>1</sup> Chamisso (Aldalbert von), French botanist and author, born in 1781, died in 1838. Though by birth and early education he was a Frenchman, Chamisso spent the greater and more active part of his life under decidedly German influence. He studied botany with great ardour, and in the expedition conducted by Kotzebue, which circumnavigated the globe, he was chosen as botanist. He wrote many poems in German, some of which displayed great depth of pathetic feeling.



ROBERT SCHUMANN.



minute details, that I believe I should recognise you if by chance we should ever meet.

You are already known to me through your works, "The Improvisatore," "Moonlight Stories," and your exquisite "Fiddler," which is the finest thing I have found in recent German literature, with the exception of Immermann's . . .<sup>1</sup>

Now that I am also in possession of a complete translation of your shorter poems, I shall be sure to find many a pearl suitable for musical composition. May Heaven preserve you to your friends and admirers for a long time to come, and among these allow me to subscribe myself—Your most faithful,

ROBERT SCIUMANN.

*P.S.*—My wife sends her kind remembrances.

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<sup>1</sup>Name omitted.

*Andersen to Rachel.<sup>1</sup>*

PARIS, April 1843.

MADÉMOISELLE,—Before I leave France I must speak with you once again. The kindness with which you received me, when Alexandre Dumas took me for the first time to see you, gave me the courage, although I express myself very badly in French, to pay you a visit. You were still more amiable towards me, and invited me to your reception, where I came with a request on my lips which I did not like to express before an assemblage of strangers. But to-day I venture to do so in writing: will you inscribe for me a few words of remembrance in my album? I have the handwriting of celebrated persons

<sup>1</sup> Rachel (Elise Rachel Felix), born at Mumpf in Switzerland, 28th February 1820, daughter of a wandering Jewish pedlar. She became a highly gifted and well-known actress in tragedy, both in Europe and America. While on tour in the latter country her health began to rapidly give way, and she died, while still young, at Cannes in France, 3d January 1858.

in it, several of whom may not be strangers to you. In this way you will confer upon me a pleasant and dear remembrance.

H. C. ANDERSEN.

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*In a letter to Fraulein Henrietta Wulff, dated Paris, 28th April 1843, Andersen thus describes his visit to Rachel :—*

THE best thing I have to communicate to you is, that yesterday I was invited by Rachel to one of her exclusive *soirées*. The rooms displayed splendour and wealth. Plum-coloured walls, carpets of the same hue, costly curtains and tasteful furniture. An old gentleman and I were the first to arrive. She made room for me on the sofa beside her, close by the fireplace ; she was dressed in black, and was extremely gracious. I begged her to speak German, and she

replied, "Yes, if you were unable to speak French, then I would; but you express yourself better in my language than I in the foreign one. Your pronunciation is good, and with a little practice would be very good indeed." And so I was obliged to speak French. Bookcases lined the walls, containing the poetical works of every nation translated into French; even Swedish poets were to be found there, but not a single Danish. Shakespeare, Schiller, Goethe, Racine, and Corneille stood on a little table by themselves, with the statuettes of the two latter. There I discovered Grillparzer's "Sappho" in the German language. Splendid flowers were about. As we were sitting here, one guest after another arrived,—Scribe, Gandy,—I do not remember all the famous names. Rachel, vivacious and charming, was the only lady among us. She poured out the tea herself, and we gossiped of poetry and art. It was twelve o'clock before I could slip away. To-day she has returned my album, with these words written in it,—

“L’art c’est le vrai. J’espère que cet aphorisme ne semblera pas paradoxal à un écrivain aussi distingué que Monsieur Andersen.”

RACHEL.”

“Art is Truth. I hope that this aphorism will not appear paradoxical to so distinguished a writer as Monsieur Andersen.”

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*Andersen to Lenz,<sup>1</sup> editor of the  
“Zeitgenossen Hamburg.”*

COPENHAGEN, 14th March 1844.

DEAR FRIEND,—Yesterday evening Thorwaldsen died suddenly in the theatre. I am writing with all speed, but in Danish, as I can describe it all so much better in my native tongue; there are plenty of people in Hamburg who can translate it.

You cannot realise how I am shaken at his unexpected death. I dined with him yesterday at Baroness Stampe’s. Besides

<sup>1</sup> Lenz (Wilhelm von), writer on music. He wrote “Beethoven and his Three Styles,” and a celebrated work entitled, “The Great Pianoforte Virtuosi of our Times, from Personal Acquaintance” (including Liszt, Chopin, Henselt, etc.). He died in St. Petersburg in 1883.

the family, Thorwaldsen, and myself, there were Oehlenschläger, the botanist Schouw, and the young painter Constantine Hansen, who is to do the frescoes for the Thorwaldsen Museum. Thorwaldsen was, as you know, not very talkative; it was therefore the more surprising to hear him relating anecdotes at the table yesterday. He was very expansive and amiable. I sat beside him, and never dreamt that in an hour he would be numbered with the dead. He asked Oehlenschläger if he would go with him to the theatre, where "*Griseldis*" was to be produced for the first time. Oehlenschläger was not in the humour, and Thorwaldsen asked me if I would go; but I, too, refused, as I had felt unwell the whole day. We remained together till about six, then he went to the theatre, and there, during the overture, he stood up to allow a gentleman to pass him. He sat down again, and at the same moment threw his head back. They thought he was faint, and fetched water; but as he appeared to be lifeless, they carried him out. The

poet, H. P. Holst, was one of the first to reach him. Doctors were sent for as soon as he was taken out, but all their efforts were in vain,—Thorwaldsen was dead! Many of the audience left naturally overcome with sorrow. I had returned home immediately after dinner, where I spent the evening alone, and heard nothing of all this until this morning. Bournonville,<sup>1</sup> who was greatly excited, came and told me what had happened. I ran at once to Thorwaldsen's dwelling. In the drawing-room an inquest was already being held as to the cause of death. In the bedroom a few strangers surrounded the bed on which the body lay. Baroness Stampe, who had really been like a daughter to him, and who, only a few days previously, had lost her only beloved sister (Frau Schouw), sat at his feet! It looked so miserable in there, with the floor wet with the snow which the people had carried in with their boots, and outside the

<sup>1</sup> Bournonville (Auguste), Danish ballet composer, born 21st August 1805 in Copenhagen. In 1830 he was appointed director of the ballet at the Court Theatre, Copenhagen. He died 30th November 1877.

leaden clouds. I was shocked and deeply moved! Only yesterday, before he went to dine at Baroness Stampe's, he was working at Luther's statue, which is now his last uncompleted work. Yesterday I held his warm hand in mine, and yesterday, half-an-hour before his death, he said to Oehlenschläger, "I will strike a medal for you of my bas-relief, 'The Genius of Poetry.'" It is pleasing to think that these words were almost the last he uttered to Oehlenschläger.

It is only a few days since I went to Thorwaldsen concerning your letter about getting his biography for your "*Zeitgenossen*." I spoke to him a great deal about it, and showed him the proof which you had sent me, with Liszt's picture. I begged him to choose the portrait most like himself from among the many which abound of him. He declared that a little drawing that Gärther had done was the best; but as perhaps you might find one like it very expensive, and probably wished for an engraving or a lithograph, he emphatically

recommended a portrait painted by Begas, and etched by Aensler of Munich. I do not know if you will choose the latter, or if I had better ask Gärther what he will charge for a copy of his drawing.

[*The end is missing.*]

H. C. ANDERSEN.

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*Schumann to Andersen.*

DRESDEN, 14th April 1845.

I SEND you this greeting by Gade. I wish I could have gone with him to the north, but indisposition still detains me. Since I saw you last I have suffered with a dreadful nervous illness, and even now I am not quite convalescent. With the approaching spring, I feel somewhat strengthened, and hope soon to be better.

I hardly could or dared to write, but I have constantly thought of you, and also of our "Glücksblume."

You answered me so kindly from Berlin, and promised to send me the sketch—may I remind you of it? Is it possible that it has appeared in print yet? And now, how have you been otherwise? Have you written new fairy tales or poems? Does Spain still beckon from the distance? May we hope to soon welcome you again in Germany? Such a meeting as on that evening when you were with us—a meeting of poet, songstress, actress, and composer! Will there soon be such another? Do you know Uhland's "Schifflein"?—

"Wenn treffen wir  
An fernen Ort uns wieder?"

That evening will never be forgotten by me. My wife sends many greetings. She presented me with a daughter five weeks ago, which makes the third. We shall remain for the summer in beautiful Dresden.

Gade has written a new overture—a most taking composition. The Danes may well

be proud of this splendid musician. Helsted, too, is very talented.

May I hope to receive an answer from you, and also one about the "Glücksbuche"? Write here to Dresden. If I can do anything more for you in Germany, I shall be pleased to be appointed your agent.—Your most admiring,

ROBERT SCHUMANN.

*P.S.*—Do you know the poems of Baroness von Droste-Hülshof? I think they are really excellent.

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*Andersen to King Christian VIII.  
of Denmark.*

VIENNA, 12th March 1846.

MOST GRACIOUS KING,—During the whole of my journey my heart has felt the need of relating to your most gracious Majesty how well I have fared, how full of sun-

shine my life is, and with what honour and cordiality I have been received everywhere. But I have not ventured to write to my kind, gracious King. I have, however, in a letter to Her Serene Highness the Duchess of Augustenburg, begged her if she wrote to Her Majesty the Queen, to bring me to your remembrance.

Your Majesty knows that the King of Prussia has most graciously conferred upon me the order of the Red Eagle. I received the same on leaving Berlin, and when I arrived at Dresden six weeks later, Minister Jordan handed me my diploma. As I am unacquainted with the usual formalities, and did not know if the Danish Embassy had sent the news to Denmark, or whether I had to notify it myself, I wrote to the Privy Councillor Adler,<sup>1</sup> and in a letter received from him this morning, he says that your Majesty is very graciously disposed towards me, and that it would be quite correct if I wrote to you myself to beg your permission to accept the foreign

<sup>1</sup> The King's private secretary.

order. And this is what I have now ventured to do. In this way one of my dearest wishes is fulfilled—that of writing to your Majesty direct. Privy Councillor Adler thought that my kind King would not receive it in the least ungraciously if I wrote other news of myself on this journey.

When I arrived at Berlin the King of Prussia most graciously invited me at once to the royal table. Afterwards I spent a most highly interesting evening at Potsdam, when the King was exceedingly cordial towards me. He spoke a great deal of his visit to Copenhagen, said he was enchanted with our beech forests and our excellent theatre, and talked to me a great deal about Danish literature, especially of the impression which my writings had made upon him. On reading my novel, "Only a Fiddler," he said the death of the stork brought tears into his eyes.

Everywhere I learned that my works had found an opening with the German public. A lucky star presides over my writings—they fly far and wide.

Such happiness, such recognition, softens and humbles the heart before God. Oh, when I think of my poverty-stricken childhood, of my deprivations, my want, and the heavy gloomy hours, then it seems as if this must all be a dream, and I am near crying! Your Majesty, at this moment when I am writing I think more of your heart than of your crown: you will take this kindly and graciously.

I went to Weimar, and was heartily received by the amiable Hereditary Grand-Duke. None of my dearest friends in Denmark could have received me more affectionately than he did.

I stayed for two days in Jena—where the Holstein professor (Michelsen) gave a large party in my honour, and spoke very encouragingly of the importance and progress of Danish literature. The Hereditary Grand-Duke himself came to the town to say good-bye once more, and to give me a letter of recommendation to the Grand-Duke Stephen in Prague. In Leipzig, Brockhans, Lorck, and several other pub-

lishers called upon me, and I received my first offer in a foreign country which is likely to bring in money. An *edition de luxe* of my fairy tales, and a large edition of my collected works will appear at the New Year, and I shall receive three hundred Prussian *thalers* for revising the same.

When I arrived at Dresden the King of Saxony invited me one evening. The Queen told me that her sister, the Queen of Prussia, had written to her about me in a very friendly way. Both their Majesties were most gracious, and I was obliged to read aloud to them the two fairy tales, "The Fig-tree" and "Holger Danske," whereupon the conversation turned on Denmark, and everything great and good there. Prince John's consort is so exceedingly like her sister, the Queen of Prussia, that I was quite astonished at the resemblance. Prince John has beautiful, amiable children, and they appear to know all my fairy tales. I was received just as cordially by the Arch-Duke Stephen, and now in Vienna by the Arch-Duchess Sophie, to whom I had a

letter of introduction, given me by her sister, the Queen of Saxony.

Two evenings ago I visited Her Imperial Highness. The Dowager-Empress was most earnest in her enquiries about your Majesties and the Queen-Dowager. I also met Prince Wasa there, and several other exalted personages. It has been most interesting to me to visit the different courts, and to mix with high society, and I hope also to derive some intellectual benefit from my wanderings. My new experiences will, I hope, blossom forth with renewed fragrance in my future writings. I am thoroughly learning to recognise in life how much that is truly great and good one finds in all stations. Life is so delightful, and every one is really good at heart. I have confidence in all men, and in truth I have never yet been deceived. Even in an economical sense my travels have been a success. I have now been away five months, and have not as yet spent quite five hundred Imperial *thalers*. This has been possible for the reason that

I have been received by families in most places like a valued relative. The relationship consists in the interest that people take in my writings, and the friendship with which they surround my personality.

Indeed I left most towns with tears ; for in each I was received as a friend and brother.

But I tire my most gracious King, my letter is already so lengthy, and yet there are still things I should like to relate which perhaps might be a little more interesting than all that I have said about myself. For example, at my departure from Prague I saw a sight which I shall never forget. Several thousand soldiers were leaving there for Poland—troops who had been quartered in Prague for many years—and the populace had turned out to bid them farewell. The whole hill-side was packed with people, and resembled a large variegated Turkish carpet: the army stretched for miles, and everywhere hats and handkerchiefs were waving. In every village that we passed we saw crowds of

people. The rapid travelling, the torch-lights, the Bohemian faces, and the foreign language—all these had something striking about them. It was the masses here which imposed.

I saw a great deal of Jenny Lind in Berlin and Weimar; she holds her memories of Denmark very dearly, and she also loves this country. Her representation of "La Somnambula" is the finest thing I know. She confided to me that she has a great desire to appear in this opera when she goes to Copenhagen, which may possibly be in September. Her acting, her singing, her whole bearing in "La Somnambula" is such that I can find no words to express it, except that one becomes a better man when one has seen her in it! One laughs and weeps: God himself becomes revealed in us. I forgot the theatre, and only felt the sanctity of art. In the middle of April she arrives in Vienna, remains there a month, and then goes to Switzerland. I have given the original text of an opera to the Danish

composer, Gade, who lives in Leipzig, and he is now writing the music for it.

I have worked diligently at my biography, which my German publisher is going to buy from me, and which will serve as an introduction to the new edition of my collected works. In it I shall mention my belief in God and the world, and relate the fairy tale of my life, which is so rich and happy.

I could not have ordered everything more delightfully than the dear God has done for me, even if I had had the great power to do it. I recognise it in the fullest degree; my heart beats in gratitude to God and mankind, and I could press all the world to my breast!

Believe me, your Majesty, I shall cherish dearly and lastingly the kindness that I receive. May I succeed in expressing this fully in the sketch of my life, and my Royal benefactor will understand how deeply I feel and prize his great goodness and kindness towards me. It was on the island of Föhr, twenty-five years after my

tramp as a destitute boy to Copenhagen, that I sat at my King's table on his birthday. Your Majesty and the Queen congratulated me that day at Föhr, and the kind, amiable way in which you both expressed your goodwill towards me, which indeed I have experienced, has bound me to you for ever. May God rejoice and bless your Majesties.

I shall now fly to Italy. On the 2nd of April I shall attain my forty-first year, but my mind and thoughts are as fresh as if I were only twenty. I hope to accomplish new works; every journey is not my way of hunting up material, but is a refreshing, intellectual bath, and this one, if God wills, will certainly bring forth a book. And then when my fatherland receives it, and foreign countries are full of it, then, most gracious King, my joy will not be vanity—no, it will be joy that my friends are honoured through me, and that my beloved King will see that I am not quite unworthy of his favour and kindness.

A new year of life will begin for me in Italy. It will begin with happy auspices if I should hear through Councillor Adler or Councillor Collin, who often writes to me, that my King has now, as always, graciously read this letter: and if the expressions used are only too wanting in etiquette, that your Majesty has graciously pardoned me. May I venture to ask my King to tell Her Majesty the Queen how faithfully I think of her with the very deepest respect. God grant your Majesty happiness and health!

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*Andersen to the Grand-Duke of Weimar.*

COPENHAGEN, 26th October 1844.

MY NOBLE HEREDITARY GRAND-DUKE,—  
Your Highness can easily imagine my happiness on receipt of your warm and affectionate letter; it was as if we were again together as at Ettersburg at the sad moment of

parting. You pressed my hand, and said you would be a kind and sincere friend. Your Royal Highness has gained in me a poet's soul—a human heart the more. Your letter now lies among my most sacred treasures. My sincere thanks for the favourable reception of my drama, "The Mulatto." I have now myself received and read a copy of the German translation, but unfortunately all my flowers are withered in it,—their perfume has fled; in several places I even encountered barren ground instead of my velvety-green sward. Alas! how changed! And yet the translator has spent time and trouble on it, but the diction is not mine. The subject I took from a tale, "Les Epaves," but the metrical form, the lyrical drapery so fresh and rich with which I endowed it, changes it so much, that I may regard it as my own. But now, in the German translation, the skeleton of the story is too plainly visible. A new original drama by me will shortly appear on our Copenhagen stage: it is a fairy play, "Glücks-

blume." I am at work upon a new novel: the scenes are laid in the islands of the German Ocean, where I was in August and September, and in Copenhagen; it is lightened by a chapter upon bright and fairy-like Ettersburg. One of the characters is drawn from Jenny Lind, and I trust that the sweet spirit of the original will breathe throughout the whole.

During the past summer my mind has received many fresh impressions. My residence on the island Föhr with their Majesties was a source of novel and delightful experiences. The scenery of the islands is very remarkable, and has left many lasting and vivid impressions on my mind. The King and Queen are both so amiable that, if known by all, they would be universally loved.

I particularly enjoyed two little sea excursions to the adjacent islands; the longest trip, in which the Queen and her ladies also joined, was to the "Halligen," that little green spot in the raging sea. Two centuries ago this formed part of the

mainland, but the waves came, and now the green island is all that remains. The largest island is Öland, its area being about equal to the churchyard containing the royal vault at Weimar. Here is a church surrounded by a village of ten to twelve houses, all huddled together like men in distress, and built of stone, strongly supported on timber, the interiors being arranged like ships' cabins. The whole island produces nothing but a miserable briny grass, upon which a few sheep browse, and these, when the waves rise, are driven into a room in the roof. Not a tree, not a bush was to be seen: a small hedge, the only one on the whole island, had been cut down by the worthy people (that is to say the women, for the men were away on voyages to Greenland and Holland), and laid over a little swamp that their beloved Queen might cross over it with dry feet. The young girls were strikingly pretty, like mermaids, and all wore a red fez like the Greeks, while their jackets were trimmed with silver

buttons. During the spring-tides the houses stand in the midst of the heaving sea, and large ships are wrecked on the dykes. Life here is like a fairy tale of the sea, dreamt in an open boat on the waves of the German Ocean. My second trip was with a hunting party to the island of Amrum. A ship, several years ago, was stranded here, in which were two rabbits, and from these Adam and Eve animals a whole race has sprung up on the island.

The tide ebbs every twelve hours, when the sea recedes for miles, and waggons are driven from island to island, between which, when the tide is in, great ships sail. But if a spring-tide suddenly rises, waggons, horses, and men are washed away. From the ship we saw four waggons drive over the sands to the island; it was like a *fata morgana*, for the wheels appeared to be passing over the tranquil surface of the water. The sun threw its rays on the *dunes* (sand-hills), which stood there in form and colour like the Alps. Here in the *dunes* my

mind was carried to the desert of Sahara. Both must partake of the same character: sand-hills stood out in the sunlight, like pyramids and graves; the hideous great frogs, as large as chickens, covered with ugly grey warts, unable to jump, crawled about or lay still, only turning their heads to look at us, and croaking when we touched them with the foot. Wandering about in the sand reminded me of walking in the ashes of Vesuvius. At last we stood on one of the highest cone-like sand-hills, which crumbled under our feet: the boundless sea spread before us—the broad, pellucid German Ocean. It was at the ebb, and the water had receded two miles.<sup>1</sup> Ships large and small, which had approached too near to the coast, lay on their sides like dead fish, and waited for the tide. The sailors were walking about the sands, a fire had been kindled, and the pillar of smoke rose upwards, like that of Moses in the desert. Farther off there stood two great wooden towers, erected

<sup>1</sup> Six English miles.

for shipwrecked mariners; a jug of water, and a basket with biscuits and brandy hung therefrom, so that the poor unfortunates could sustain life here between cloud and wave till rescue came from the island.

I went from Föhr, as mentioned in my last letter, to Augustenburg on the pleasant island of Als in the Baltic. This island is a garden of fruit; the castle lies in the midst of a wood. The Baltic ripples against the borders of the flower-beds, and an arm of the sea stretches far into the gardens and wood. In the household of the Grand-Duke everything was so homelike and agreeable. I stayed there eighteen days. There was racing on the Grand-Duchess's birthday, and a ball in the evening. The glee club came with music and torches. On the second day of the races we drove over the whole of the beautiful island, down to the sea, through the wood, then over the green hills, until we saw the blue horizon stretching away to Angeln, Fünen, and far over the open Baltic.

At the great table I was much honoured: the Grand-Duke proposed a toast for me as a Danish poet and his guest. Indeed, I felt and experienced there, daily, very many delicate proofs of kindness and princely graciousness. The eldest Prince, Frederick, made me the subject of a charming sympathetic poem. Oh! one grows good and softened in spirit in the light of pure affection! The sea voyage back to Copenhagen was very stormy, but I did not feel at all unwell; indeed I found a pleasure in looking into the waves.

Now I am back again, as I said, in Copenhagen, working at the new novel and living the beautiful summer over again in memory. I think of those I love, and so you know, my noble Grand-Duke, how often you and your country are in my thoughts. At Föhr I related to the King and Queen how good you and yours had been to me. At my audience in Copenhagen I could not conceal my pleasure in your letter, and their Majesties kindly shared in my delight.

Through the newspapers I have learned the good tidings of the new heart which now beats at Ettersburg—as the poet says, “a bud beside the rose.” I hope that the child, when it is older, may find friends as constant as those who are so attached to its father.

H. C. ANDERSEN.

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*Andersen to the Grand-Duke of Weimar.*

VERNET, PYRENEES, 7th July 1846.

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS's letter was the first and only one I received in Marseilles. My affection for you is such as the heart can only feel for a friend, exalted Sir! All our letters have found each of us very well, if only we ourselves might meet as happily in six or eight weeks' time! I was very unwell at Naples; the heat was some eighty degrees in the shade; the sun hung in the sky like a vampire that sucks

blood and marrow from the limbs. I have never experienced anything like it before! From ten o'clock in the morning till five o'clock p.m. I could not go out; I lay on the sofa utterly exhausted and unnerved, while the noise in the streets of Naples went through my ears to my finger-tips like a roaring whirlpool. It was a sound of screaming people, rumbling carts, working labourers, and cab-horses, which, worried by flies, could not stand still, and struck their fore-hoofs continually against the paving-stones. My opposite neighbour played nothing but scales on the piano from early morning till far into the night, which was enough to drive me mad! In my weak state I was advised not to go to Spain, as I should be unable to endure the heat there; but I hoped that the sea trip to Marseilles would strengthen me, and took my passage on the well-known steamer, "Castor." We left on the 23d of June, but the ship was over-crowded with people and carts. The first night passed off pretty well, but the second and third

were terrible. It was stormy: the steamer swung like a cask in the open sea, and could neither go on nor remain still. I and several ladies and gentlemen lay beside each other under the carts. Every moment the waves broke over the deck sideways, everything creaked, and the billows dashed over us as if they would shatter us to pieces. On the evening of the 24th of June, while your Royal Highness was being received with acclamations at the *fête* in the theatre, I lay surrounded by the waves and thought of you, my dear friend—thought of your Highness's birthday, which I could not celebrate. In the night it was still worse,—the women shrieked, and I thought that the steamer must go down. My thoughts then turned affectionately to all whom I love, and to you, my noble friend, and I wondered whether I was to die while you were dancing at your birthday *fête*. Sorrow burdened my soul, and I wished so fervently to see you once again. Only now from Vernet in the Pyrenees do I send

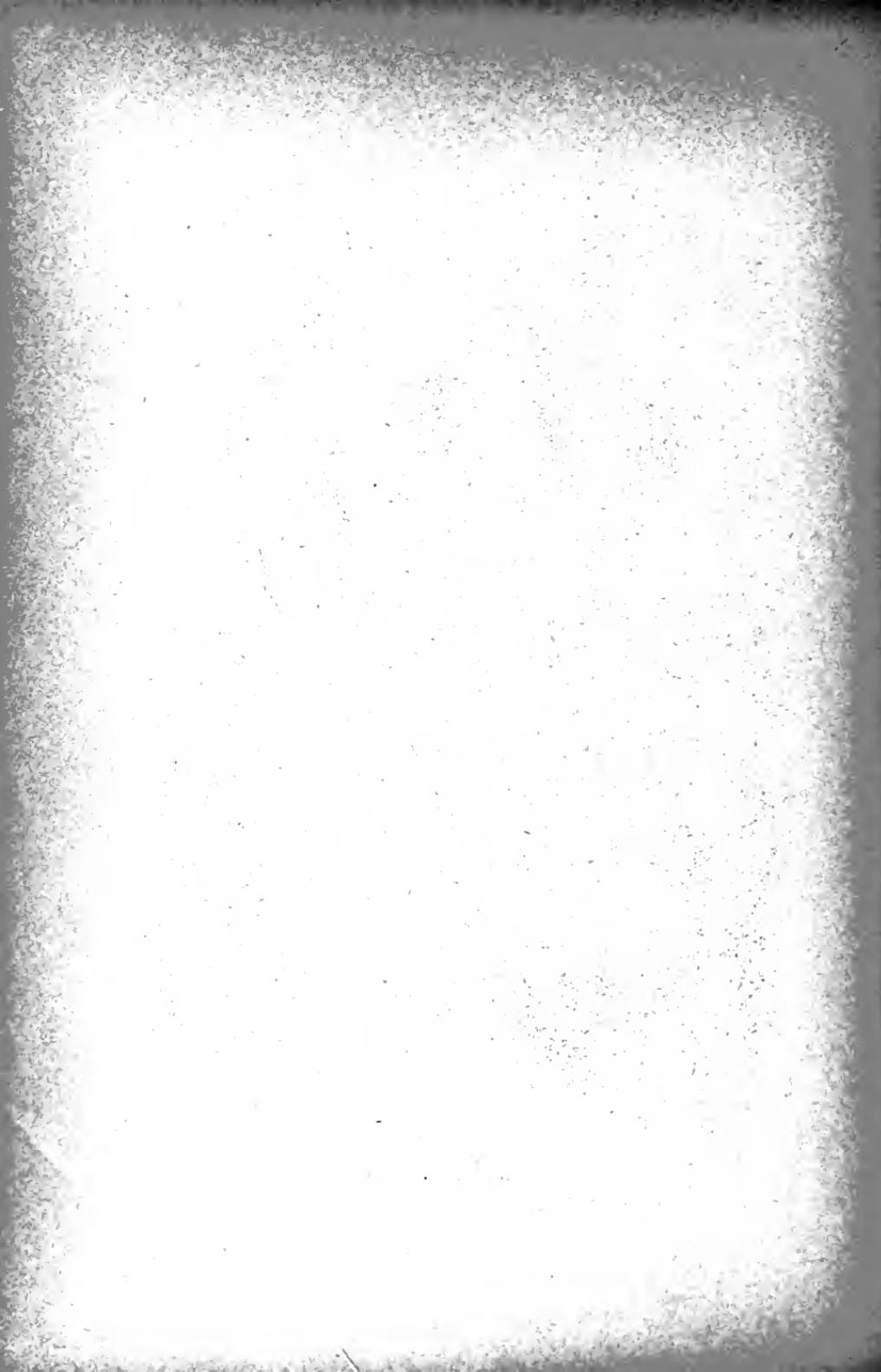
my congratulations in health and vigour for the 24th of June last.

At Genoa I had resolved to leave the steamer, to give up Spain, and drive in the diligence, by the way of Milan, to Switzerland, but my letter of credit was only available at Marseilles and Malaga. In Genoa the Danish Consul could not manage to let me have the money, so I was obliged to go to Marseilles. It was God's will I had to go on board again, and with fair weather arrived at Marseilles on the 27th inst. I rested and took care of myself there for three days. The air was lighter, and I felt much better: then came the longing and desire for Spain once more. The Consul, however, thought it would be better for me to go to Vernet first, there to strengthen myself still further. At the table in Marseilles I saw a stranger who stared at me. I knew him again: it was the violinist, Ole Bull,<sup>1</sup> who had returned from America,

<sup>1</sup> Bull (Ole Bornemann), famous Norwegian violinist, born 5th February 1810. He became acquainted with



OLE BULL.



and was received with public rejoicings in France. We rushed across to each other, and he told me I had a number of friends in the New World, and that several thousand copies of the cheap edition of my novel, "Only a Fiddler," which was recently printed, have been circulated in the United States. He added that many questions were asked about me, and that I was much liked and well known in America. God knows, it makes me feel quite insignificant, and yet it gives me the keenest pleasure. Why have I won so much? I feel as if I were a poor peasant boy who had had a king's mantle thrown around him with the honour and veneration appertaining thereto. I must accomplish something more—something better; may the good God give me strength.

Paganini, and with him visited Paris. After many reverses of fortune he made several triumphant tours through Europe and America. The bulk of the wealth, however, which he thus acquired, was lost through unsuccessful speculations in land, and he found himself once more obliged to take to his violin for his living. After making a third and last visit to America, he returned to his native place, Bergen, in Norway, where he died 17th August 1880,

Nismes, on account of its antiquities, is an exceedingly interesting town. The Amphitheatre and the so-called "Four-corner House," are kept as few old towers are in Italy. In Nismes I visited the baker Reboul. Your Royal Highness will remember Lamartine's "Journey in the East," and how pleasantly Reboul is mentioned in it: he is a baker, but also a true French poet.

I found everything at Reboul's quite the same as Lamartine did. I arrived at the bakery, and he came to meet me in his shirt-sleeves, with flour on his fingers; he was busy with the baking. I told him my name, which he recognised from the "Revue de Paris." He was most cordial, and invited me to visit him at two o'clock, when I found him dressed, and in a pretty room with books and pictures; a medallion of David hung on the wall, and statuettes stood on the mantelpiece. We talked of Germany and Denmark, and about his friend Lamartine.

I passed through Cette and Narbonne,

and arrived at Perpignan, feeling very unwell. It takes two days to reach Barcelona, but two days in this sun is a hell ; I must try it again in the spring, if I live as long. I have done my best to go to Spain, but at this time of year it is out of the question ; even the return journey through the south of France I dare not attempt till I am stronger. This is the reason I have come to the Pyrenees, where I have been eight days, and from here my carrier pigeon flies to Ettersburg. Vernet lies between Prades and the Spanish boundary : the town is poor and wretched, and is built in the form of a terrace, the houses with dark red roofs, and with open black gaps for windows, through which one can look into the rooms. In the valley the vines and chestnuts are blooming. Here, north and south seem to combine, for there are green valleys with sweet-smelling stacks of hay and wild curled mint, narrow clefts where fig trees and cypresses grow, while encircling the whole are wild, metallic-

like mountains, on the peaks of which are projecting blocks of stone which resemble broken statues and pillars. There are not many visitors to the baths. Ibrahim Pasha spent three months here, but has now gone away. In eight days I shall travel as quickly as possible, *via* the Languedoc Canal and the Rhone, to Lyons, on the way to Switzerland, where I hope to find a letter *poste restante*, at Geneva, from your Royal Highness,—a letter which will afford me joy and happiness, and from which I shall hope to learn the probable whereabouts of your Royal Highness by the end of August, if at Wartburg or Ettersburg. I would like to remain at Weimar for a fortnight if your Royal Highness will, as you have told me, accommodate me for so long. I am homesick, and have a longing for Weimar, if I may say so. You will understand my feelings, my exalted friend.

From Switzerland I shall arrive, by way of Basle and Frankfort, at Wartburg earlier than at Weimar.

I present respectful regards to your exalted parents, to the excellent Hereditary Grand-Duchess, your Royal sister from Prussia, and to all my dear friends in Weimar, also to Frau von Gross, Beaulieu, and Chancellor Müller.

God grant that I may again see your Royal Highness in health and happiness.

H. C. ANDERSEN.

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*Andersen to the Grand-Duke of Weimar.*

NAPLES, 17th May 1846.

YOURS was again the first letter I received in Naples. I had enquired for several days at the post-office, and at last found a letter. I at once recognised the shape and handwriting, and devoured it in the public streets in the little shade that I could find, and afterwards read it at home.

In Rome I received letters from Vienna.

Jenny Lind was still expected there. Your Royal Highness will scarcely believe what they wrote: — “In the highest circles it is said that Jenny Lind is a good singer, but sings without feeling and style.” And people believe it! Well, thought I, when she arrives they will think differently; and this proves to be the case. I hear now, through letters and newspapers, that the Viennese of all classes are beside themselves with delight; she has charmed everybody, and has surprised Taddolini and all other singers. I knew she would! True genius and a good heart are ever victorious! The last letter from Jenny Lind was full of love and devotion for Weimar, and the exalted noble friends there. I shall not see them this year, perhaps never more! I seem to have a presentiment of it.

I remained in Rome a month; one seems to grow into the ruins there, and live with the stony gods. Here roses bloom perpetually, and the church bells for-

ever ring. Rome is not the Rome of thirteen years ago,—everything is modernised, even the ruins: the grass and the bushes have been cut down, everything has been made so neat, and even in the Campagna one seems to fancy the existence of railways. The peasant no longer retains his old belief. At Easter the people of the Campagna stood in great masses before the church, just like the Protestant strangers, as the Pope gave his blessing. It grated on my feelings. As for myself, I felt impelled to kneel down before the invisible Almighty. When I was in Rome, for the first time, they all knelt, but now reason seems to have overcome faith. Yet everything in this world has its good side. In ten years' time, when the railway shall have brought nearer the towns of the north and the south, Rome will be still more altered, and yet one must always love it. Rome is like a fairy tale,—one is always discovering some new wonder, and lives there in imagination and reality at the same time.

I believe the most splendid pictures are to be found in Rome, and yet I consider the statues still higher triumphs of art. Upon my first visit to Paris I had no eye, no taste, for sculpture. It was in Florence, before the Venus de Medici, that, for the first time, I felt as if I must say with Thorwaldsen,—“The snow melted away before my eyes.”<sup>1</sup>

A new world of art opened before me, and now in Rome and Naples I admire the sculpture far more than the pictures. This art enters so thoroughly into one's life, that one is carried away by it.

Among the new things in Rome I place highest Jerichau's “Hunter.” This statue, I am convinced, will take higher rank than his much-praised “Hercules” and his “Hebe.” He has already had an offer for it from a Russian prince. For the sake of his health he has now gone to Denmark with his wife, who is also a distinguished artist. He is perhaps at this moment in our dear Weimar, seeing and

<sup>1</sup> English equivalent: The scales fell from my eyes.

speaking to your Royal Highness — a pleasure he had long anticipated. Jerichau is a native of Fünen, my birthplace.

I was very cordially received in Rome. I was often at the residence of the Hanoverian ambassador, Kästner, who is an excellent man. He has painted two splendid portraits of me. The Danish sculptor, Kolberg, who is considered a genius in Denmark, has executed a bust of me, which is to be sent this summer by sea to Copenhagen; from whence I hope to send you a cast *via* Stettin. You will perhaps find a little corner for it in your room, but it may be a long time before you receive it. I hope that the original himself will be with you sooner.

I was ill and confined to bed for about the last eight days of my stay in Rome. It was some little time before I was myself again, on account of the never-ending Sirocco, which made me feel strangely languid and oppressed. The heat here in Naples is also unbearable. In the day-time one can scarcely cross the burning

squares and streets for the heat, which falls on the limbs like the poisoned garment of Hercules; it is as if the marrow was melting in one's bones. One learns to walk slowly, and to take advantage of every little bit of shade from the adjacent houses. During the heat of the day one is obliged to drive, and can only walk in the evening.

On the 1st of May I left with Count Paar, the brother of the Princess Paar in Vienna, with whom I stayed, as your Royal Highness knows, in Rome. In the carriage was also the Countess Brockdorff (sister of Frau Michelsen in Jena). We flew over the Campagna—that great canvas of the world's history—and on, over the verdant marshes, the monotonous changeless green of which at last looks like cloth that is measured by the yard, then through an endless vista of beautiful grass, water, and glades.

At Terracina it was lovely! I saw again the ever-rolling sea that I love so much. In Moro we stayed one night and half the

next day, which we passed beneath the lemon and laurel trees. Here Italy really begins,—“The land where the orange glows.”

At Santa Lucia, my windows command a wonderful view of the Bay down to Vesuvius. This is a busy little place: everything seems lively both on land and water. What a wonderful effect of light and shade delights one in the evenings here! In the north the moon sheds silver on the waves; here it is gold! A dozen or so of fishing smacks, all with flaming links, are gliding along, each throwing a column-like gleam upon the surface of the sea. The lamps of the light-house are revolving in the wind, their light now bright, now faint, and then disappearing; a thousand twinkling lights in the streets from every shop, and the processions of children, with burning tapers; carriages, with lamps like rolling fire-balls, rumbling past; and over the whole, Vesuvius swings its ever-flaming censer.

There are no singers here, as San Carlo<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The principal theatre.

is still closed. I have been to Del Fonda, and have heard Brombilla as "Lucia," but was in no way impressed; in fact I was bored. Really, after having heard Jenny Lind, one can never be satisfied again. Here, amongst many other things, I think of the biblical words, "He who hath tasted the heavenly bread can no longer partake of the earthly."

In Rome, and also in Naples, I have daily and diligently worked at my biography for the complete German edition of my works; I think it will be finished at Sorrento. You, my dear friend, play a prominent part in this fairy tale of real life. How could I have written it without expressing my affection and regard for you, who have thrown so much sunshine into it? But before the world I think of you as the Prince. Your Royal Highness can read this paragraph first, but you know it already: before God and ourselves we are friends, but before men I must never forget what a high position you fill!

Of the many who received me cordially

in Naples, I like the Prussian ambassador, Baron Brockhausen, the best. He is a very interesting man, keeps a pleasant house, and offered of his own accord to introduce me at once to several diplomatists; but there will be hardly time for this, as I am going away the day after to-morrow, perhaps, to Sorrento, and then to Capri, Almalfi, and Ischia. At the end of June I hope to be in Marseilles, and there I beg that your Royal Highness will address the next letter, *poste restante*, with which you mean to gladden me. From Marseilles I shall go to Spain; how long I shall remain, and my movements there, will depend for the most part on how I am able to bear the heat. In Naples, as I have already said, I find it very trying, although we have not yet reached the end of May. I have never before been in Italy in the summer.

Please convey my respectful regards to the Grand-Duchess! also to your exalted parents. May I beg to be remembered to the ladies-in-waiting, to Frau von Gross, Countess Beust, Chancellor Müller, and

Schöll! If your Royal Highness writes to your Royal sister, the Princess of Prussia, tell her that she and the kind, good Prince, her son, will never be forgotten by me. And now, to speak Italian, *Felicissima vita.*" In Marseilles may I hope for a letter addressed *poste restante*?

This summer your Royal Highness will read "Only a Fiddler," as you have promised me. You have a copy, have you not? Grant me this favour, and if you find the book uninteresting after reading the first chapter, then, I beg of you, lay it aside.

H. C. ANDERSEN.

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*Andersen to William Jordan, editor of  
"Literary Gazette."*

COPENHAGEN, October 1846.

HONOURED SIR,—It is more than kind—it is exceedingly gracious and friendly—of you

to write to me. I hasten to tender you my thanks, and in spirit I press your hand. Three weeks ago Mr. Beckwith, who has translated "The Bazaar," called upon me, and told me how well this book had been received in England. He has since brought me several journals, amongst them yours, and you can hardly understand the singular pleasure which I experience: I feel humbled, yet overjoyed. Often I cannot myself understand how it is my books have met with so hearty a reception among strangers, how it is that strangers show so much kindness to me personally. I have during my life seen dark days; but of late years, I have reaped untold happiness. I often think God is too good to me.

In England and Germany people seem only to look upon what is good in my writings. It gives me energy to work, but yet fills me with fear, lest I fail to do something still better. I send my heart's best greetings to all my friends in England. I have often felt a longing to see that country, the literature of which has so

remarkably enriched my fancy and filled my heart. From my biographical sketch in "The Improvisatore," you will remember how, when a little boy, I made my dolls perform Shakespeare's tragedies in my little theatre, though I certainly did not understand them. No poet has since interested me more than Walter Scott. When I first arrived in Copenhagen, often walking about poor and forlorn, without sufficient money for a meal, I have spent the few pence I possessed to obtain from a library one of Walter Scott's novels, and, reading it, forgot hunger and cold, and felt myself rich and happy. How much I admire Bulwer! How I should like to shake the hand of "Boz." When I read his books I often think I have seen such things, and feel I could write like that. Do not misunderstand me; and if you are a friend of "Boz," and he sees these lines, he will not consider it presumption; but I do not know how better to express myself, than to say, that what completely captivates me, seems to become part of myself. As the wind

whistles round his bell-rope I have often heard it whistle on a cold, wet, autumn afternoon, and the chirp of the cricket I remember well in the cosy corner of my parent's humble room.

I love England for its poets. I have often felt a great longing to go there. If I were physically stronger than I am at present, I think I should better enjoy a short stay in London. I have a great desire to go there next year, and I think I shall.

I have some idea of you personally, and feel that I may consider you as a friend. I saw your portrait in an English journal.

Each journey is to me a spiritual bath—I return stronger and fresher. No journey, no year of my life, has been happier, more full of sunshine, than the last. Oh! you do not know how amiable they have been to me in Germany,—princes, artists,—yes, I have seen and felt all there that is noble in man. As in the middle ages the troubadour wandered from court to court, so wandered I, and wherever I went smiles met me.

House after house was opened to me, and in most I was nearly at home. I have reason to love all mankind.

I can make myself understood in Germany, but unfortunately such will not be the case when I go to London. I do not know English, but I am going to begin to learn; and though I am but a poor linguist, I have a kind of gift of getting through a conversation with what few words of a foreign language I know. And you, I presume, speak German?

I am very busy writing a new novel. I live a free, independent life; my wants are not many. I have true-hearted, dear friends in Denmark, whom I love with all my soul. My enlightened and noble King, whom I love, is most gracious to me.

From Germany I have many glorious tidings, and also from England! I assure you, when I glance back upon my career, the past preaches to me of God and His love, and teaches me more than any clergyman ever did yet.

Remember me kindly to Ainsworth. I

thank him that he so kindly remembers our journey, and the days we spent in quarantine. He is a most amiable Englishman. I appreciate several of his countrymen whom I have met. When I wrote "The Bazaar," I certainly did not think that any of my writings would be translated into English, or I might, perhaps, not have written "Vetturin Reisen," with the intolerable Englishman; but if you had known that man, and suffered as I suffered with him,—I have never yet told any one,—you would find I had not been too hard on him.

While I am talking about "The Bazaar," I must protest against an accusation brought against me in one of your articles on the book. God knows you have said more good for me than I deserve, but you state something which is not correct,—viz., that I am always against the Jews. Now, that is not so. I have seen how often they were unjustly treated. I feel quite as warmly towards them as Cumberland did when he wrote his immortal drama. You

must do me justice—I deserve it. You cannot point out one passage in which I have uttered any ill-feeling against that gifted but unfortunate people.

But this has grown a long letter, and, no doubt, as it is my first to you, may seem a funny, rambling production; but I already consider you half an acquaintance —one of those friends in a land where people feel kindly towards me, and whither I am longing to go. Let me soon have the pleasure of receiving a few lines from you, that I may know you have read and understood this.

Pray give my kindest regards to Mary Howitt, and my thanks and gratitude to all who feel kindly towards me.—With greatest esteem, yours truly,

H. C. ANDERSEN.

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*Andersen to the Grand-Duke of Weimar.*

COPENHAGEN, 12th May 1847.

THE carrier pigeon from Weimar will not fail to arrive if I post my letter, which can only say,—I am entirely devoted to you.

I am now at home, and feel very happy, for every one is good to me. I meet only friendly eyes. The Queen has written a very pretty poem in my album; and what surprised, as much as it delighted me, is that the dear, good King also wrote a few lines in it, dated 2nd April, my birthday:

“To achieve an honourable position for oneself by well-applied talent is better than gifts and favour. These lines will bring to your remembrance your well-wisher,

“CHRISTIAN R.

Is not that nice of the King? He is so good, so noble, I like him exceedingly. I took leave of their Majesties to-day. The Queen was not quite well, but yet so

gracious as to receive me. Her Majesty told me that the King had just finished reading my "Improvisatore." He read it aloud, as well as "The Fairy Tale of My Life."

The King said that if I went to London, and found it too expensive for me, I was not to allow myself to be embarrassed, but to write to him. This, I think, was very kind and good of him; but one should not avail oneself of such generosity when it is unnecessary. I replied that I did not get into money difficulties, that could not always receive favours, and should rely upon my own resources as much as I could, that I was grateful for the offer, but did not need money. I only begged that his Majesty would allow me to write to him as to how I got on, and what I thought of London. He gave the permission most kindly and amiably. King Christian is so good, so cultured, so intellectual, that one must love him; the Queen also is a noble woman. If your Royal Highness

only came to Denmark you would say the same.

I am going, to-morrow, to see his Excellency Count Moltke, at Fünen, where I shall remain nearly a fortnight, then I shall go quickly *via* Hamburg to Amsterdam and The Hague. My writings have all been translated into Dutch, so that I know I have friends in Holland, but I am unacquainted with any of them, and besides, have only two letters of introduction,—one to Baron von Maltez and the other to Professor Froelick. I shall be pleased to see the country where your Royal Highness's Consort spent her childhood, for then I shall be able to talk to her Royal Highness about her fatherland.

My destination is really London. I was never there, but my writings have been most warmly received in England. I shall also meet "the Lind," and make the acquaintance of Dickens, and perhaps Bulwer. The English newspapers have promised me a friendly reception. In London, I am told, it will be asked in

the upper circles,—“By whom is he introduced?” I shall, therefore, take with me various letters of recommendation; Prince Ernest, the English minister, and several others have given me introductions to take with me. I hope to experience much pleasure there. I should like to talk to Prince Albert and see the Queen. I am expecting the best letter of introduction from your Royal Highness. I may, may I not? You, my dear friend, would not wish me to go to England without your distinguished protection. Will your Royal Highness give me a letter to Prince Albert? At Hamburg, at the end of this month, I hope to find, *poste restante*, a letter for me from the Danish post-office, enclosing a letter to his Royal Highness Prince Albert. The House of Weimar is so nearly related to the Queen of England that I venture to beg this of your Royal Highness, and trust you will not be angry. To the Duchess of Orleans your Royal Highness once promised me an intro-

duction, but that can come afterwards. Just at the present time letters of recommendation in England are of more moment to me.

I have a longing for travel; the spring air has quickened my desire for change of scene. The beech trees with us are green, and the sun warm. I must be off!

Remember me kindly to the excellent Hereditary Grand-Duchess and your exalted parents. May every happiness and joy be yours.

H. C. ANDERSEN.

*P.S.*—At Hamburg, at the end of this month, I shall find, *poste restante*, shall I not, your Royal Highness's letter?

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*Andersen to the Grand-Duke of Weimar.*

LONDON, 25th July 1847.

I HOPE your Royal Highness is safe at home once more at Weimar, where the

little Prince Karl August is smiling and talking. The green forests at Ettersburg smile also—one's native land is the best after all. I am still in London, and remain here for nearly another fortnight; I am then going to Scotland, and at the end of August shall be in Weimar for three or four days, after which I return to Denmark, where I must finish the new novel before Christmas.

I learned that your Royal Highness had left, and thought of you with the deepest affection; but I knew and understood how many claims there were on the last moments of your time, and never doubted your friendship in the least, although we could not see each other. *Mon Dieu!* my own time is so much taken up that I scarcely know what to do with it or myself.

London, and not Paris, is the capital of the world. In London, Rome is always before my mind on account of the contrast: the two cities might represent the terrestrial globe: Rome the night—the grand, majestic night—and London the day,—life

in its fulness and its hurry. At Lady Blessington's I made the acquaintance of Dickens. He wrote from the country, "I must see Andersen," and we met at the house of the above-named lady. He is just what I thought he would be. We understood each other at once, clasped each other's hands, and talked English—I, unfortunately, not well; but, as I said before, we understood each other. Dickens gives a breakfast next week. Bulwer I have not yet seen: he is in the country, but will be back, I hope, before my departure. At the Blessington's everything was very splendid and sumptuous: fine pictures, statues, and flowers. Count d'Orsay was very jolly and amiable. The eldest son of Lord Wellington sat beside me; it made a peculiar impression on me, a Wellington at the table, and opposite to him Napoleon's picture, life size, illuminated by the lamps. The Athenæum Club, the first club in London, have accepted me, as a distinguished traveller, for two months' membership. Everywhere, and by

all classes, I have received so respectful and hearty a welcome that I scarcely know what to think of it.

Unfortunately I am not at all well, my body cannot bear the strain, and I was not very strong when I came here. How kindly I and my biography have been received you will see, my exalted friend, from the accompanying printed enclosure. Verdi's new opera, founded on Schiller's "Robber," is only a success through Jenny Lind. She does not care for the music, and was scarcely willing for me to hear it; still I am going next Thursday. I have not been at the opera since the evening we met there, exalted Sir, when I was ill, and obliged to leave, not being able to stand the heat. I fear this journey and stay in London is bad for my health; it would have been wiser to have taken sea baths and kept myself quiet. This letter has also a kind of malady,—the mistakes are as thick as leaves. That comes, too, of residence in London, as lately I am always speaking English, and then I for-

get my German altogether; still I hope that your Royal Highness may be able to discern the thoughts.

To you alone, my dear friend, could I venture to send a letter like the first one; you think more of my affection and devotion than correctness of diction.

Remember me most respectfully to the Hereditary Grand-Duchess, and your exalted parents. If I may hope for another letter in London, it would be better to address it to the Danish Embassy; otherwise I trust to hear from your Royal Highness at Frankfort-on-Main, *poste restante*.

With best wishes for your happiness, my dear, dear friend,

H. C. ANDERSEN.

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*Andersen to King Christian VIII. of Denmark.*

*August 1847.<sup>1</sup>*

MOST GRACIOUS KING,—On my departure your Majesty was kind and gracious

<sup>1</sup> Written probably from London.

enough to grant me the permission to write you a letter and relate how I got on. I know that you will not regard either the form or the expression. I may therefore speak direct from my heart. I am getting on wonderfully well. I never dreamt of so much honour and happiness. I was almost afraid it would make me appear awkward, for the whole thing humbles me. In Holland, nearly all my works have been translated, and, as it seems, are much liked.

In The Hague, where I only stayed four days, they prepared a *fête* in my honour at the *Hôtel de l'Europe*, where *savants* and artists gave me a welcome. Many agreeable toasts were proposed, stress was laid on your Majesty's kindness to me, and Collin's fatherly interest. My biography had just appeared in Dutch, and they therefore knew all my benefactors. The conversation turned on the former historical relations of Denmark and Holland, of the similarity of the languages, and of the importance of our literature, and they were

all inexpressibly kind to me. I felt greatly moved.

Holland itself is a garden of flowers—everything seems to be in Sunday attire, even the church bells induce the belief that every day is a *fête*.

From Rotterdam I took a steamer to London, where a thunderstorm, the grandest I have ever seen, impressed and startled me more than the flight of the ships and the great commotion around me.

When I am in London I always think of Rome. Both these towns in their contrast have yet something in common: Rome is the night, the great majestic night—London is the day, the busy day. I do not notice the smoke; the sun shines in upon me, and I see all the stars nearly every evening.

Count Reventlow<sup>1</sup> is untiring in his attentions to me, and by him I was taken to Lord Palmerston's on the third evening after my arrival, where I was kindly

<sup>1</sup> Danish ambassador in London.

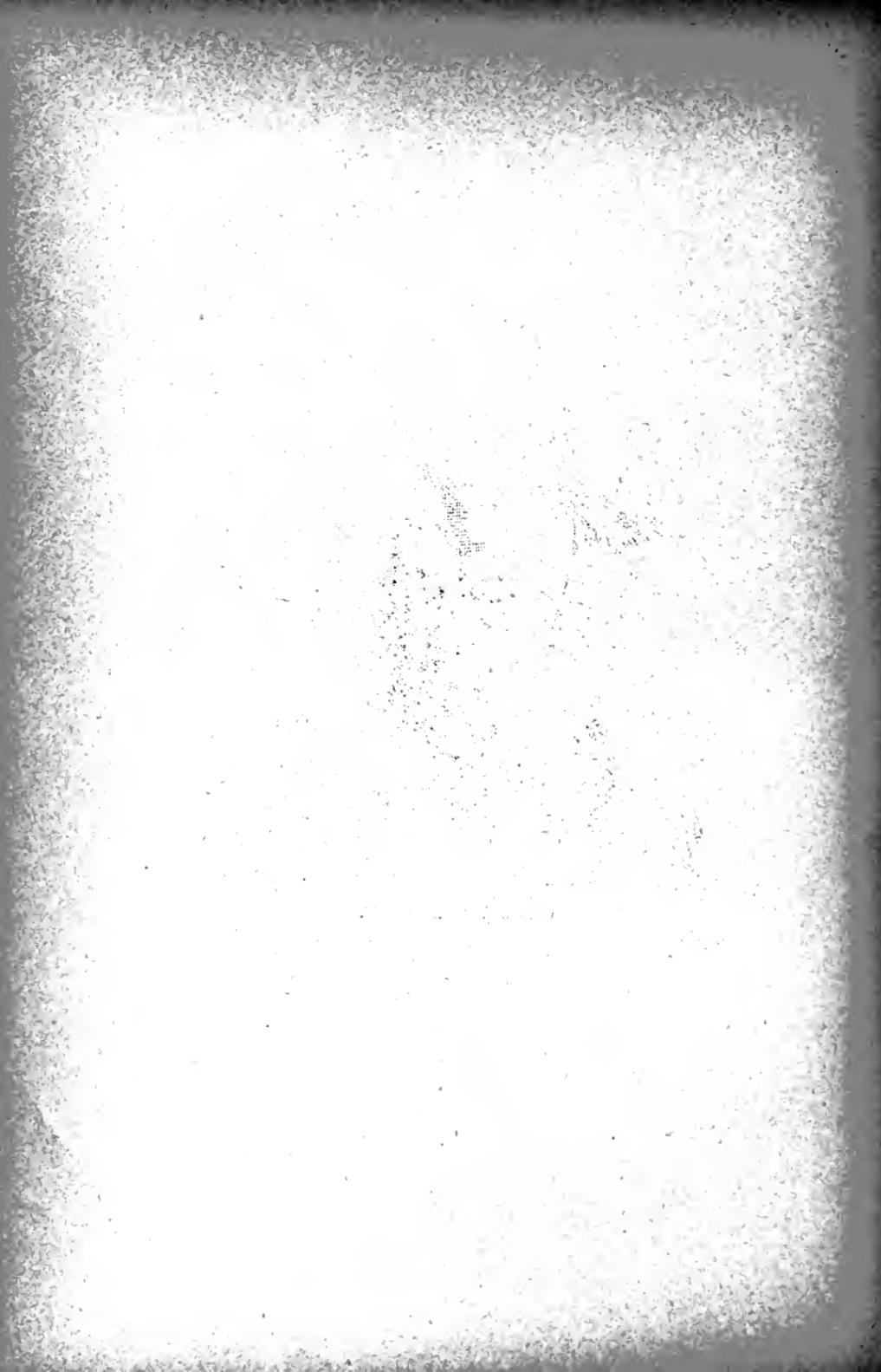
received. There I met my friend the Hereditary Grand-Duke of Saxe-Weimar, who introduced me to many circles, and all were acquainted with my works. At last I was quite surrounded, and "The Improvisatore," "The Ugly Duckling," "The Red Shoe," and nearly all my books, were named, and praised too highly. I also received many invitations, and am suddenly, as Reventlow says, plunged into the fashionable world of London. For a whole fortnight I have received invitations for every day and every evening. It is interesting to me to see the life and to move in these circles, though "move" is hardly the right word, for there is scarcely room to turn round.

On the birthday of Her Majesty the Queen I was at a ball at Lady Paulet's, where the people literally stood like rose leaves in a press.

Lord Castlereagh, Lady Stanley, and many, many others I should be obliged to name if I wished to indicate those who have shown me hospitality. Hofrath



LORD PALMERSTON.



Hambro took me to his estate, and his son has invited me to Scotland. Jenny Lind is like a good sister to me, and through her I have been enabled to visit the opera.

The Prussian ambassador, Bunsen, has also shown great interest in me, and the Hereditary Grand-Duke of Saxe-Weimar received me at Marlborough House so kindly and affectionately. Oh, I love him with my whole heart!

With respect to my future writings, I hope to arrange with a publisher here, so that I may obtain some profit in England; for it is a fact that my books are greatly read in this country. My portrait hangs next to Jenny Lind's in the shop windows. But I am rattling on and telling everything that concerns and touches me. Your Majesty will read between the lines of this letter into my heart, and I may therefore venture to send it.

*[The conclusion of this letter is missing.]*

*Andersen to the Grand-Duke of Weimar.*

FRANKFORT, 4th September 1847.

YOUR kind letter reached me just after my return from Scotland. Ah, if I could only adequately reciprocate your kindness, my dear, exalted friend! In England and Scotland I have received so much appreciation, or rather over-rating, so much amiable kindness, that it turns my head to think of it. It was so excessive that I could bear it no longer, and at last, in Scotland, I became so nervous and exhausted, that I was obliged to return, and could not go to Loch Laggan, where His Royal Highness Prince Albert had graciously invited me. I regret it very much, and my only consolation is that he will receive me if I come to England again.

My readers in England and Scotland are more numerous than I could have believed. Every one has shown me much friendliness; it has touched me deeply, so sunk

into my heart, that I could not help weeping. I will relate several instances of it to your Royal Highness.

I returned to London as quickly as possible, and then to the Continent, reaching Frankfort late yesterday evening. If I remain here quietly I shall soon be stronger, and able to go to Weimar on Wednesday. I can only stay there a few days, as I must be in Leipzig on account of the publication of the collected edition of my novels, and then I shall set out for home to finish the new novel. Bentley offered me three-hundred *thalers*<sup>1</sup> for it.

But I shall soon see your Royal Highness in Weimar. I hope you are not away. What pleasure it gives me to see and talk to you! How I think of you when my name sounds well in the world!

In London a bust has been made of Jenny Lind and myself; both are wonderful. If I were rich I would have brought them to your Royal Highness in marble, but, unfortunately, I was unable to do so.

<sup>1</sup> A *thaler* is 3s., so this would be £45.

An article on the busts is in the "Literary Gazette;" I enclose it in this letter.

Dickens walked from Ramsgate (three English miles) to take leave of me. He was the last to say farewell to me in England.

And now for Weimar.

H. C. ANDERSEN.

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*Andersen to the Grand-Duke of Weimar.*

COPENHAGEN, 3d October 1847.

I AM home again in the old street, in the old house. The same people are passing to and fro, the carts are rolling along,—everything is going on in the old track; I myself am making the usual visits, attending the theatre, and sitting alone once more in my own room, as if nothing had happened; and yet my head and heart are so full. It is with me as after a great ball, the music still sounding in my ears,

my thoughts like dashing waves. I can find no rest. I have been at home now for eight days already, and yet have done nothing at all, not even written letters—this is the first one—and now I hope with this inauguration of the pen, that, from to-day forth, a great deal will be written, and the new novel will burst into bloom.

Immediately after my arrival I was invited by the King and Queen to a concert at the Castle Sorgenfrei; the exalted pair have taken me up with such warm cordiality. I wish your Royal Highness knew them both! you would like them so much. But perhaps the Swedish journey may take place next summer, and then we shall see each other in Denmark. The prettiest way to King Oscar's land lies through the Danish beechwoods. There may again be a beautiful summer like the last, which was a marvel to me.

My stay in Holland, England, and Scotland floats before me like a phantasy woven of joy and sunshine, and at the close come the beautiful days at Etters-

burg, with our reunion, our life together there, and our parting. Yes, yes, my noble friend, I love you as a man can only love the noblest and best. This time I felt that you were still more ardent, more affectionate to me. Every little *trait* is preserved in my heart. On that cool evening, when you took your cloak and threw it around me, it warmed not only my body, but made my heart glow still more ardently.

Many of the exalted family are now at sylvan Ettersburg; your Royal sister is there,—recall me to her gracious remembrance, also to your exalted parents; and may I hope that your Royal Highness will present my most respectful thanks and greeting to the excellent Hereditary Grand-Duchess.

Our morning chats at the coffee-table were charming. The wreath, made by the clever, amiable young ladies, I have hung over Thorwaldsen's statue. The colour is still in every leaf, the sun is shining on it at this moment, the flowers are as fresh as the memories.

All my dear friends at Copenhagen I have found well. My dear Collin, who has now become "Excellency," and whom I love as a father, seems strong and well as ever; may he long remain so. It is beautiful autumn weather, and that also raises my spirits. The sea voyage here was like a summer passage. The captain was very kind in his attention to me: I had a cabin entirely to myself. Among the passengers were many Germans, all friends of my muse. The sea trip passed off very pleasantly.

The poems and the dramatic pieces are soon coming. I am rejoicing that your Royal Highness will hear these pulsations of my heart. I am curious to know how "Raphaella" will impress Herr von Ziegwar, and if this tragedy will suit the Weimar stage.

And now may you be happy.

H. C. ANDERSEN,

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*Andersen to the Grand-Duke of Weimar.*

COPENHAGEN, 4th May 1848.

How thoughtful of you to write me. I received the letter somewhat late, but, if it had not come at all, I should yet have known that I was not forgotten.

The agitations which are passing through the lands I feel to my finger tips. Denmark, my native country, and Germany, where there are so many whom I love, are standing opposite to each other in enmity! Your Royal Highness will be able to feel how all that pains me! I believe so firmly in the nobility of all men, and feel certain that if they only understood each other, everything would blossom in peace. Yet I did not wish to speak of politics, they stand far from me like a strange, distant cloud; but now they have spread over all Europe, and their sharp mist penetrates every member, and one breathes nothing but politics.

Times of distress, however, bring forth

so much that is good ; here in Denmark is a unity and self-sacrifice which is extremely touching. How is it in Weimar ? When shall we meet, my noble friend ? Perhaps never more ! And as I think this, all the dear memories of every hour of our life together, the cordiality of our meetings flash through my mind, and my heart melts.

Thanks for your noble friendship ! When this greeting reaches your hands, may you feel in it the pulsations of my heart. God grant that a better state of things may soon come about.

H. C. ANDERSEN.

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*Andersen to Frau von Eisendecker in  
Oldenburg.*

COPENHAGEN, October 1848.

DEAR FRAU VON EISENDECKER,—After roaming about the islands of Fünen and Zealand, I am now quietly sitting in a corner of Copenhagen, but a corner in

which I can look over the sea to the Swedish coast, and see the ships go to and fro ; and here at last I have received a letter from you. I was rejoiced at the sight of the handwriting, for I recognised the hand of a dear friend in a hostile country, a peaceful friend whom I have not seen for a long time. We *will* not talk of politics. I hope that the battle smoke will soon disappear, and that the sun will shine peacefully on the country again !

One point I must touch upon. In speaking of the Schleswig-Holstein prisoners of war, you say that the manner in which they are treated by us is shocking, and contrary to the spirit of our times. I am delighted to be able to refer you to the last July number of a German Journal, "The Leipziger Illustriter Zeitung." There you will find a faithful account by a German of the treatment of the prisoners, and I beg you to read it. Promise me you will. I place it before you as a duty ! The prison-ships lie in the shelter of the harbour,

looking on to the Sound. The steamers pass closely every day, and thus there is life and change. I could choose no more beautiful spot for myself. The prisoners have several hours every day in which they can walk by the sea or bathe. They were also allowed to go into the town and visit pleasure resorts; but they abused their liberty; and some of them, for example, sang "Schleswig-Holstein Meerumschlungen" in public places, which is, to speak mildly, unwise, and cannot be permitted just now on account of the necessity of maintaining peace and order. But most German papers put in false statements about Denmark, and represent matters in a false and bad light—a policy which must anger every noble German who is rightly acquainted with the circumstances.

Germany has shown me so much kindness, so many people live there to whom I cling with love and gratitude, that my heart suffers during the war, and I suffer as a Dane when I see the shoals of lies that are circulated about us in the world.

I am convinced that Germany will see this herself before very long, for truth will conquer.

I have written the text of an opera for Gläser, the German composer of "Adler's Horst." He will soon have finished his work, and thinks of producing it in October. From this you will see how peacefully Germans and Danes work together in the kingdom of art.

Greet your dear children: tell little Tuck that he shall receive an English box from me containing his and Gustave's story. One of my friends was on the island of Alsen a short time ago, and went over to Doppel, where all the houses were shattered and riddled with cannon balls and grape shot, and yet on one house stood the symbol of peace,—a stork's nest containing the whole stork family. The heavy firing and the smoke had not chased the parents from their young, which were not yet able to fly.

Give my kind regards to His Excellency when. . . [*The end is missing*].

H. C. ANDERSEN.

*Andersen to the Grand-Duke of Weimar.*

COPENHAGEN, 16th October 1848.

I AM in Copenhagen again.

The Princess Juliane has sent me, through Prince Ernest,<sup>1</sup> a greeting from dear Weimar, from you, and your amiable Consort. My best thanks for being so much in your thoughts; you know how firmly and affectionately you occupy mine, my dear, exalted friend. If we shall ever see each other again, and when and where, only God knows!

Deep waves of blood are rolling over the realms in this year of horror. I fear we shall never see each other again here upon earth. No, no, it cannot be so!

In Copenhagen all is now calm and quiet, God be thanked. Count Thun, from Vienna, who is here on his way to Stockholm as ambassador, called to see me, and said it was to him as if he had entered a

<sup>1</sup> Prince Ernest of Hesse-Philippsthal-Barschfeld, who lived in Copenhagen.

haven of peace; the Landgraf William also made the same remark. In fact everything is going on here in the good old way, except that the world of art and poetry must stand in the background. And yet good and honest work is being done.

Oehlenschläger has presented us with a new tragedy,—a highly interesting piece,—which was received with great applause. The poet is now nearly 68-9 years old. He blossoms in perpetual youth. The new tragedy is called “Kjartan and Gudrun.” The plot is laid in Ireland. Thorwaldsen’s ancestor, Oluf Paa, figures in it.

My new novel, “The two Baronesses,” will be published next by Lord of Leipzig in the German edition. I have written to my publisher that he must immediately—I hope in three or four weeks—forward your Royal Highness a copy. Lord has started a newspaper, which is to record the movements in science, literature, and art in the North with truth and impar-

tiality. He has a good staff of contributors ; I wish him many readers. I am now expecting here the Swedish authoress, Fredericka Bremer. I hope this visit will have an intellectual result. The Swedes have a firmer place in my heart since I spent so many interesting days with them at Fünen. Old Count Moltke at Glorup had a Swedish detachment quartered on him, consisting of a colonel, eight officers, a chaplain, a surgeon, and forty bandsmen, besides a large number of soldiers. There is great discipline in the Swedish army ; the officers are all cultured and mostly talented men (I met a pianist among them, a friend of Liszt). Every day the band played during dinner, and there were promenade concerts for the whole neighbourhood in the long avenues of the garden. On Sunday there was another Swedish custom, an open-air service for the soldiers in the yard of the large court-house at Glorup, an observance dating from the time of Gustavus Adolphus. They sang

their psalms with orchestral accompaniment. The chaplain preached from the top of the high stone staircase; but the most edifying of all spectacles was the performance of their devotions, morning and evening, in the public highway. The regiment paraded, a non-commissioned officer read the prayers, then all sang the psalms without accompaniment. Your Royal Highness remembers how touchingly Jenny Lind sang those psalms when we were together one morning at Countess Rederen's; not less effective was this chanting in the public road beneath God's sunshine. Old peasants, with folded hands and uncovered heads, stood as thoughtful listeners behind the hedges. The Swedes are now gone. I accompanied them to their place of embarkation at Nyborg. General Dalström invited me to visit him; indeed I have had many invitations, and shall probably accept some of them if I live and the world still exists. I have a great desire to go to Tornea in Finland in the spring, and see the midnight sun. Southwards

I can scarcely go myself ; my carrier pigeon must therefore fly with greetings to my loved ones, if only the winter does not place barriers which cannot be flown over : if the steamboat traffic ceases, no intercourse is to be thought of. Whilst Denmark faithfully and conscientiously fulfils every condition of the armistice, this is far from being the case in the Duchies. If it continues longer, which I really cannot believe, then we shall have no postal connection in winter at all. But I will not distress myself ; negotiations are like the wind,—they veer round in the direction that one least expects. In every German newspaper I look for Weimar as if it were a second home. God keep and bless you, my noble friend. Something good will doubtless emanate from these dark, sanguinary times, but when ?

Liszt, according to the newspapers, is engaged to the Princess Wittgenstein in Weimar. If that be so, I send him my congratulations.

Remember me to your Royal Consort

and your exalted parents. Greetings to Count and Countess Beust, Frau von Gross, Eckermann, Fräulein von Kloss, and every one. Beaulieu is no longer in Weimar I hear, but I do not know where he is.

As soon as the illustrated edition of the fairy tales is out, I will send the collection to the little Prince Karl August.

In thought I am almost every day at Ettersburg and Weimar, and then every thing is robed in summer verdure: the sun shines, and kind eyes look towards me. May God permit it to be so in reality.

H. C. ANDERSEN.

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*Andersen to the Grand-Duke of Weimar.*

BREGENTVED, 31st December 1848.

FROM Bregentved, where I have been celebrating Christmas with the Count William Moltke, my little carrier pigeon

flies over ice and snow to Ettersburg or Weimar, or to wherever you are staying, my noble friend! The pigeon should have gone before, but I was commissioned to write a new gala-play for the hundredth jubilee of the Royal Theatre, and this has occupied my thoughts and all my time. I sincerely hope that the two youngest children of my fancy—"The Two Baronesses"—have conveyed their father's heartiest greetings. My illustrated fairy tales will also have lain upon little Prince Karl August's Christmas table, according to the definite instructions which I gave my publisher. This solemn, destroying year has not yet passed away, but a few hours of it still remain, and in these my letter flies to you, my dear Royal friend. It will reach you at the New Year, with greetings and wishes that the coming year may be brighter and better. Favour me soon with a few lines, and tell me then what impression my new novel, "The Two Baronesses," has made upon you: I regard it as my most finished work.

The above-mentioned little gala-play has made a great hit. I have called it "The Ground-work of Art," and I have laid the scenes at the seat of war. A sculptor and a poet come forward as soldiers. The first has Holberg's comedy in his knapsack: he speaks of the way Holberg had pictured all men and all time, and gives some fragments as an example. The poet speaks with enthusiasm of Oehlenschläger. By this discourse on the hundredth anniversary of the theatre the attention of the audience was directed from the seat of war to art. The poet expounds how Denmark's power lay not in the sword, but in the might of her intellect. He says that this is revealed in the blocks of marble, and through Tycho Brahe from the stars: Danish literature is the ground-work of language. Later his Valkyre appears to him; she strengthens his belief, and predicts prosperity for art and science in Denmark. In the distance one hears battle songs and the thunder of cannon; but her prophecy allows this

sign of the fleeting moments to pass unnoticed.

Miss Bremer is here in Copenhagen. She has finished two novelettes, the plots of which are laid in Germany and Finland respectively. She is an exceedingly amiable lady, with a gentle disposition and a kind, open heart; in short, a benevolent spirit. We spoke lately of your Royal Highness in Weimar—she knows how dear you are to me. Weimar and what Weimar contains are also dear to her as to every poet heart.

Recall me to the gracious remembrance of Her Royal Highness the Hereditary Grand-Duchess and your Royal parents. My most cordial New Year's greeting to all my friends about you, but the most heartfelt and best to yourself, my dear exalted friend. God bless you.

H. C. ANDERSEN.

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*Andersen to the Grand-Duke of Weimar.*

TROLLHATTE IN SWEDEN, 18th August 1849.

FROM the extreme north, on the boundary of Lapland, I have just reached here. I left Denmark in the spring, where I was useless in the struggle for victory, and have travelled through Sweden, have been up at Dalkarlien where no thunder of cannon resounds. Happy, politically-defined Sweden, with its secure boundaries! Three years ago I dreamt of undertaking the journey to Stockholm with you, but what a change has now come over everything! I travelled alone, but you were in my thoughts—yes, I may say daily in my thoughts—with melancholy and sadness. Oh, you scarcely know how highly I rate you, how firmly you have grown into my heart! I have only rightly understood that this summer. I have received no answer to my last letter which I wrote to you in the spring. I afterwards heard that a contingent of Weimar troops had marched to

the north, and finally I read that your Royal Highness had yourself gone to the seat of war. I understood the circumstances, and sorrowed deeply on account of them, but could write no more. But now the proclamations of peace are ringing in my ears, I may follow the wishes of my heart and send this letter to my friend. In the far north of Sweden I received the news so late, and am only now listening to the sound of the joy-bells. I can see you again, and look into your honest, affectionate eyes. You have certainly experienced sad days this summer, my noble friend. I, on the other hand, have flown as if from fête to fête in this splendid Sweden. My writings, too, are known here among the people, and I have been received as an old friend. They express great sympathy for my struggling fatherland, and their enthusiasm is loud and hearty : it has moved me deeply. I have spent several weeks in Stockholm, and the Royal family have been kind and highly gracious to me. The King has a noble heart ; I felt the greatest confidence in him.

We spoke of you, my noble friend, and I was pleased to hear him express himself towards you with so much cordiality. At Prince Gustavus's, also, the conversation several times turned upon you. I much appreciate this intellectual young man, he is so good and amiable.

The Crown Prince, too, met me in a very friendly manner. The Queen even held out her hand to me as a sign of special favour. I was several times invited to the Royal table, and by the King himself to the grand manœuvres on his birthday.

The *littérateurs*, ladies and gentlemen, organised an *al fresco* fête in my honour. Little children strewed flowers before me, they came with wreaths and garlands. I felt very much embarrassed, and tried to take it as a jest—a play, kissed a few of the little ones, and hurried away as fast as I could.

I stayed for a whole week long at the old town of Upsala. I was there with Chamberlain von Veskou, whose tragedies Oehlenschläger translated into German. From thence I travelled up to Dalkarlien,

and beheld the glories of nature. Ah, how wonderful! The Elf valley is still more beautiful than the Rhine; it is a transparent sea, which glides through eternal woodlands. And what noble waterfalls! The one at Elfskarleby is still more imposing than that of Schaffhausen. I have seen Fahlun's deep pottery-kilns and pits, and have been down into the depths of Dannemora. On the return journey I was at the house of King Karl Johann's old friend, good old Count Saltza, who is known here as a spiritualist and author: an eccentric, but a noble fine man. At Motala, the place where the steamships are built, I was surprised one evening by a serenade on the part of the workmen. I was received with songs and rejoicings. Such a thing as that is supposed to excite pride—ah, no, how insignificant one is thereby!

Later I visited Kinnakulle, by Sweden's great sea-like lake, Wener. I found myself comfortably situated at Count Hamilton's. Nature here is a garden of flowers: the mountains look like the numerous temples

of India,—they form strange shapes like elephants, towers, and columns.

I have now been for some days at Trollhätte and am living near a waterfall in the midst of a forest. I am soon going to Gotheborg, where I shall find letters from Denmark; I have received none for six weeks while I have been flitting about. From there I shall send this letter to you. You have thought of me! Amid days of carnage you have considered what was passing in my mind. My heart is entirely Danish, but my true friends in Germany I love still; but now peace! Peace! May God let peace descend on the nations!

When these lines are in your hands, write soon, very soon, my dear Hereditary Grand-Duke, glad and happy, from a fatherland where peace also dwells.

H. C. ANDERSEN.

COPENHAGEN, 8th September 1849.

My letter is only just going. God be with you, my dear, noble sir! I believe

in you more and more. Just read the Augustenburg letters brought out by Wegener. Your noble heart, and every noble German heart which loves the truth, will feel that Denmark is blameless and good, and has suffered injustice; the Germans will love us still more sincerely on that account!—ay, love! To love friends here, that is above all the greatest and best in us! May God let peace rest on the nations.

H. C. ANDERSEN.

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*Andersen to the Grand-Duke of Weimar.*

COPENHAGEN, 27th January 1850.

GREETING and blessing in the New Year! All is ice and snow, the way over the Belt so wide and uncertain. Thought flies quicker, and returns with the whole of Ettersburg, Weimar, and all the dear ones. My thanks for your unaltered affection for me, my noble friend.

If I see beautiful nature, or if I am in a place made sacred by remembrances, I whisper to myself,—Here is room for many, if only my dear ones were here to share my enjoyment! It is just the same with a good book,—the more it appeals to me, the more urgently I wish that all could read it. This is just now the case with Oersted's new work, "The Spirit in Nature" (a German translation will soon appear). On reading this book the world becomes so splendidly great, so intelligible, so sacred. A circuitous but interesting way, where the manifestation of works is shown glorified as they appear in the Bible, leads us to God. It is "Cosmos," but in a popular, concise form.

I was as far as this with my letter last week, my dear friend, when I was interrupted—and by what? The north has lost its Goethe—Oehlenschläger departed this life on the 20th of January, on the anniversary of Christian VIII.'s death, and at the same hour in the even-

ing! Shortly before his demise I saw him twice. He lived close to the castle; the doctors had told me that death would soon follow. It was a strange coincidence for me to look towards the gloomy windows of the castle, and to think of how, two years ago, I wandered anxiously about on account of my dear, dear King, and now, I was again there and concerned about a King—a king of letters. His death was without pain; his sons read aloud to him at his own request a scene from his tragedy, “Socrates,” where the latter speaks of immortality; then he spoke of his own convictions as to eternal life, kissed his sons and his daughter-in-law, and said that he felt comfortable, and was free from pain; then he prayed that the last struggle might be easy, lay down calmly, and expired.

I have seen his corpse. His illness—jaundice—has given him the appearance of a bronze statue, rather than that of a corpse. The forehead was beautiful, youthful, and clear. Yesterday, the 26th, the

populace carried him to the grave—yes, the populace in the fullest sense, for all classes—officials, students, sailors, and soldiers—joined the procession and bore the coffin on the long road to “Frederiksberg,” where he was born, and where he wished to be buried. The distance is about two miles, but yet he was carried. The real burial service was held in the church of Our Lady. The Bishop of Zealand preached the funeral sermon. Old Grundwig and I had written funeral hymns by request. Enclosed I send your Royal Highness a translation, in prose, of my hymn, “From the Shores of Copenhagen,” which was sung as the funeral cortège left the town.

In the Royal Theatre his death was celebrated by a representation of “Hakon Jarl,” and the scene from “Socrates,” which was read aloud to him in his last hour.

The small North-star Order, which Oehlenschläger had worn himself, he gave me last year. In it I have a beautiful and

enduring remembrance of him. May he rest in peace! May peace also rest upon the world!

H. C. ANDERSEN.

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*Andersen to the Grand-Duke of Weimar.*

COPENHAGEN, 2nd April 1850.

IT is my birthday! I will close the day by writing to my noble friend. Lovely spring flowers, even roses, decorate my little room; they have all been brought to me to-day as an emblem of a New Year of life, with its flowers. I am forty-five years old!—how dreadfully old, and yet how young I am! I feel as if I were only twenty! My life has been luxuriant and not arduous; may the coming years resemble former ones. If only I could see you again, my noble friend! This year I shall only visit you in my thoughts, but there I am a daily guest.

My new dramatic piece, "Ole Luköie," has now been played, and has met with great appreciation. At the first representation I experienced what few authors have undergone in one evening. The poetical spirit of the work was not understood by the public at all, and during the first and second acts they were noisy and even rough; only in the third act, they began for the first time to comprehend, and gradually the enormous crowd (2500 people) became quiet and attentive, and expressed its appreciation in unanimous and stormy applause and with deep emotion. The later representations have met with the same hearty approbation.

"That riches are not synonymous with happiness, but that real happiness consists of a contented, cheerful spirit and a healthy mind, is," says a critic of "Ole Luköie," "the great lesson which the poet has dressed here in a rich poetical garment, a lesson which could hardly find application at a more fitting time than the present, when false notions

of a perfect equality in worldly circumstances for all, govern the great masses." A young chimney-sweep, who has hitherto lived happily and contentedly with his old grandmother and his sweetheart, comes home on the evening of his twentieth birthday full of all the grandeur of an aristocratic house which he had seen when sweeping the flues. One of the neighbours, a shopkeeper, and a representative of the large number who hold money to be the greatest good, disturbs this quiet, idyllic life, and fills the heart of the young man with a mighty longing for riches and all the good things of the world.

He is surprised in his brooding by Ole Luköie (the dustman, the dream-god, the little Ole Luköie, is a child in a shirt and nightcap, and walks in his socks), who spreads the canopy of dreams over his head, and in the dream-world his most ardent wishes are now fulfilled. Dreaming that a fire breaks out, he jumps up to help to extinguish it. As

he returns, the spirit of a dead dandy meets him, who, while he lived, lost the pearl of life in the gutter, and is now condemned to seek it. The latter, like all spirits, can easily work wonders, and he grants our chimney-sweep three wishes, all of which will be fulfilled. The latter first wishes for some of the dandy's clothes; but as he would have to wait for these till he got home, he desires something that he can have at once, and wishes for a lot of money. He receives it, but under the condition that he reserves his third wish until the money is spent, and under the restrictions and consent of the spirit. The money is soon gone in revelry; and he turns for more to the deceased dandy, who, however, will not listen to him. He is, notwithstanding, helped in other ways, and reaches the happy stage of always having *money enough*; but the demon who procured it for him, and who shows himself in the person of the old shopkeeper, makes the condition that, as compensation for it, he

must never sing or rejoice any more. He sees the vivacity of his youth buried (a blooming rose-tree in a coffin), and plunges into the whirlpool of pleasure; but the deeper he sinks in it, the more serious and sad he becomes. All the evil spirits that attend on riches beset his soul, and show him that, instead of happiness, horror follows on the steps of an ill-spent life. The foster-mother of diseases, and even death itself, appear. Poor chimney-sweep in velvet and silk! His despair reaches the highest point; already the clouds of despondency begin to overwhelm him, when he suddenly remembers God. His former youth and high spirits he still sees like "shadows on the wall," the songs of youth ring in his ears. Then he thinks of his third wish, and stands again before the spirit, to whom he expresses his last desire—namely, the return of his former content and happiness in the bosom of his family. He had hardly finished speaking when a rose-bush sprang out of the earth, and the spirit

plucked one rose after another—the roses of content, cheerfulness, and love—and threw them upon the mourner, who had sunk exhausted on a step. But the step vanishes, and he is sitting again in his little room in the old arm-chair in which he had fallen asleep, in the arms of his dear ones, who awake him on his birthday with a rain of roses and caresses, and he arises to a new life. The dream and little Ole Luköie had both vanished.

The German translation of the piece will soon be published, and then I will hand it over to your Royal Highness. I think it would be liked on the Weimar stage. I should be glad if it brought me to the remembrance of the many there whose memory I cherish with love and gratitude. I hope also that it will be put on most of the German boards.

The winter in Copenhagen gave us a pleasant variety, on the stage as well as in private circles: the most splendid ball was the one given by Prince Frederick.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Prince Frederick William; later Landgraf of Hesse.

At our concerts Mendelssohn's harmonies were rendered in rich profusion, and now the picture exhibition tempts us with its world of colour. In the meantime the summer comes flying on the stork's back, the steamers work their way out to sea, groaning! Who would not like to go with them?

I beg you to recall me to the gracious remembrance of the Hereditary Grand-Duchess, and your exalted parents. To-morrow week the Crown Prince of Sweden comes to Copenhagen, remains here two days, and then goes to Holland; perhaps your Royal Highness is also going to The Hague? When shall we meet? Perhaps next year in Stockholm!

H. C. ANDERSEN.

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*Andersen to the Grand-Duke of Weimar.*

GLORUP, IN FÜNEN, 12th July 1850.

PEACE! Peace with Germany! It rings through my heart. It is really like sun-

shine, like a festive Sunday! I should like to write at this moment to the many who are so dear to me in Germany, and with whom I have not exchanged a letter for a long time, for my thoughts are flying about everywhere, and yet I can only write to one, and you are this one, my dear exalted friend. These tidings will awaken in your heart the joy they have created in mine.

And now I can think of visiting my neighbours again, my brothers on the other side of the Elbe, the land where Goethe sang, where Luther preached, and where art and science have spread so many rays over the world—the country where I have experienced so much kindness—won so many friends.

Peace! Peace with Germany! I feel so glad that it will now be known that Denmark wanted no more than her rights. May no more blood flow, may the work of peace begun, prosper in God. For a long, long time I have heard nothing from you! The day before Whitsuntide

I left Copenhagen, and before my departure I wrote to your Royal Highness, now about seven weeks ago. In Danish and German papers I am always looking for Weimar. I have not seen that you are travelling or that you are ill. I know that you think of me. I rely steadfastly on my noble friend.

An opera, by my compatriot, Saloman, has, I am very pleased to hear, met with approbation in Weimar. If they only knew more of the Danish operas in Germany, such as Kuhlau's "Lulu," Weyse's "Night-cap," Hartmann's "The Little Cirsten" (Christine), and "The Raven," these would certainly also attain popularity. Some of Overskou's comedies have been very favourably received on the German stage, but the Germans are not acquainted with plays like "The Savings-Bank," by Hertz, "No," by Heiberg, and other sterling works of the same kind.

I am writing this letter in quiet, home-like Glorup in Fünen, the seat of the old Count Gebhardt Moltke, where I have now

spent four weeks, and where I am heartily welcomed. All day long I can either wander in the forest solitudes or undisturbedly read or compose. Here I received the proclamation of peace even earlier than I dared to hope. I was fetched in from the Count's deer-park by a gamekeeper; he said they had been looking for me everywhere to impart good tidings,—*i.e.*, the authentic news of peace. I hurried to the castle and saw the printed document. Ah, my noble friend, if I could only have embraced you at that moment! I was obliged to cry for joy and return to the forest again, where I sang German and Danish songs from an overflowing heart. That was a real holiday! Now I shall soon receive a letter from Weimar addressed to Copenhagen (155 Amalienstrasse).

During Whitsun week I was with the author Fugeman in Soroe, who has written some new novels. It was in the beautiful days of spring. The beeches were already bursting into leaf, and the nightingales sang in the fragrant trees on moonlight

nights. From there I went to Jutland, to picturesque Silkeborg, which bears a striking resemblance to the Scottish scenery between Stirling and Loch Lomond; but nature in Denmark is richer in large and stately forests. Here, for the first time, I saw pitch-black storks strutting about the green moor, mighty eagles snatching their prey from the lakes plentiful in fish. I was told that a pike was caught here some years ago with the entire skeleton of an eagle on its back. The eagle, with its claws deeply buried, must have sunk with the pike and decomposed under the water.

From Fredericia I came to Fünen. Here I am at work on my travel-pictures of Sweden, and from here I shall go over the islands to Copenhagen.

I must relate to you a little story, a new proof of how much poetry lies in so-called chance. On placing fresh wreaths on Oehlenschläger's grave they found a faded one, in which a little song-bird had built her nest and laid eggs. This would have touched and delighted Oehlenschläger.

Your Royal Highness will perhaps soon read his biography; but before this I shall probably receive a letter, and learn how it fares with the little Prince Karl August. For a long time I have heard nothing of him; he must be a strong young man by now. When we meet I shall probably be a stranger to him. Give my most sincere and respectful regards to your noble Consort and your Royal parents. Beaulieu<sup>1</sup> has entirely forgotten me! How is he? And the good Eckermann and Marschall? Farewell, my dear, dear friend!

H. C. ANDERSEN.

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*Andersen to the Grand-Duke of Weimar.*

COPENHAGEN, December 1850.

CHRISTMAS is approaching—the childish, happy Christmas fête. In every house

<sup>1</sup> Beaulieu (Marconnay Karl Oliver von), diplomatist and historian, born 5th September 1811, at Minden. In 1843 he entered the service of the Grand-Duke of Weimar, and in 1853 he became Grand-Chamberlain.

they are decorating the trees; in the grand-ducal castle at Weimar also the Christmas tree stands. Joy reigns supreme with young and old on this most beautiful fairy night of the year, which is also for the grown-up people a veritable children's night.

Thanks for your friendship in the old year: may the new one prove a bright and happy one for us all.

It is a long time since I last wrote: curiously enough, so long that I might have taken a considerable journey in the time, whereas I have only left my little room to wander within the walls of Copenhagen. And yet I have travelled in a new world, which one of my oldest friends, our celebrated H. C. Oersted, has opened to me. In the early part of this year his work appeared, "The Spirit in Nature." I have mentioned this book before. It is closely allied to Humboldt's "Cosmos," and yet widely different.

I am forty-five years old, but I often feel in many ways as if I were twenty.

I believe that, as a poet, I have several stages to go through, and that I have reached one of those by means of Oersted's work. This book has awakened in me a longing for science, and I have latterly read a good deal in this direction which has naturally disturbed my productiveness—and also my correspondence with friends. Oersted has always been good to me. He has been my faithful friend for many years; but now he is even more to me,—he has understood my sincere aspiration. Under this process of development my last work, "In Sweden," has been altered and re-altered.

If you, my noble friend, read this book in the beginning of the new year, a few passages in it will show you how life and the world are now reflected in me. But fear not that I shall leave the fresh life of poetry to throw myself into the realm of philosophy, or even to write didactic poems: that will not happen. For me the human heart is the fairy-lamp of poetry, which I firmly grasp, and I stand like

Aladdin with this lamp in the glowing cavern of science; neither will the powers of nature be able to make me their servant. No, I will call forth the spirits, which at my bidding must build me a new castle of poetry. With Oersted I have had many instructive conversations. I beg you to read his book; it will not fail to make its mark, and you, my dear friend, will like to know the man. His fiftieth jubilee as teacher in the Copenhagen University has just been celebrated; and the use of the beautiful villa in which Oehlenschläger used to live has been given to him for life. All the learned societies have honoured and extolled him, and the King has granted him the title of Excellency. To me was entrusted the task of writing some blank verse to accompany his portrait. It ran as follows:

As the lightning thought from thy forehead sprang,  
Science received a greater impetus.  
An immeasurable treasure gav'st thou to the countries  
of the world.  
And through all the beauties of truth  
Thou leadest us with upturned gaze to God.

Of Jenny Lind I have heard nothing for a whole year, except through the papers, which tell me of her and the novelty-loving Yankees.

Fredericka Bremer is also in North America, and remains there till the spring. She has, however, written both to Oersted and to me. My books, she says, are very much liked there, and I have many friends. But I shall never see them, because the great ocean is a terror to me—its movements make me suffer; and yet I love the sea, that is, when I stand upon firm, dry ground. My longing to travel does not extend to the West; it must then be for England;—no, I will go to the South, to Italy, and the way lies by Weimar.

In a Vienna pocket-book, entitled "My Thoughts for 1851," there is a novel by Clara von Massow, "The Settler in Haltigen"; but I, Hans Christian Andersen, am the hero of this romance. It is rather presumptuous to put me in it when I am still alive. Do read this curious story.

The sculptor Jerichau<sup>1</sup> will soon return to Rome. Before his departure he wishes to make a bust of me. His wife has a picture of me ready; this, and a similar one of Queen Caroline Amelia, she takes with her to London. At the great exhibition your Royal Highness will be able to see both pictures, if you are there then.

For the first time for many years I shall spend Christmastide this year in Copenhagen. In former years I used to pass some varied and delightful weeks at Count Moltke's at Bregentved. Now it is a house of mourning there. A son, who was serving as a volunteer hussar,<sup>2</sup> has died of typhus fever in the hospital. He was a thoroughly good son, a dear boy, and at the Christmas merrymaking the merriest of all.

From the Christmas tree in Copenhagen, my thoughts fly to the castle in Weimar, where happy children, happy parents and grandparents gather round the tree.

<sup>1</sup> Jerichau (Jens Adolph), Danish sculptor, born 7th April 1816, at Assens, in Fünen. He died 25th July 1883.

<sup>2</sup> One year's service.

A bright Christmas and a happy New Year to you all is the wish of

H. C. ANDERSEN.

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*Andersen to the Grand-Duke of Weimar.*

GLORUP, IN FÜNEN, 17th June 1851.

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS will have received, I hope, my bust from Jerichau and have accorded it a friendly place in your happy home. The bust is good, is it not? If I could only stand like it in person before your Royal Highness!

An intellectual picture will, I believe, also have come before you: my new picture-bouquet from the land of Sweden. I myself consider these compositions my most successful effort, next to my fairy tales. Like them it will be difficult to render them correctly in any language but the original; yet I hope that they will find a favourable reception at the hands of my noble friend. In Sweden,

where they have appeared, as well as in Germany and England, they seem to have attracted attention. Yesterday brought me a letter from King Oscar, with hearty thanks for these pictures of his country. I am now highly curious to know which part your Royal Highness will like best. The style will remind you of my "Picture Book without Pictures."

I am now in Fānen, with his Excellency Count Moltke Hvidfeldt, and remain here till July. If your Royal Highness will favour me with a letter, I beg that the same may, as usual, be sent to Copenhagen to the address of Privy Councillor Collin; I shall then receive the letter immediately.

At the beginning of July I am going to Schleswig-Holstein, and later—but this is not yet settled—to Paris. I shall only remain there a short time so as to finish a new composition at home.

Does your Royal Highness intend to travel this summer? How happy I should be if I could meet you!

I commend myself to the gracious remembrance of your exalted Consort and your parents!

The beautiful days in Weimar pass ever through my mind like spring sunshine. Bright and happy memories are the most highly prized treasures.

H. C. ANDERSEN.

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*Andersen to Chamberlain von Beaulieu in Weimar.*

COPENHAGEN, June 1851.

DEAR FRIEND,—I was sincerely glad to receive a letter from you, who are so dear to me; my feelings have remained the same all through the years. I have still unchanged the same confidence in you, and therefore I truly confess that there was something in your letter which surprised and grieved me—words which I did not think you could have written to me

I possess, however, so many dear and pleasant remembrances of your feeling towards me, of your own charming and good-hearted personality, that I soon saw that your letter was overshadowed by the mood you were in when you wrote. I longed to be in Weimar, where I had experienced so much kindness, and where so many live that I love; but as I did not know in what way the lower orders would show their sympathy after the last agitation, in a town like Weimar, and as I thought it possible I should feel rather uncomfortable as a Dane, I asked you about it in confidence, because I wished to feel as happy in Weimar as before. As far as concerns the cultivated classes, I had no thought or fear of coming into collision with any one of them: we have so many other interests in common which are dear to us, so much that is good and beautiful as subjects of conversation to mutually entertain us, that I should certainly have flown to my old friends. Time will clear up much, and I know that Germans and Danes will be the best of

friends; let the noblest stretch out their hands to each other first. The beautiful and the true will be the bridge between us. May the soft chords which find a place in my heart underlie every word of this letter, and you will understand that where I as a true Dane—and that I am—felt sharply wounded, it is the friend who suffers from the wound. Therefore no more of politics—only of the world, of the heart and the intellect!

If my new book finds a good place in yours, then write me a few words about it. Remain true and good to me. We all live such a short time together in this world that those who are dear to each other here must hold closely together lest the waves sweep them apart. Remember me kindly to your excellent wife, and let me soon hear from the friend whom I should so like to meet!

H. C. ANDERSEN.

*In explanation of the foregoing letter we*

*add one from Councillor Edward Collin to Andersen, dated 17th June 1851.*

You have informed me, my dear Andersen, of your having asked the Chamberlain Beaulieu his opinion as to how far the feeling extends in Weimar in respect to the Danes, in order that you might feel comfortable there and have no unpleasantness to fear.

You at the same time communicated to me the Chamberlain's reply and asked me my opinion of it.

I can understand your hesitation. You would not willingly break with a man who has shown you attention, and who, according to your account, must be a cultured, intellectual person, and a kind husband and father. But you can have no doubt about this, that his letter to you is very offensive, and, in short, is a rough answer to a good-natured inquiry.

Your question, as you very rightly remark, directed to the masses, was whether an anti-Danish feeling existed

among the low uneducated classes of the people.

It could not, of course, occur to you to ask how far you had aught to fear from cultured persons like the Chamberlain Beaulieu and his compeers. Now, by heaven, it seems to me you have received a distinct answer to everything; for if, among the cultivated, hospitality to a guest should be shown towards you in such a manner as Herr Beaulieu prophesies,—by contempt and ridicule,—you can calculate what you would have to expect from the masses.

Beaulieu's presumptions, by which you are to guard yourself from ever going to Weimar, are, according to the purport of his letter as communicated to me, as follows: (a) That you are so Danishly inclined that you do not understand how the Danish Casino-Cabinet can be regarded as a product of Democracy. Now, it is highly naïve for a member of the great Germany who has made himself so celebrated by his coquetting with Democracy—

by way of change from the former press prosecutions, domiciliary visits, political imprisonments, etc.—for such an honoured member of the Ministry, I say, to cast reproach on a democratic origin. It appears that Herr Beaulieu assumes that the change of Ministry in the year 1848 took place principally that the people might be in power. He ignores, therefore, something that the people in harness brought to pass—the events in the Duchies, the Schleswig-Holstein deputation here,—in short, that the people rose against German arrogance. Just as the whole of the present German journalistic literature holds fast to the standing expression, “Casino-Cabinet,” as a word of abuse, so is it used here also by Herr Beaulieu; for the rest, it seems, when he aims at the present Government, he does not, or will not, know that none of the so-called “Casino” men possess a portfolio to-day. It might perhaps interest Herr Beaulieu to learn that there are four noblemen in the Cabinet, among them two counts, and that the President of the

Council is one of our highest and most distinguished aristocrats.—(b) That you would be annoyed when one ridiculed the order that the hat must be taken off down to the thighs before every Danish official or soldier. If that be true, of which I am really not aware (but in Germany they are so much better informed of our circumstances), that an officer in Angeln gave those absurd instructions for the small district in occupation by him, this story reduces itself to the bad taste and *mal-conduite* of a single individual. But when this individual is a Dane, the story has such a monstrous success that the poet H. C. Andersen would have to run the risk of being derided in the town of Schiller and Goethe,—the highly cultured Weimar! Good God! if the Germans who visit Copenhagen in hundreds, and enjoy hospitality here, heard derision of all the stupidities (not to use a worse word) which the Germans have committed, then—well, it is really not worth while to be more bitter than is necessary.—(c) That you, on the part of

Denmark, find everything right, everything true, everything reasonable, and on the part of Holstein exactly the reverse.

These arguments smack a little of the want of having anything else to say. It is not quite usual for a person, who is no fool, to admit that he regards himself as the only sensible being.

I leave it to you to make what use you please of this letter, even to sending it to Herr Beaulieu for the creation of a genteel laugh; but if you did so, it could only be correct by your pointing out to him my competency to give such an opinion, partly on account of my relations towards yourself, which justify me in casting back the scorn intended for you, and partly because the writer of it is an official of the *ancien régime* and no friend to Democracy —least of all “a product of Democracy.”

I hope that you will peremptorily disclaim the honour of being, among Weimar’s great men, “a dear, worthy bard with whom one may go out walking, but not discuss politics.”

*Andersen to Miss Henrietta Wulff.*

COPENHAGEN, 18th December 1851.

THANKS for your hearty letter, which I received with the Christmas greetings. We shall, however, not reach the top of the tree till next week, and from there I always look forward towards the coming spring: the unfolding year, whatever it may bring forth, has green woods and open sea, and this time it will bring you back.

It will be impossible for me ever to go to America, even if, on your return, with your eloquence and talent for sketching, you paint the country with all the brilliancy of a *fata morgana*. You have truly, in each letter, beckoned and called; but there is the vast ocean between us,—the fourteen days of broad, angry sea, where I should for days be sea-sick in return for my money out of pocket. Fie, Andersen! you already cry. Now, we will drop the tender thread, and come to the real point. I am

looked upon,—at least at home,—as Phantasy personified, but that is because only a part of me is understood. I have as much thought for what is practical and real. You write: "It is so easy to do the voyage to America. A steamer fitted with all comforts carries you across the sea, and in America you will be well received, and find many friends and homes. You can travel about with the Lind," etc., etc. Yes, that is very lovely; but it is for me only a pretty fancy. Do you know how you could easily allure me and bring me into a travelling mood? Why, by writing: "So much for the steamer from Europe to America, so much a day in a good hotel, so much per mile by rail." Then I might make my calculations, see what a journey like that would cost, see if I could afford it, and whether expenses and profits would balance, and then make up my mind. I have great dread of long sea voyages, I suffer so much; but that I might even conquer and overcome. Yes, I should certainly go to America, if a rich

man or woman over there left me sufficient means in a will. Perhaps such a person may turn up; then I shall go!

But are you now really coming back to us, dear, blessed "sister Jette," as your brother says? We will, by the warmth of our hearts and the love in our eye, compensate for the West Indian climate. The forest will be fresh and green when you come, and at the Casino we will play "Hyldemaer" to you. I suppose your brother has already sent you that comedy?

It interests me exceedingly to find that nearly all our great poets greatly admire that little work. Ingemann finds it very beautiful indeed,—just after his heart,—and gives me great praise. The poets Boye, Hauch, Holst, etc., are quite taken with it. Yes; only think, the day before yesterday I received from Heiberg himself a charming letter, in which he expresses his pleasure on receiving that poetical work. He says it is "poetic" and "dramatic."

“Fødrelandet” and the “Dageblad” have spoken well of “Hyldemaer.” The spiteful and bigoted articles against my writings have been ridiculed, so I have really received much kindly recognition.

Longfellow has sent me his “Evangeline.” Bentley sent a great work, “The Whale,” and Burton has dedicated to me, “A Voyage from Leith to Lapland.” Thus the wind blows freely from the West, and from that direction your letter also came.

Miss Bremer has not been in Copenhagen. French journals say she is gone to Stockholm and that her sister is dead. The attention of all Copenhagen, or nearly so, is just now directed on Mr. Hoedt, who has made his appearance as “Hamlet” and also as the lover in “No.” People stood all night to obtain tickets. No more finished piece of acting has been seen. He is the “Talma” of to-day. Would that I could be of the same opinion, but I am not. Here is my judgment: Hoedt has great gifts, speaks his part admirably; indeed, he ought to instruct half our caste. I am now speaking

of him as "Hamlet." Everything becomes clear and comprehensible as he speaks, but I have more the feeling of listening to a lecture or a dramatic discourse which appeals to the reason only,—"Hamlet" himself I cannot feel,—I hear only the correct Hoedt, and he does not interest me. He is wanting in pathos, there is no trace of a heart. His voice is not agreeable, and his face, with the exception of the eyes, is lifeless. Hoedt has not as yet, I believe, appeared in any characters in which he might become to the stage, what people say he is now, and which he himself doubtless believes he is. In "No" he appears very disagreeable to me. He is there a *blase* student, sarcastic, overbearing, very unamiable, which I do not think a lover ought to be; but if so, then his acting is a masterpiece. Nay, were I the maiden, I would unhesitatingly accept the bell-ringer. She would be far happier with him; he at least has a heart. In "New Kings Street" they are not of my opinion, but that is the case in many places. I will now predict the

artistic career of Hoedt: public enthusiasm will cool in a few months, he will be vexed, and as he is a rich man, he will be so angry that he will leave the stage forever, and he and his party will say, "It is an awful loss to art." This is perhaps a little too long for you, but you get off easily. If you were here you would hear different opinions expressed upon Hoedt. Once more, in order not to be misunderstood, he is richly gifted, he speaks his parts with good sense and refinement; but that is not enough to stand all night for, only to obtain a ticket or call it "the first." But Hoedt is now the pinnacle of enthusiasm, as Clara Raphael was, and before her, Rassi, and in bygone days Mademoiselle Pohlmann. Do you remember Mademoiselle Pohlmann? She was a Hamburg singer who is perhaps now forgotten in Hamburg. This letter must not be printed or I shall be murdered.

From Mrs. Oersted and Mathilde I send you many greetings. Lately the pension granted to Mrs. Oersted was mentioned in the Chamber. Mr. Frolund thought that

it was extraordinary that she, as a widow, should receive 1000 dollars; but then the Ministers of Education replied: "But her husband was extraordinary too . . ."

Young Molbech has just published Dante's "Hell," and a book of pretty, original poems entitled "Damring." Christian Winther has written a Marionette comedy, "A Student and a Maid." Lose and Delbanco published a Danish almanac for the people. It was sold out in three weeks. There were 4000 copies. In it were two fairy tales of mine. One is called "There is a Difference," the other, "The Loveliest Rose in the World." This latter is considered one of my best, but it is not. I have in manuscript a few more, "The Old Tombstone," "Doomsday," and "A Swan's Nest." The last is a small history of Denmark. Denmark is the swan's nest. You will understand what swans flew from there in the eyes of the world, not to mention the great flocks which were called Longbeards, Voerings, and Norsemen.

Will you kindly remember me to my

friends in America. I hope you have there procured what I asked you on the evening of your departure,—a cheap edition of a couple of my books. There are editions of "O. T." and "Spillemanden" at two shillings. If you have forgotten, remember it now, while you are in a corner of the other world.

The daguerreotype with your brother Worsaae, Grimur Thomsen, and myself, is, I hope, in your hands. How do you like it? They tell me I look very haughty. That is caused by tobacco smoke; Mr. Grimur puffed incessantly, and I cannot endure that kind of incense. We are now far into December without any actual winter. It is mild weather, as it is called,—wet, fogs, twilight all day, clammy stair rails, conversations about the "President," Hoedt, Christmas presents, etc.

The painter, Roed, is now home from Dresden with his copy of the Madonna. Martin Hammerich has got it, and has placed it in a separate room. Marstrand has nearly finished his large picture, "Summer Fête in Liksand;" you know it from

“In Sweden.” With the first swallow I hope for a letter from you. Ah, would the swallow but come soon! but the way is long over the rolling sea. I must wait, wait—and I do not like it. But now good-bye. This has become a letter of a whole printed sheet. I hope you will read it on a clear day, and in a bright humour, standing by a window; and if a bird flies across the sea towards land, that is a sign that I shall see all the beauty across the sea. Tell me if a bird comes.—Your brotherly faithful,

H. C. ANDERSEN.

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*Andersen to the Grand-Duke of Weimar.*

COPENHAGEN, 1st March 1852.

AFTER your Royal Highness' last letter I felt myself vividly transported to dear artistic Weimar. The execution of the idea of erecting a monument to Goethe, Schiller, and Wieland will delight me.

In a few words you have placed Countess Rossi so distinctly before me, that I feel sympathy for her as well as regret that the glories of art and the life of the *salon* can no longer cheer her.

As often as I receive a letter from you, my dear friend, I still higher appreciate your goodness of heart. It is now just eight years since I first went to Weimar. I saw you for the first time on your birthday in the theatre at Weimar. At Ettersburg you extended your hand to me for the first time. As we parted, your Royal Highness said: "Write to me; I will certainly reply." At that time I believed—I honestly confess it—that it was only a friendly figure of speech; but how truly, how sincerely, you have kept your word through eight years, under changing circumstances, during the sumptuous festivities of England's Queen, and the magnificent splendour in St. Petersburg. All this has not caused you to forget the poet heart in Denmark. It all passes so often and so vividly through my mind that I

sometimes almost feel homesick for Weimar, for this town always stands in the sunshine before my vision. It is ever smiling at me with kind eyes, and I so willingly believe that it will always be the same dear town to me. For five years I have not been there—yes, really, five long, eventful years.

When spring comes I intend to go to Switzerland and North Italy, but first to spend a week or fourteen days in Weimar, for there my longing leads me. Above all I beg your Royal Highness for information as to whether I can meet you in May at Weimar. My departure from here depends not a little upon the weather. If my new piece, "*Fliedermütterchen*," does not reach you or Chamberlain Beaulieu before then, I will bring it with me.

I have received a letter from the theatrical manager, Von Dingelstedt, in Munich, with whom I have hitherto been unacquainted. He begs me to send him "*Fliedermütterchen*," and to recommend to him the best Danish pieces suitable for

Germany. I have already made a long list of them.

Indeed, Danish dramatic literature is so rich that one could easily find an original work for every night of the year. But very little of it is known in Germany, with the exception of Oehlenschläger's "Corregio," Overskou's "Fatalities on the Wedding-day," and Hertz's "King René's Daughter."

When I go to Weimar I shall be able to speak more exhaustively, than through letters, to your Royal Highness and Chamberlain Beaulieu of the great riches of dramatic literature.

A beautiful new edition of my fairy tales has again appeared in London. I am now arranging the bringing out of a collected edition of my works in Denmark, and to this end I am working at my biography. In the meantime I have written some stories which can be added to my fairy tales. Perhaps they will be published with some little dramatic pieces, under the title of "From Fairyland and for Stage-land."

I have heard nothing from your Royal Highness yet with regard to "In Sweden." Do read the booklet. I believe and hope that the little pictures will appeal to you.

Here, in Denmark, we are having a most remarkably mild winter: the fields have continued green, the storks came even as early as January, and no ice binds the water. The last few nights have been illuminated by the beautiful northern lights, the flames spreading in changing colours over the sky.

Will your Royal Highness kindly give my humble regards to the Duchess and your noble parents? Also kindest remembrances to Fräu von Grosse, Countess Beust, Chamberlain and Fräu von Beaulieu, the good Eckermann, and Schöll. I long for the spring morning when I shall see your Royal Highness in your study. Oh, how I should rejoice! for you are certainly unchanged and the same, like

Your Royal Highness' sincerely devoted,

H. C. ANDERSEN.

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*Andersen to the Grand-Duke of Weimar.*

MUNICH, 23rd June 1852.

THE days are passing like hours. I have been already over a week at Munich, and still have not written to your Royal Highness. I have been thinking of it. My heart is full of the most fervent thanks for all the kindness, favours, and friendship which you showered upon me in those never-to-be-forgotten days at Weimar.

I remained there three weeks, and everything was so congenial and pleasant, and the memory of it even now is as beautiful as the reality was. When I come again I hope that "The Lilac-tree" will be blooming on the stage. Give the work a friendly reception. The music will be easily arranged according to the melody given in the book, but I very much wish that both the melodies which I gave to the manager here, as a supplement, may be used.

Munich has an immense attraction for

me! In the "Bazaar" I have compared it to a rose-bush, which is now in full bloom. The Au-kirche is a veritable passion-flower, as if sprung up in a moment; the Basilika a golden pink with exquisite perfume and organ tones. The manager of the theatre has placed an entire box at my disposal during the whole time I remain here. The King has received me with extreme kindness and graciousness, and sent for me at noon to go to Castle Starenberg. I crossed the lake with the King to a little flower-island. His Majesty pointed out to me the beautiful prospect, and as we walked together he conversed with me very cordially, almost as you would have done, my noble friend. On the island stood an old church. A lilac-tree bent its branches to the ground, and a blossom of it, which the King himself plucked and gave to me, will be placed in my album beside the lime-tree branch which you gave me once long years ago on my first visit to Ettersburg.

I spoke to the Countess Egloffstein at the castle of King Ludwig. The German

authoress, Fräu Robinson of Borton, whose acquaintance I made at Councillor Schöll's in Weimar, is also here.

On Tuesday I return by way of Milan and Switzerland. If I may hope for a letter send it to Zurich *poste restante*. At the end of July letters are to be forwarded to Copenhagen, where I shall take sea-baths.

H. C. ANDERSEN.

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*Andersen to the Grand-Duke of Weimar.*

CORSELITZA, FALSTER, 21st August 1852.

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS has received my last letter just as I was about to cross over the Alps into Italy, with my heart full of Weimar, and happy on account of the beautiful days in Munich. Now several weeks lie between, and these to me are like a whole rich year, on account of the changes of travel. The route over the Splügen, which I did not know before, is grand and impressive. It is strange, passing over the

backbone of the earth high up in the clouds, surrounded by Alpine roses and snow. Waterfalls rush down, one after the other, and far beneath the road (which hangs like a swallow's nest over the rocks) streams the Rhine, so foaming, so wild, so overbearing, as if it were always the most important element in the whole scenery.

Some days before my arrival at Milan the diligence was attacked by twelve banditti, six of whom were arrested, and hanged on the day I arrived. The heat was unbearable; one could only go out in the evening and early in the morning. I then went up into the dome of the Cathedral; the magnificent beauty of this building affected me now far more than nineteen years ago, when I was here for the first time. Nineteen years have passed away since I took my first journey to Italy and wrote my "*Improvisatore*." As I climbed up to the dome and looked out over the country, like Moses over Canaan, it seemed to me as if I were saying good-bye to it for ever. God knows if it will not be so.

This time the heat, with its flaming sword, has driven me out of the paradise of poetry. I could not breathe, and was glad when I looked down from St. Gothard on the country towards the north.

I lingered some days by the Lake-of-the-four-Forest Towns, to me the most beautiful of all Swiss lakes. I felt then so refreshed, so contented. Switzerland is a whole poem written by the dear God Himself; this, perhaps, is the reason why the country has produced no poet. I took leave of it at Schaffhausen. The world-renowned waterfall there did not impress me immediately. It seemed to me smaller than that at Trollhälle in Sweden, indeed, even smaller than one of unknown name at Splügen. Yet when I came down the effect was entirely different. The huge mass of water on the right is what really claims the whole visual faculty; it is a single long wave which resolves itself into whirling snow-white clouds. It is the creation of a cloud world; a glacier dissolved in glittering vapour. Through the solemn Black Forest, where

the charcoal fires glowed through the thickets, and all good-looking people appeared to me like acquaintances out of Auerbach's "Village Tales," I came to Freiburg and then proceeded on the wings of steam through the provinces and down the Rhine.

I have now been at home over a fortnight, and am taking the baths at Falster. I am here on a visit to a very amiable family, namely that of Chamberlain Klassen.

The forest and garden of Corselitz lie towards the open sea with its cool waves. Your Royal Highness, perhaps, at this moment gazes on a still more beautiful sea, the Mediterranean; may every upheaving wave bring you the apple of health.

To-morrow I am going to Copenhagen. Queen Caroline Amelia (widow of Christian VIII.) has graciously invited me to pass a few days with her at the beautiful summer castle of Sorgenfrei. I shall be home again in a week.

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H. C. ANDERSEN.

*Andersen to Chamberlain Von Beaulieu, in Weimar.*

COPENHAGEN, in the Autumn of 1852.

DEAREST FRIEND,—I did not go to Kreuznach, which vexes me now, but I had suffered inexpressibly with the heat in Italy and Switzerland.

I reached Frankfort, and wished to pay you a visit from there, but something unforeseen occurred; in fact, my travelling companion wished to return home without making a stay anywhere. I therefore returned hither with all possible speed and remained for a short time in Copenhagen. The last few days I have spent on the island of Falster, and take daily dips in the Baltic. The air is cold enough, too cold; the sorb apples, asters, and dahlias, foretell the waning of the summer, which for me has been rich and beautiful.

A thousand thanks for the happy days which I enjoyed with you in dear Weimar!

Give my regards and thanks to your amiable wife and to my many friends in your neighbourhood. God only knows when we shall see each other again.

With the fall of the leaves in the autumn my spirits always fall. It seems to me then, as if all the dear ones would also fall away, and as if the most recent meeting would also be the last one. I have the same feeling with regard to Italy ; as if I had said farewell to it for ever, and should never more go to the land of my " *Improvisatore*."

For five years I have not been in Weimar, not for five sad, troubled years, the billows of which still course ever through my heart. When shall I see Weimar again ?

Give me a place in your heart, and if my " *Fliederbusch* " should take root on the Weimar stage, or, to speak more correctly, if it should be placed as a flower in the repertoire there in remembrance of me ; nay, even if the flower should fade, let me know.



FRANZ LISZT.



Dr. Liszt has received several excellent musical compositions from Hartmann; will they be heard in Weimar? These melodies are full of thought and feeling. "Little Kirsten" is peculiarly northern, but "The Raven" is undoubtedly the opera which will be best understood.

And now farewell! Greet your wife and children, if the little ones still remember

H. C. ANDERSEN.

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*Andersen to the Poet and Theatrical Manager  
Dingelstedt,<sup>1</sup> in Munich.*

COPENHAGEN, 1852.

HONOURED SIR,—I was agreeably surprised at receiving your kind and flattering communication. As a poet I have known and esteemed you for a long time, and it

<sup>1</sup> Dingelstedt (Franz), German author, born 30th June 1814. From 1841-43 he was foreign correspondent to the "Allgemeine Zeitung," and in 1851 he became director of the

was therefore my intention to at once pay you a visit on arriving in Munich, where I have not been for eleven years.

My plans are, God permitting, to go to Tyrol early in the summer, and on the journey to remain for three weeks in Munich, where I may possibly be remembered by a few former acquaintances.

Now I have received your letter, and see that I have yet another friend in beautiful Bavaria. I shall be most happy to meet you, and we can then discuss Danish literature more comprehensively than is possible by letter. It is, indeed, so very rich, that, if desired, an original work could very well be produced in Copenhagen every evening during the season. Scarcely any examples have been translated, or are known in Germany, with the exception of Oehlenschläger's "Tragedies," Overskou's "Fatalities of a Wedding-day," and Hertz's "King René's Daughter." I will, therefore, if you desire

Bavarian Court and National Theatre. In August 1867, he was made director of the Court Opera in Vienna, where he died on 15th May 1881. He was the author of several novels and plays.

it, direct your attention to several works which are certainly worthy to be represented on every good stage. But first I must mention a couple of our composers whose operas are worth studying.<sup>1</sup>

You ask me about Hertz's new comedy, "The Audience." I have noticed that a Hamburg journal announces that it has met with a most favourable reception, and added another laurel to the author's fame. This encomium appeared in several German papers and will certainly have come to your ears, but the critic is quite incorrect. The piece is weak and crude, and but very feebly represents our tuneful poet. There are other quite different works by him which are worthy of being classed with "King René's Daughter." Hauch's "Honour Lost and Won," and "The Sisters at Kinne Kule," are also worthy of mention.

With regard to my own dramatic works, and particularly my last fairy comedy, "Die Fliedermautter," the honour which you have done me by asking for it, either translated

<sup>1</sup> The names and titles of the works have been omitted.

or in the original, in order to produce it when possible at the Munich Court Theatre, has given me much pleasure, and I should be doubly pleased if it be, as I hope it is, a piece suitable for the South-German stage. As yet no dramatic production of mine has appeared in Germany. I thought that a beginning might be made with "The Flie-dermutter," and a few days before I received your esteemed letter I wrote to my German publisher to instruct him to have this well translated by Dr. Leo, who made a spirited translation of "King René's Daughter." I have not yet had a reply, but am now writing again to ask them to send you the manuscript of the German translation, also a brief musical supplement, and some hints for shortening the piece, with possible alterations and directions concerning the facility with which the final transformation scene may be represented by quite simple means. If Herr Leo should have other work which prevents him from translating my piece, I shall soon know, and will then instantly send the original to you,

dear Herr Dingelstedt, if you know a competent person in Munich who understands enough Danish to be able to translate it. Such an one would also be necessary in regard to the above-mentioned works of other Danish authors, as I should only be able to give you these in the original.

Perhaps you will favour me with a letter. It would give me unutterable pleasure to hear that the Danish literature of my native country had reached nearer to the South than is the case at present, as well as that the German stage will receive some fresh branches from the North.

In the hope of meeting you again in a few months, of cordially pressing your hand, and being able to tell you much of the good and beautiful in the North, I send you my thanks and regards.

H. C. ANDERSEN.

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*Andersen to the Grand-Duke of Weimar.*

GLORUP, NEAR NYBORG, IN FÜNEN,

2nd July 1853.

IN the interior of Jutland, just as I am about to leave for Fünen, I read in the paper, to my great sorrow, that you, my dear Grand-Duke, have lost your good, noble father. I know how painful it is to lose anyone that one loves, and to whom one is strongly attached. The departed are better off than we who live, and we obtain yet another friend in the Heaven for which we long. I appreciate the grief of the son, the faithful, loving son, the man with a noble heart like yours, on account of which your Royal Highness is so dear to me.

A great and sacred sphere of activity is now opened up before you, my dear, dear Grand-Duke. God strengthen and lead you to Him to whom all hearts are open.

In the new activity of your life I shall probably hear from you less often, but I firmly

believe in you, and that I live in your thoughts, as you have grown into my soul.

In Denmark,—that is to say, in Copenhagen,—there is now a time of tribulation. The cholera is raging, and I live in constant anxiety about my friends there. They and the doctor desire me not to return till the end of the epidemic. I am therefore going to Silkeborg in Jutland, where I shall remain for the present. But perhaps the disease may reach there, it is already on the island of Falster. God's will be done! I have had enough happiness and joy in this world, and have won many true and noble friends, among whom you stand foremost, my dear Grand-Duke.

You are on the threshold of an active and happy life. God bless you and your house.

Give your Royal mother my heartful sympathy and respectful devotion. God be with you!

H. C. ANDERSEN,

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*Andersen to the Grand-Duke of Weimar.*

COPENHAGEN, 22nd November 1853.

IN the interior of Jutland, on the beautiful Silkeborg, I received your welcome letter, and replied at once in a grateful frame of mind. Now I am in my Copenhagen surroundings. The cholera is over, all are well and healthy, the theatres are filled, social life begins, and everything again has the same familiar appearance.

The night before last I had the honour and pleasure of speaking to the young Princess of Hesse.<sup>1</sup> The widowed Queen Caroline Amelia had invited me to tea, and was gracious enough to personally introduce me to the young Princess. I was obliged to read some of my fairy tales aloud, and above all in German; but I hope they will soon be able to read the Danish edition, for the peculiarities of these works cannot be repeated in another language.

<sup>1</sup> Princess Anna, daughter of Prince Carl of Prussia.

Last week was my jubilee. It is twenty-five years ago this year since I became a student. Of late years it has become the fashion for all the men who matriculate in the same year to gather at a large dinner to celebrate the past twenty-five years. At this assemblage, curiously enough, we students of 1828, as we used to say jokingly to each other then, had four great and twelve little poets among us—there were really sixteen who had published verses at that time. Now after the lapse of twenty-five years it is said that I, who was, even at that time, reckoned the greatest among my comrades, am also the only one who has stuck to poetry, and of the then twelve little poets only one has become great,—namely Paludan Müller, author of the delightful poem, “Adam Homo.” At this year’s commemoration, Clarsen, the former Danish minister, proposed a graceful toast to young literature in Denmark, and alluded particularly to Paludan Müller and myself. Further, all the other comrades who are now officials, town councillors, clergymen,

and landed proprietors, agreed to found a sort of memorial of this student-year, and to collect a sum of money, the interest of which would in time be devoted to a young Danish poet without a recognised position. The fund is to receive the name of "The Andersen-Paludan-Müller Legacy." The idea is happy, and I rejoice at the recognition of my university friends.

For the most part I live pretty quietly, as the new Danish edition of my collected works keeps me fully occupied. Our theatre is bringing out many novelties by Hertz, Hauch, and Overskou. Much is expected of a new ballet by Bournonville, "A Popular Tradition," with music by Niels Gade and Hartmann. The sculptor Jerichau is working at a colossal David, destined by the University to stand in front of the Church of our Lady, as a *vis-à-vis* to a similar statue, "Moses," by Bissen.

And now farewell, my dear Grand-Duke. Even if I do not soon receive a letter from you, I shall yet know that your Royal Highness remembers me with a true and

sympathising heart. Your anxiety for your people and country claims your time. Perhaps I may yet live to see your Royal Highness in Denmark, where you have now relations.

I beg that your Royal Highness will kindly remember me to the Grand-Duchess and your Royal mother.

H. C. ANDERSEN.

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*Andersen to the poet S. H. Mosenthal,<sup>1</sup> in Vienna.*

COPENHAGEN, 18th January 1854.

DEAR HERR MOSENTHAL,—In October I received your friendly letter, with a copy of “The Sonnwendhof,” which you have so confidently placed at my “complete disposal.”

<sup>1</sup> Mosenthal (Solomon Herman), dramatic poet, of Jewish extraction, born 14th January 1821, at Cassel. All his dramas are clever and effective, but they are said to be lacking in psychological truth. He wrote the libretti for several operas, among others Nicolai’s “Merry Wives of Windsor.” Mosenthal died at Vienna 17th February 1877.

I ought perhaps to have written to you at the time and expressed my thanks, but I was so much interested in your poetical work, and had so great a desire to attack the same at once, that I was quite convinced that this practical interest would say more than a letter. I received the child of your genius with real pleasure, and I venture to believe, which is also acknowledged here in this country, that I have reproduced it in the Danish language as you would have composed it yourself in that tongue. Very little is omitted. On the contrary, I have—according to my own and the general opinion—improved the piece for our use, and also for the national stage, by giving a kind of explanation by means of added choruses and songs, for which I have chiefly used popular melodies. As soon as I had finished your piece I read it myself to the manager and the actors, and I can assure you that it was received with an appreciation and interest which was proved to be justified during all the rehearsals and at the representation. As this piece was the first novelty with which

they thought of opening the present season, I did not wish—as several weeks had already gone by—to write to you till I could tell you how it had been received by the public. Some fresh decorative painting had to be done. The musical arrangements and some cases of illness caused the performance to be postponed for a time, but last Wednesday “The Sonnwendhof” was played, for the first time, under the Danish title, “En Landsbyhistorie” (A Village Story), which is more comprehensible to the masses. The Casino Theatre holds about 2,500 people, and all the seats were taken. The Royal Princess, as well as the Landgraf William of Hesse, Prince Frederick William, and the Hereditary Prince Ferdinand had engaged boxes for the first performance. The piece was followed by every one with special interest, and was received with unusual enthusiasm throughout, and particularly towards the end. An excellent young actress made her *début* here as Monica, and contributed very largely to the success of the piece by her well-considered and artistic acting. Two

of our most talented artists, Herr and Madame Rosenkilde, played excellently, and all the others, without exception, filled their parts well. The piece has been criticised in the same spirit in all the papers I have read. It is extolled as one of the most important and best that has originated in Germany of late years. The name of Mosenthal has therefore a good reputation here in Copenhagen, and I venture to hope that the piece may soon reach Norway and Sweden. As soon as it is printed in Danish from my reproduction I will send you a copy. It will interest you to see how much you can understand of the Danish language now that you know the words and contents in the original. That people are able to read it here will procure still greater recognition for your works in this country, which you so highly deserve, and I feel myself especially rewarded, for I see a work known and prized of which I recognised the merit on the first and only occasion when I saw it abroad.

In the final scene I have made Anna snatch a piece of burning wood from the

hearth and illuminate Mathias with it, by which the memory of the "Song of the Forge" becomes still clearer to both, and this novelty was proved at the representation to be fine and impressive. I send you a programme of the performance under a wrapper, which you will doubtless receive with this letter.

The verdict of the public and the criticism of the papers are, as your merit deserves, particularly attractive and laudatory, and I am glad to have been able to show my countrymen such a highly interesting and poetical work as "The Sonnwendhof." Through my publisher I take the liberty of sending you some of my books in the German edition.—Your friend,

H. C. ANDERSEN.

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*Andersen to the Grand-Duke of Weimar.*

COPENHAGEN, 2nd April 1854.

THIS is my birthday. I have seen nearly all my friends around me to-day. The per-

fume of the flowers which they have brought me fills my study. Outside the sun is shining so delightfully. On this fête day of the Danes (in commemoration of the battle on the Rhede in the year 1801), I can see from my windows all the flags floating on the ships in the harbour. A steamer is flying past with hundreds of Copenhagener who wish to visit the English fleet in the *Kjøgebugt*, only a few miles from here; and in the midst of this busy life my thoughts fly to the dear ones whom I would so much like to see—so very much—on this my birthday. You, my dear, noble Grand-Duke stand, it is true, so high in the world of rank, and yet my soul may fly to you when I think of your friendship and your kindness to me. God bless you, noble sir!

During the winter and early spring we have had very many balls, parties, and carnival fêtes in Copenhagen, and, as I felt strong enough to accept invitations, I have participated in nearly everything. Prince Frederick of Hesse gave a large grand masked ball in February. Especially ex-

cellent were the two quadrilles of Mousquetaires. The costumes were throughout tasteful and magnificent. Later, in the beginning of March, the young artists gave a carnival for gentlemen only. A special feature of the youthful fun was an "Orchestra from Noah's Ark,"—that is to say, a collection of animals who performed a long piece of music under the direction of a clown. Among other things there was a very funny fish and a very remarkable featherless hen. After that a carnival was given in the casino for the benefit of the poor widows of artists. Several of the professors at the Academy of Art formed a committee, and I was one of them. I had written all the dramatic scenes and all the songs. The beautiful Pergola-Casino, with the great fountain, was turned into a garden, with excellently and artistically arranged palms, flowers, and fresh foliage from the Royal garden. The members of the Royal house and the *corps diplomatique* were present. The students also gave a carnival in aid of a new club-house. In bright

variety one saw comedy, tragedy, and the ballet. Everything was short and parodied. About two thousand people moved through the large luxurious *salons*.

Now the spring is blowing, and it is my intention to go *medio magi* by Vienna to Venice, and from there to Munich and Weimar. It is true the Danish edition of my works detains me, but I must free myself for six to eight weeks, for I long to go.

In a few weeks I hope, if God wills, to see your Royal Highness, and offer you my good wishes. The journey will be, as I have said, a short and quick one, but I must go to Weimar, if only for a few days, to see you. I beg you to tender my respectful regards to your exalted Consort and Royal mother.

H. C. ANDERSEN.

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*Andersen to Charles Dickens.**March 1857.*

MY DEAR CHARLES DICKENS,—In an old manor-house a few miles from Dresden, belonging to some German friends, your welcome letter reached me. That was in the summer, and yet it is only now that my thanks wing their way to you. I do not fear, my friend, that you will doubt my real regard for you; but I was ill abroad, returned ill to Denmark, and was thus unable to write at once. When I felt well again, I was occupied with my new novel—which I had had in my mind for two years and now for the first time committed to paper. All three volumes were in manuscript by the beginning of the New Year, then I made a fair copy of them, and they are now at last in the press. I hope the novel will appear in May, in English, German, and Danish. I believe that it will surpass everything that I have

previously written, and will certainly mark a stage in my development that I have not hitherto reached. I shall be exceedingly happy to hear your honest opinion of it. You must thus prove your friendship and read the book. That you and your wife are always in my thoughts, you will perceive from my intention, God willing, of visiting you in England this summer to spend a short time with you. I beg you to send me a few lines, in April at the latest, to say whether you will be in London this summer, and at what period I may be certain of finding you there for about a week, for it is not for London's sake I am coming to England. The visit is for you alone. You must therefore grant me a word or two, or perhaps your wife will be so kind as to write; for without receiving this answer I shall go to Switzerland, and wait another year till I can meet you in England.

"Little Dorrit" entrals me entirely. I would and must admire you for the sake of this one book alone, even if you had not

previously bestowed upon the world those splendid compositions, "David Copperfield," "Nelly,"<sup>1</sup> and the rest. When I last saw and spoke with you in England some twelve years ago, and felt a greater regard for you, if possible, than before, you presented me with your published works, which are a real treasure to me. I possess the later books, but you must give me a copy of "Little Dorrit" when we greet each other again, for it will certainly never find a more appreciative admiring reader than myself. Heaven grant that my "To Be or Not to Be" may raise me a step higher as an author in your opinion. Keep a corner in your heart for me. Kind remembrances to your dear wife, and children, who still dwell in my memory as little ones, although they are now big, and have grown twelve years older! God's blessing and delight be yours, as you delight us all!—Your faithful

H. C. ANDERSEN.

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<sup>1</sup> This is apparently meant for little Nell in "The Old Curiosity Shop."

*Charles Dickens to Andersen.*

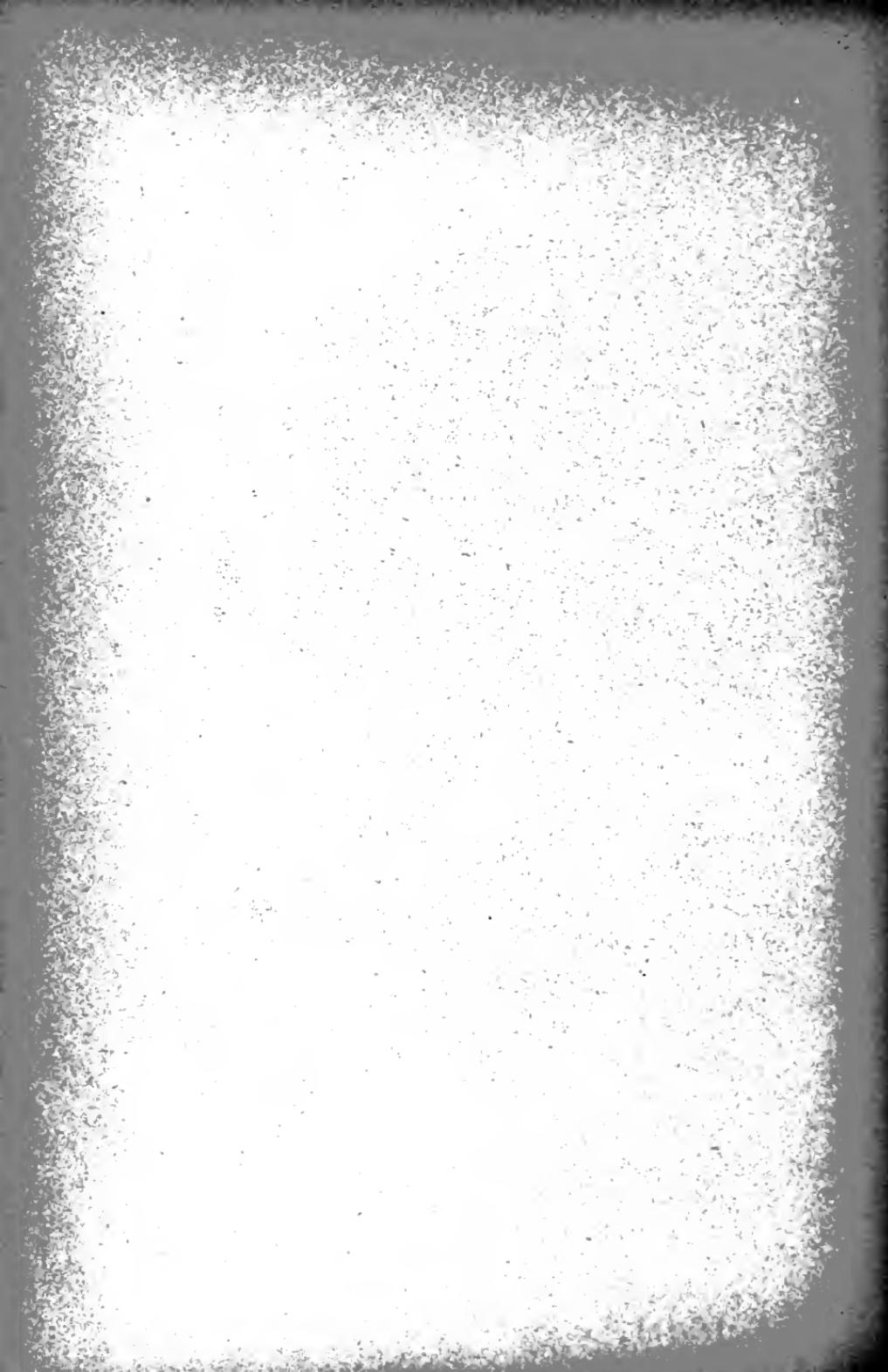
TAVISTOCK HOUSE, LONDON, 3rd April 1857.

MY DEAR HANS ANDERSEN,—I received your welcome letter the day before yesterday, and immediately proceed to answer it. I hope my answer will at once decide you to make your summer visit to us.

We shall not be at home here in London itself after the first week of June, but we shall be at a little country house I have, only twenty-seven miles away. It is on a line of railroad, and within an hour and a half of London, in a very beautiful part of Kent. You shall have a pleasant room there with a charming view, and shall live as quietly and wholesomely as in Copenhagen itself. If you should want, at any time while you are with us, to pass the night in London, this house, from the roof to the cellar, will be at your disposal. A servant, who is our friend also, who lived with us many years and is now married, will be



CHARLES DICKENS.



taking care of it; and she will take care of you too with all her heart.

So, pray, make up your mind to come to England. We shall be at this place I mention, within an hour and a half's ride, all through the summer, and if you will let me know when we may expect you, we shall look forward to that time with most cordial pleasure.

I am very much interested in what you tell me of your new novel, and you may be very sure that it will have no more attentive and earnest reader than it will find in me. I am impatient for its publication. "Little Dorrit" at present engages me closely. I hope to finish her story by about the end of this month, and that done you will find me in the summer quite a free man, playing at cricket and all manner of English open-air games.

The two little girls you saw at Broadstairs, when you left England, are young women now, and my eldest boy is more than twenty years old. But we have children of all sizes, and they all love you. You

will find yourself in a house full of admiring and affectionate friends, varying from three feet high to five feet nine. Mind, you must not think any more of going to Switzerland. You must come to us.

With kind regard from all my family, believe me, my dear Andersen, affectionately and cordially yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

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*Andersen to Charles Dickens.*

COPENHAGEN, 14th April 1857.

MY DEAR CHARLES DICKENS,—Your letter has made me infinitely happy! It has quite possessed me; I am overcome with joy at the thought of being with you for a short time, of living in your house and forming one of your circle! You do not know how much I value it, and how, in my heart, I thank God, yourself, and your wife! Tell her, tell your children big and little,

what a festival that will be for me ; and yet in the midst of my infinite joy I have one sorrow. Yes, I may just as well say it, for it is a thing that will be noticed directly we meet, and that is, that I speak English very badly—yes, I fear even worse than the last time I found myself in your family circle. At that time I had been three months in England, and now I have not been there for twelve years, and here at home I have had no practice, and am coming over to you direct from my Danish fatherland ! I shall express myself like a veritable Kasper Hauser, and I am rather despairing about it ; but my longing and affection will endeavour to speak to you as well as possible. I shall overcome both my fear, as well as my vanity, at not being able to speak well, and am also convinced that I shall hourly make grand progress in your mother tongue once I am with you. I think of joining you on the 10th or 12th of June, but you will receive more definite news regarding the day of my arrival. You will doubtless inform me during the

first weeks of May of the address, at what railway station I must alight between Dover and London, and where I shall then find your house. The conclusion of "Little Dorrit" I shall not be able to read till I am in England, but how splendid to do so in your home!

God rejoice you for this book and for everything that you have already given to the world. You have an extraordinary large circle of admirers and friends high up in the North, though I believe no one can love you more sincerely than I. But how much of blessing and sunshine do you not throw into my life! Only do not lose patience because I express myself in English with difficulty, and brokenly. I should not be able to say exactly what I wished, even if I were to speak English like an Englishman.

Kind regards to your wife, daughters, and sons! God willing, we shall then see each other in June.

H. C. ANDERSEN.

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*Andersen to the Queen-Dowager Caroline  
Amelia of Denmark.*

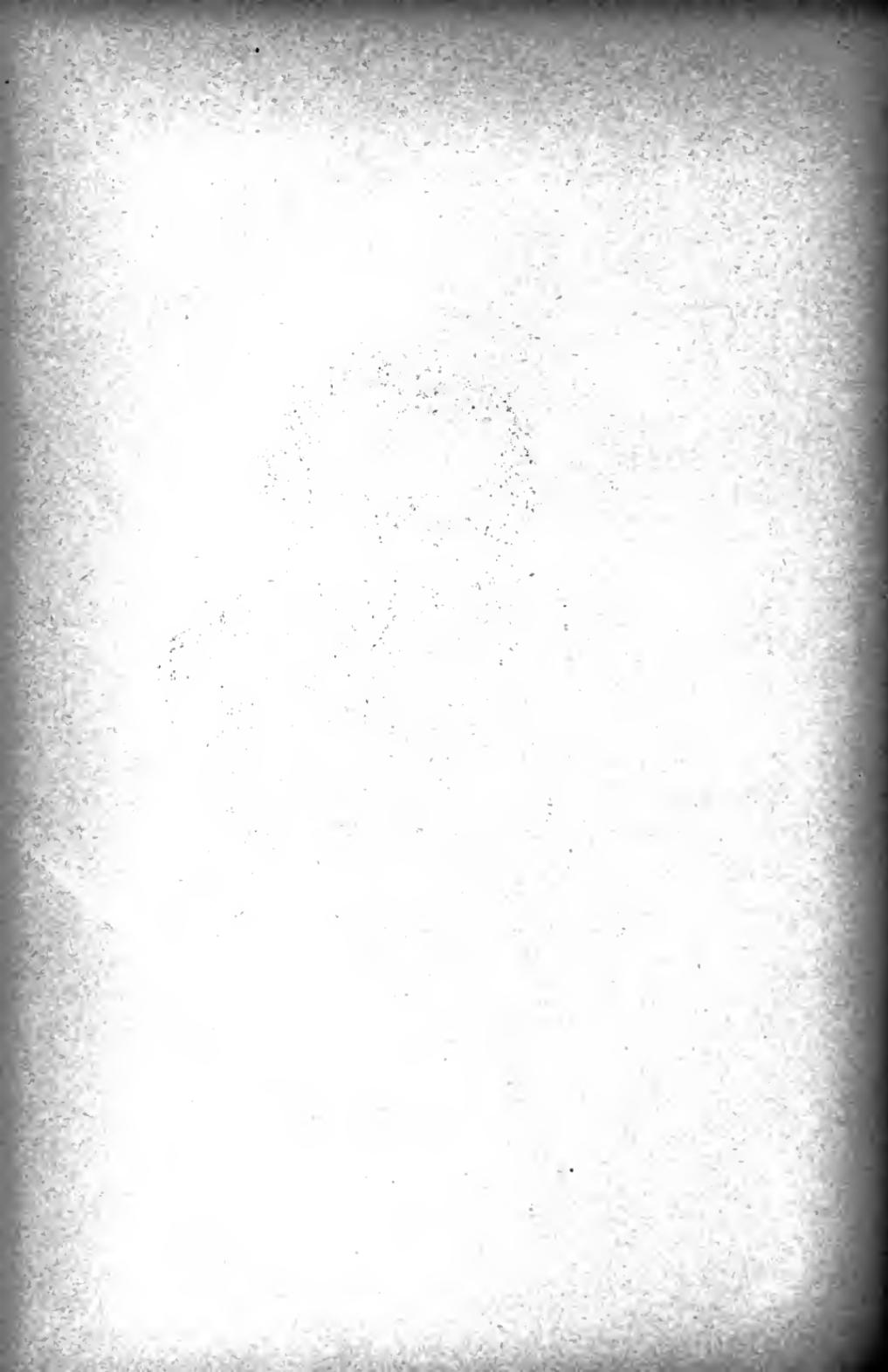
GADSHILL PLACE,  
NEAR ROCHESTER, KENT, 14<sup>th</sup> July 1857.

YOUR MAJESTY conferred upon me the high honour and sincere pleasure of permitting me to write to your Majesty from abroad. I have now been in England five weeks, and have spent the whole time with Charles Dickens in his charming villa at Gadshill, a place which Shakespeare has rendered famous by his Falstaff, who is mentioned in the first part of Henry IV. The whole landscape is like a garden, and from the hills one can follow the winding of the Thames for many a mile, and, looking far over woods and fields, catch a glimpse of the sea. There is a scent of wild roses and ivy here, the air is so fresh too, and inside the house itself happy people live. Dickens is one of the most amiable men that I know, and possesses as

much heart as intellect. The recently deceased author Jerrold left his widow without means. Dickens has interested himself on her behalf, and through a committee, including the names of Dickens, Bulwer, etc., some readings and private theatricals have been given, which have brought in altogether a sum of over £2000 sterling. Dickens was very much pleased at the large amount, which will be a support for the poor widow. Your Majesty will certainly have read in the papers of a performance which was given in the "Gallery of Illustration" for the first time in the presence of the Queen of England, the King of the Belgians, Prince Albert, and the Royal suite. Only fifty other persons, all invited guests, among whom I found myself, shared the enjoyment of this representation. Everything was arranged on a very magnificent scale. The rarest, most magnificent flowers decorated the passages and stairs. The piece itself—"The Frozen Deep"—is very interesting, and was only performed before in Dickens' house by the



LORD LYTTON.



same ladies and gentlemen who acted in it here. Dickens showed himself to be a most excellent actor both in tragedy and comedy. A farce called "Two O'clock in the Morning" brought the evening to a close. Dickens' two daughters, Mary and Katie, played the two ladies' parts naturally and well. Afterwards I saw "The Frozen Deep" played by professionals at a public performance, and with all admiration for Signora Ristori, I must acknowledge that Dickens is far more effective than she is on the stage, for he is easier in his manners. The best that I have seen of this admired tragic actress is her representation of Lady Macbeth. The last scene, in which she dies, is so harrowing, so grand, that this alone would make her fame as an artist. A son of the actor Kean is at present manager of one of the London theatres. His reputation consists in the artistic, glittering scenery with which he has mounted Shakespeare's plays. I have among other pieces seen "The Tempest," in which I can almost say that one scenic wonder follows

another ; but one forgets Shakespeare in the pleasure of the spectacle.

I have received many invitations here, but my visit in England this time is only to Dickens, therefore I have not gone to London, and have not been presented to the Queen, but will reserve this happiness for a future visit, so that I may then have something special to look forward to.

"If you are presented to the Queen," Count Reventlow said to me, "many invitations will follow ;" and from the numerous engagements which I had to fulfil day after day the last time I was on a visit to London, I was nearly made ill. The air is so heavy, the coal smoke so oppressive, and the heat almost unbearable. I shall therefore wisely confine this visit to the country.

The railway passes close by here, and it was on this line, on the evening before I paid a visit to Dickens in town, that the great collision happened which has been mentioned in the papers. Twelve persons were killed and twenty-four injured. The railway company will have a sum of

£70,000 sterling to pay the relatives of the passengers who were killed.

Near Gadshill Place is Lord Darnley's seat, with the old castle, where Queen Elizabeth often visited Leicester. In the neighbourhood there is a pretty village church, which formerly belonged to a nunnery. The church singing I find prettier than ours at home. The same melody is sung to every psalm, but so wonderfully gentle and soft. This moved me very much the first time I visited the church. On the other hand the service was too long, and lasted nearly two hours. I cannot maintain the devotional frame of mind which I consider fitting to divine service for so long a time.

The good old fashion of saying grace before meals is still observed in Dickens house: it is said by either Dickens or his eldest daughter.

But I fear that I have already tired my noble Queen with my letter, which contains so little; but if I could express in words all the devotion, gratitude, and affection

which I feel for your Majesty in my heart, these written sheets would then not contain so little! God bless and protect your Majesty.

H. C. ANDERSEN.

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*Andersen to Miss Henrietta Wulff.*

GADSHILL PLACE,  
HIGHAM, NEAR ROCHESTER, KENT.<sup>1</sup>  
(No date.)

MY DEAR SISTER AND FRIEND,—Thursday evening, the 4th of June, I left Denmark. Captain Lund let me have his cabin, so I was all right, and arrived at Kiel without being sea-sick. The first day it was frightfully hot, and I only reached Uelzen in Hanover, slept there, went the next day to Hamm, and the following day to Cologne. The heat had half killed me: my spirits were heavy, the journey oppressive, and on the Monday I did not go farther

<sup>1</sup> See Shakespeare, Henry IV., 2nd vol.

than Aachen. Here it was cold, and from the moment I entered Belgium the cloud over my spirits lifted. I got again into my old travelling humour, slept a night in Brussels, and at three o'clock in the morning I crossed from Calais to Dover. I was very ill. It blew a gale, and up till now the wind has been so high and cold that I have every day been wearing my winter clothes. It is like the coldest autumn, and yet there is bright sunshine.

From Dover I went at once by train to London, and I was told there that a train would leave for Higham in a minute. I changed carriages at once, but was not certain whether Dickens had got my letter from Brussels, and about ten o'clock in the morning (it was Thursday, the 11th) I arrived at Higham, a little village with only one solitary house near the station. Here a man asked me, while I was standing alone on the road, if I was going to Dickens'? I said yes, and asked him to get me a carriage, but it was impossible to find one. I had announced my arrival for

the evening or for the next morning, and thus came quite unexpectedly. The man, however, took my portmanteau and all my things on his truck, and we walked about a mile and a half along a pretty lane to the high road between Gravesend and Rochester. Here was "Gadshill Place," Dickens' residence, a pretty little villa, with trimmed hedges and a lot of *laurus corasus*. The reception was most cordial. Dickens took me in his arms. Later on his wife and children came. I have got a beautiful room, and from my window I can look down over Higham towards the Thames, which swarms with ships. Dickens looks older, and has grown a beard. And do you know who he is like at home? The artillery officer Hazthansen, only more lively than I have ever seen the latter. Mrs. Dickens I find pretty this time, and the eldest daughter, Mary, is like her. The second, Kate, has decidedly Dickens' face, such as you know from his portrait. There are three sons in Boulogne and four at home; the youngest, Edward Lytton Bulwer

Dickens, is five years old. All the children have been named after poets ; the eldest is called Charles Dickens, the second Walter Landor (he starts in four weeks' time for Calcutta, where he is to be an officer, and stays away for seven years). Then come the sons at Boulogne : Francis Jeffrey, Alfred Tennyson, Sydney Smith, and at home the two youngest, Henry Fielding and Edward Bulwer. Little Henry was the one who liked me best.

Their family life seemed so intimate, and a young lady, Miss Hogarth, who has been in the house for many years, pours out the tea and coffee, plays with the young Misses Dickens, and seems to be a very amiable and well-bred lady. Dickens himself is like the best character in his books—jolly, lively, happy, and cordial. I understand him best as regards the language. And now I have just been here eight days, and he says I am making astonishing progress in speaking English ; every hour it gets better. But now I am speaking without any fear, and even the little ones begin to under-

stand me. Last Sunday I went to church with Dickens, Miss Hogarth, Walter, and Henry. The service was long, and we had to walk more than half a Danish mile out and home. I understood the psalms and hymns, but not the parson.

Douglas Jerrold was buried last Monday. Dickens followed, and I then went with him to his house in London—Tavistock House. From there I drove with Mrs. Dickens and the daughters to the Crystal Palace, where the first grand Handel Festival, with orchestra and singers, in all 2000, took place. Handel's "Messiah" was sung to an audience of over 12,000, who had each paid two guineas (about twenty dollars Danish) for the ticket. Dickens' family and I were seated right opposite the Royal box. The leading director of the Crystal Palace conducted us to our seats, and we dined with him and his wife afterwards. It was like Aladdin's Palace, or rather like a fairy town, with glass streets, flowers, and statues in the whole building. Beautiful lotus, red, blue, and white, were growing in the broad

marble canals. The music sounded so strangely that my head whirled—I almost wanted to cry. Outside, the fountains were playing, rainbows were formed in the stormy weather. It was as if we were in Undine's kingdom. Never, with the exception of the blue grotto, have I seen anything more fairy-like. About half-past nine we returned to London and went at once to the theatre, where Ristori appeared in the tragedy "Camma." I felt no enthusiasm, though she is a great artist I admit. Her movements are as in a ballet. Everything was pointed to the highest degree, but no doubt it was right and true Italian. Dickens also is not captivated with her. The next day Mrs. Dickens and the daughters went back to Gadshill Place, and I went to Piccadilly, where Walter and I were asked to Miss Coutts' house. This is the most elegant house I have seen as yet. Miss Burdett Coutts is one of the richest ladies in England. Dickens said that her fortune was immense, and Hambro mentioned her yearly income as being so large, that I don't

seem to understand it rightly. I think it was £100,000. But she is at all events very benevolent, builds churches, spends plenty of money in charities, and does an immense amount of good. I slept here last night in a bedroom, the like of which I had never seen before. There was a bright fire and costly carpets, and from the windows one looked out to the garden and to Piccadilly. The large house was more than royal, and at dinner and in the evening the whole fashionable world of London was present. Yesterday at luncheon Admiral Napier was sitting at my side. He enquired after several people in Copenhagen. Miss Coutts wished me to see her garden outside London. She drove me there yesterday. What splendour! What an abundance of flowers, and a view of London—so wonderful! She is very straightforward, amiable, and good-natured in the highest degree, and I could speak much better to her than to her servants, who are too haughty. I asked her for every little thing I wanted, even soda-water. We spoke German together,

but with all the others I spoke English. There were splendid pictures in the house, statues, and costly works. The visit to the garden was the cause of Walter and I getting too late to the railway station, where we had to wait an hour-and-a-half last night.

This letter will, of course, be read by the whole family at home, and I send them all my best regards. I hope your brother-in-law is tolerably well. Tell your sister how often I think of her. I shall be glad if, when you have read the letter, you will let Mrs. Laessöe read it. She shall soon hear from me, and I can then tell her more things about England than this contains.

You must not let the newspapers get hold of this letter. You know yourself it is confidential, and speaks about the family life here, which is so lovely, and it ought to appear in quite another style for the unsympathetic world. Mrs. Dickens is so gentle, so motherly, quite like Agnes in "David Copperfield." The daughters are pretty and unaffected, and seem very gifted,

Dickens went to London this morning. He is very busy with the performances which are to be given for the benefit of Jerrold's widow. One day he will read his Christmas story; another, there is to be a theatrical performance, in which Dickens, Bulwer, Thackeray, and other authors will take part, also Dickens' eldest daughter, Mary, who has great dramatic talents.

Last night, when I read your letter, I told Dickens and his family about you, how much you like him, told him about your brother Christian, and your trip to America, and Dickens and his family listened with much sympathy.

It is very fresh out here in the country. It is a part which is not much visited, but still not lonely. There are fine walks and an oak forest close by. My silhouettes are much sought after, and I have received several letters asking for my autograph. From a countryman, a merchant, Hald, in Manchester, I have received an invitation to stay and visit the exhibition, but I can't go. Hambro, as well as Bentley, has invited me,

and probably I am going ; still, I don't think I shall be so cosy as I am here. In Dickens' home in London I saw in the bedroom Thorwaldsen's "Night," and in our breakfast-room his "Day." There were beautiful pictures, and on the mantelpiece was my portrait, which I had enclosed in a letter to him. Here in the country I found books on my table to read : "The Fairy Family," "The Thousand and One Nights," "Sir Roger de Coverley" of the *Spectator*, and "Works of W. Irving." You see what Dickens thinks would be according to my taste. Arm-in-arm Dickens and I walked through the streets of London. We met many, all knew me, and two used the expression, "Andersen, father of all children!" So you see I have an immense family. I wish you could be sitting here for an hour at the supper table when we are chatting, and Dickens tells me so much, and seems to agree with me about most things.

Outside the house is a large clover field. The sons and I are often lying there. There is a fragrance of clover, the elder tree is in

blossom, and the wild roses have an odour of apples, so fresh and strong. I do not at all feel as if I am in a foreign land, but as if I were at home.

But now I think I have been chatting too much about myself; though you say that you like best to hear that. About the theatre at home, about Bournonville, and the news of the town, etc., you don't get anything this time. You have yourself declined it. It was news to me to hear about Dorph's dismissal. Please write soon, and don't let the letter be too short. This is a long letter. You must be satisfied with the contents. Now, God bless you! and remember me to all the dear ones at home.—Your brotherly friend,

H. C. ANDERSEN.

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“To Be or Not to Be” is published; but as yet I have heard nothing about the book.

*Andersen to Miss Henrietta Wulff.*

PARIS, 19<sup>th</sup> July 1857.

MY DEAR SISTER AND FRIEND,—Yesterday afternoon I arrived here in “sun-heated” Paris, where I feel lonely, strange, not at all as in London, or rather in the home of Dickens. The change is too great in comparison to England and Germany. Still I am not unknown in France, but strange. Yesterday at the Railway Station at Amiens I bought a French edition of my fairy tales. I saw my name peeping out from the book-shelves. Early this morning I rode to Dirckinck Holmfield and found the two letters which you have so kindly sent to me, and am so glad that you are not going across the ocean, but to Hastings. I should already like to leave Paris to-day; but as I was rash enough to give my washing to the laundress, and cannot get it back till Monday, I must stay here in this rumbling hot town, where

I am sitting all alone in a poky little room.

Last Wednesday, the 15th July, I left the family of Dickens in Gadshill Place. I did not pass through London, but Maidstone, whither Dickens himself drove me in a little carriage, we two all alone. I did not speak much—I was sad. He was like a dear brother up to the last moment. He looked sadly at me when we parted, kissed me, and—I travelled alone in the steam serpent to Folkstone—I had to wait a couple of hours for the steamer before she started, and some hours afterwards I saw France. I felt as deeply grieved as if I had left one of my dear ones whom I should never see again. The hot weather caused me to stay in Amiens, and only yesterday, in company with an English family, to whom I was continually speaking English, I arrived in Paris. I do not feel inclined to read, nor to write. The criticism in "*Fadrelandet*," together with the heat, weighs heavily on me. I wish you had cut it out of the paper. It is better to know

the actual words than to imagine them. Cut the criticism out and send it to Dresden (if there is anything good in it, and surely there must be some).

I wish I were in Germany. I dread to get ill here in France.

Still, enough about my inner self. A little more of Shakespeare's land, where I am not a stranger, but the "poet" of Denmark. Albert Smith's party was in the suburbs of London, where he has a large house, and lives with his brother, a young, handsome, and interesting man. We dined in the garden in a large tent on the lawn, and drank champagne from big cups. Dickens was so full of life. Mark Lemon, the editor of "Punch," a jolly elderly man, embraced me continually, and playfully accused me of being satirical. I cannot give his English words. In the evening the garden was illuminated with lights in bottles. A young English singer was invited, together with several other ladies who sang charmingly. The stars twinkled beautifully; it was glorious. Dickens told

me how glad he was that a large sum had been collected for Jerrold's widow. His eyes sparkled. A moment later I read in one of the many papers which were lying about that Dickens had done it all from vanity—he desired to make himself popular. Horrible! It brought tears to my eyes. How unkind is the world in its judgments! Oh, God! if I do the same without thinking, then may the Lord forgive me as I forgive.

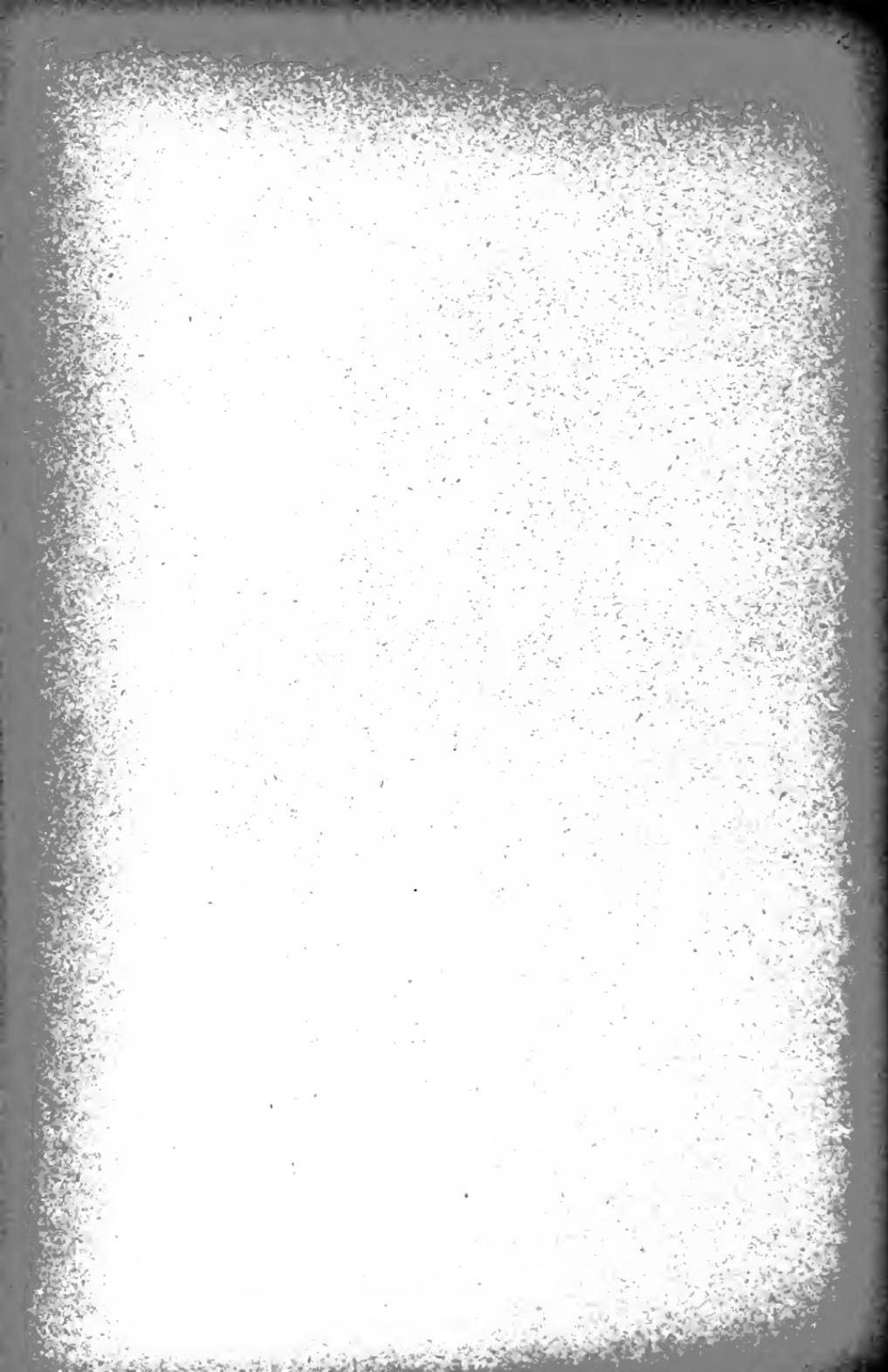
Albert Smith is one of the most amiable men I have ever met. You can have confidence in him, and that is what other people say about him. In Dickens' house Dickens was absolutely the pearl; Mrs. Dickens so kind and good; Mary next cared most for me, and so down to the younger ones. I was at home there, and I have a home! Poor Paris, thou can't not help it that I feel as if I were in a little dungeon or put on the floor in a hot oven over a steam-mill. I could breathe more freely under the weeping willow at St. Helena.

I have had a letter from Holland. My



MARK LEMON.

*[From a Photograph by Mazall]*



works will be published there in thirty volumes, with my portrait. How strange that all my books are flying over the world, and at home I am so little appreciated—am still only a poor schoolboy, always in the lowest form! If I am wronged, Denmark, it is thy shame! Still, I have just said, I forgive, as I wish to be forgiven. Oh, Lord! my heart is warm, my feelings are so strong! You do not know how much I suffer. And still I would not be without this "to be," no matter how bitter it even may be! God bless you! Remember me kindly to your sister and all at home.—Your brother,

H. C. ANDERSEN.

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*Andersen to the Grand-Duke of Weimar.*

MAXEN, NEAR DRESDEN,  
*9th August 1857.*

FOR a long time I have not written to your Royal Highness. The reason I have

not done so is revealed in the pages of the new book, "To Be or Not to Be," which I sent some time ago to your Royal Highness from Leipzig.

None of my works have demanded so much preparatory study as this one. I have lived in the book, written it, and then re-written it again and again. If your Royal Highness could find time to look through this book you would perhaps acknowledge it to be my best, most deeply thought-out work, and be satisfied with its author. You will also understand and forgive me for not always visibly expressing on paper my true devoted thoughts, and my affection for you.

Like the "Nightingale," of the fairy tale, which always flies away from the castle but ever returns after long flights abroad, and sings from the heart for its Emperor, so I also return to home-like Weimar, and I know that I shall never be scared away by a disdainful look.

When I had finished my book it was the middle of May, and I was invited to the summer castle of my noble Queen,

the widow of Christian VIII. I spent several days there, watching the beeches unfold their buds and burst into leaf, and reading my new book aloud. I saw tears in the Queen's eyes. Her thanks were so sincere and fervent, it was the first joy that my book had brought me.

At the end of May I left Denmark. Charles Dickens had already invited me several times to go to England. Ten years had now passed since I was there and met your Royal Highness and your Consort. This year Dicken's invitation was still more cordial and pressing. He had just bought a pretty house in the country, in North Kent, he wrote, where we could spend weeks together, and he had also just finished his latest work, "Little Dorrit." I travelled to England and was received there with great warmth and sincerity, and remained five weeks in the home of the author and friend.

It is a beautiful house situated at Gads-hill, which Shakespeare has rendered fa-mous through Henry IV. and Falstaff. The old highway from London to Dover is

close by. From the hill one looks down upon the sea, Rochester, and the Thames for miles long, which, with his thousand ships, winds in and out like a serpent. All around there was the scent of wild roses, may, and lilac ; in the meadows the hay stood in stacks, and inside the house all was happiness. Dickens is forty-five years old, cheerful, amiable, noble, and good. However highly I may place him as an author, I must prize him just as highly as an actor in tragedy, as well as in comedy. Your Royal Highness will have read recently in the papers of the private performance he gave before the Queen. The whole Royal family and the King of the Belgians were there. Beyond these there were scarcely more than forty people, whom Dickens had invited by permission of the Queen, and I was one of them. The Duke of Somerset had sent his gardener to decorate all the passages magnificently with rare flowers. It was a beautiful sight.

I went several times to London with Dickens, and stayed all night at his luxuri-

ous house, and visited all the most interesting entertainments going on at the time. I heard Handel's "Messiah" sung by 2000 voices at the Crystal Palace, and saw Ristori as Gemma, and twice as Lady Macbeth. She only carried me away in the latter rôle. Her mimic art seems to me to belong rather to the ballet than the drama. Her transit from hate to love is as rapid as a transformation scene. I also saw "The Tempest," with really magical scenery; but unfortunately Shakespeare vanished in the enjoyment of the eye. One forgot the poet in the wonderful decorations, and returned home as empty as if one had been viewing a panorama.

I went to France by the way of Folkestone. This country has never pleased me very much, and still less now. After coming from a home such as Dickens', Paris seems to me like a bee-hive without honey. I only remained there three days, and hurried to Germany. Just as I arrived at Eisenach, while you were in Wilhelmsthal, I learned that the Emperor of Russia had

arrived on the very same morning, on a visit to your Royal Highness. I then went on directly to Dresden, and on the same day left for Silesia with the Serre family, on a visit to the celebrated pianist, Henselt. But, first of all, from Leipzig I sent my new book, as the author's visiting card, to the Royal house, as a nosegay for you, my noble sir!

Frau Serre has told me of her pleasant meeting with your Royal Highness on the steamer, and commissions me to express her thanks for your Royal Highness's gracious letter. The major and his wife are charming people; they do everything possible for me here in Maxen. What a beautiful world it is! How good people are!

But I must now return home. I have already been absent far too long; but through report and writing I am still with you in spirit! and if your Royal Highness has read "To Be or Not to Be," I shall receive a few words in Copenhagen.

On the 3rd of September, when the monument will be unveiled, my thoughts

will turn to Weimar. I shall hear the singing through the grounds of the Wartburg, and shall think of Carl Alexander! To be there personally would be still nicer, but I must renounce that idea. The Royal Danish Theatre begins its representations on the 1st of September, and I have business connected with it, so must absolutely be present.

To go to Weimar every year—I was there last year and the year before—might also easily tend to wear out my welcome. It is, therefore, quite fortunate to be obliged not to become too importunate.

Farewell! From the North the carrier pigeon goes again to dear Weimar. May happiness rest upon your home and your country!

H. C. ANDERSEN.

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*Andersen to the Grand-Duke of Weimar.*

MAXEN, NEAR DRESDEN,  
11th August 1857.

YOUR welcome letter has given me great pleasure, and proves your goodness. Your Royal Highness expresses a wish "that I should come to the fête, or war will be declared." This overcomes all obstacles, and I will come—not on account of the festivities, but to prove my gratitude and devotion to you.

I am writing to-day to Copenhagen, to say that I shall not arrive there till the 9th or the 10th. I shall come to Weimar at the end of August, and will remain, as your Royal Highness wishes me, until the morning of the 7th; then I must leave. My only anxiety is, that when I arrive at Weimar or Eisenach all the hotels may be full, as is to be expected at such a fête, and then what am I to do? In this case I shall certainly betake myself to the lord of the land. In the "Fairy Tale of my Life" I have mentioned

the 5th of September as a fateful day for me. Every year I celebrate this day quietly. It was on the 5th of September that I came, a poor child, for the first time to Copenhagen. Then my battles and struggles began. By chance I also went over the Alps to Italy on the 5th of September for the first time, and from there, by means of the "Improvisatore," my name as an author was established in foreign countries. And yet again, on the 5th of September, I was present at the table of my dearly-beloved King, Christian VIII., in the island of Föhr. It was the twenty-fifth anniversary of my first arrival in Copenhagen. The King stood by me like a friend, if I may say so, and was sympathetic and good. He spoke of my achievements, and of what I had overcome. Now I am once more to quietly celebrate my fête with you, my dear Grand-Duke, whom I honour more than you can imagine. It will be a new pleasure and remembrance for me.

God preserve you!

Give your Royal Consort my most sincere thanks for her gracious remembrances which

she sent me through your Royal Highness. Frau Serre is very much gratified by the Grand-Duke's greeting, and takes the liberty of returning the same.

H. C. ANDERSEN.

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*Charles Dickens to Andersen.*

GADSHILL PLACE, HIGHAM, BY ROCHESTER,  
*Wednesday, 2nd September 1857.*

MY DEAR ANDERSEN,—I have been away from here—at Manchester—which is the cause of this slow and late reply to your two welcome letters.

You are in your own home again by this time, happy to see its familiar face, I do not doubt, and happy in being received with open arms by all good Danish men, women, and children.

Everything here goes on as usual. Baby (too large for his name this long while!) calls “auntie” all over the house,

and the dogs come dancing about us, and go running down the green lanes before us, as they used to do when you were here. But the days are shorter and the evenings are darker, and when we go up to the monument to see the sunset, we are obliged to go directly after dinner, and it gets dark while we are up there, and as we pass the grim dog, who rattles his chain, we can hardly see his dim old eyes as we feed him with biscuit. The workmen, who have been digging in that well in the stableyard so long, have found a great spring of clear, bright water, and they got rather drunk when they found it (not with the water, but with some gin I gave them), and then they packed up their tools and went away, and now the big dog and the raven have all that place to themselves. The corn-fields that were golden when you were here are ploughed up brown. The hops are being picked, the leaves on the trees are just beginning to turn, and the rain is falling as I write—very sadly—very steadily.

We have just closed our labour in remembrance of poor Jerrold, and we have raised for his widow and daughter two thousand pounds. On Monday I am going away (with Collins) for a fortnight or so into odd corners of England, to write some descriptions for "Household Words." When I come back I shall find them dining here by lamplight. And when I come back I will write to you again.

I never meet any of the friends whom you saw here but they always say, "How's Andersen?—where's Andersen?"—and I draw imaginary pictures of where you are, and declare that you desired to be heartily remembered to them. They are always pleased to be told this. I told old Jerdans so, the other day, when he wrote to me, asking when he was to come and see you.

All the house send you their kind regards. Baby says you shall not be put out of the window when you come back. I have read "To Be or Not to Be," and think it a very fine book—full of a good purpose, admirably wrought out—a book in every way

worthy of its great author. Good-bye, dear Andersen. Affectionately your friend,

CHARLES DICKENS.

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*Andersen to Miss Henrietta Wulff.*

CASSEL, 6th September 1857.

MY DEAR SISTER AND FRIEND,—This day thirty-eight years ago I, a poor child, arrived at Copenhagen. To-day I arrived here in the town of Cassel, from Weimar. Cassel is just the town my old grandmother spoke about, and told me that her grandmother was once a grand lady there, “but she eloped with a strolling player, and from that day none of her kindred would acknowledge her.” Perhaps they would now acknowledge her child. This thought fills me now while I am sitting here in this dull town. Your letter—the second to Weimar—I received last night as I went to the last fête in the theatre—a concert of Liszt’s. Thanks, my heartfelt thanks, for

the affectionate letter. I read it over again in the theatre, as otherwise the music would have killed me. Everything was Liszt. I could not follow this wildness—this, as I think, thoughtless composition. They played with the cymbals, and I thought a plate had dropped. But the audience was in raptures, and it rained wreaths! It is a strange world!

Since I left Maxen I have not been quite well. For the moment I have got a cold, so I am scarcely able to speak. This I caught again this year from the festivities in Weimar, the heat and the draught: those two will kill me.

I have sent the programme in a letter to Bille. I think it will be in "Dagbladet." You can read it there—there is not a word about me—and then I will speak to you only about myself, and how true and good the reigning Grand-Duke always is towards me. The whole family is so kind to me, and treat me as if I belonged to the house. The Grand-Duke embraced me,—kissed me on both cheeks when I came and when I left,—and at all the festivities where we met (and he walked about and spoke to everybody) he al-

ways shook hands with me. You may say "it is very little," but I repeat "it is very much indeed from a man like him, educated in the strictest etiquette!" This morning I was sitting with him. He wanted me to go to Wartburg, whither he went with Pücklumuskau, but I told him I would rather go home; and when I again visit Germany I have been invited by the Governor of Wartburg to stay a couple of days as his guest, where Luther has been. What a contrast I feel it; still I am glad. This morning I received the silver and bronze medal for the Carl August centenary.

I have made the acquaintance of Schiller's family, and they have invited me to their estate. They all say that I am remarkably like Schiller, and I cannot deny that, as the Schiller-Goethe monument was unveiled,—you know that both poets stand on one pedestal,—I was surprised at the likeness between Schiller's bust and my own. It is a splendid work of Rietschel's. I have made his acquaintance here. He seems of a kindred nature to Bissen! The three dramatic nota-

bilities,—Emil Devrient, Davison, and Miss Seebach,—assisted at the festivals, and all three received me most cordially. So do all the German authors who are gathered here, especially Auerbach, the excellent author of "*Dorfgeschichten*." At court they paid me very great attention, and—I dare only tell you this—on the railway there happened to-day what has happened before. When people hear that I am Danish they speak about Thorwaldsen, Oehlenschläger, Oersted, and when I say sadly, "They are dead," the reply is that "Andersen is still living!" I feel so small, and almost believe it is a vain dream. Oh God, can I be mentioned with these three!

At the festivities were Frau von Goethe and both her sons, Wolff and Walther. Frau von Goethe wrote me a very nice letter, thanking me for "*Sein oder nicht sein*." What I have written about "*Faust*" had pleased her. It was rather strange at the court dinner to see young Goethe, who was chamberlain-in-waiting, serving the soup.

The Grand-Duke's two sisters, Princess Carl and the Princess of Prussia, have been

here all the time. I have spoken to them several times, as well as to the foreign Princess. Remarkably enough, they know my books, and you can understand that, when the Royal family received me so cordially, the whole court is also amiable. But still I cannot help thinking of the Danish Mr. Petersen, from the defunct "Monthly Magazine for Literature" down to poor Petersen in the columns of "Fadrelandet." If they had seen it, they would surely have spoken milder than they have done. Just in the brilliancy of the court I am thinking of these people; they never enter my thoughts when a Dickens, a Humboldt, Liebig, or Carl Alexander presses my hand in loving sympathy. Perhaps I am not thankful enough to God when I let the small things affect me, but I believe it has its reason in my first appearance under such poor circumstances. My own life is still the strangest fairy tale.

GÖTTINGEN, 8th September 1857.

THE next page I am beginning in Göttingen, where I arrived yesterday, and went

to bed at once. I have got a very bad cold and a dreadful headache. Still I hope to reach Hanover to-day, and I shall then post this letter. I intended to write another letter to-day and enclose it,—a letter to Mathilde Oersted,—but I cannot. My head is in a whirl—I feel weak; but you will kindly tell her and her mother how I am, and say that I always expected to hear when they arrived in Copenhagen, and would then write. I had thought to reach Copenhagen Sunday or Monday next, but it can scarcely be done. As I am now I must make shorter journeys; and I shall stay a day or two at Basnoes or Soröe, God willing. Remember me kindly to your sister, brother-in-law, and all who still remember—Yours truly,

H. C. ANDERSEN.

HANOVER, *Afternoon, 8th September.*

I ARRIVED here with a frightful headache. Shall not pay any visits. Am not going to the theatre, but to bed, so that I can get a little more northward to-morrow.

Adieu!

*Andersen to the Grand-Duke of Weimar.*

SORÖE, DENMARK, 22nd September 1857.

I SHALL remain forever grateful to your Royal Highness for the beautiful days in Weimar, and for all the kindness and cordiality with which you received me.

Unfortunately I have been unwell since my departure from Weimar, where I took a severe chill at the festivities. I arrived, feeling ill, at Cassel, proceeded slowly by way of Göttingen, Hanover, and Hamburg to Copenhagen. I feared that it might develop into typhus fever, for my head felt like splitting. The cholera was in Hamburg, but it was not much talked about. People spoke more of the cholera in Corsör, whither I was bound by steamer. We arrived very early one lovely morning, and remained a few hours in the unpleasant town, till the train left for Copenhagen. Here, too, there were a few cholera cases, and therefore my doctor wished me to leave

again immediately, and go to the country until the winter. It was very inconvenient for me, as the Royal Theatre had just opened, and I had several pieces coming on which required my presence; but I had to go, for even in the street where I live there were a few cases of cholera. On the Monday I went to the little university town of Sorœ, eight miles from Copenhagen, but only four from Corsör. Here I have been most comfortably put up by the old Danish poet Ingemann, the Nestor of Danish poets; but I am not yet myself, for the cold will not leave me, and I find it difficult to write, especially in a foreign tongue. This is indeed written very badly, but your Royal Highness will read it with the heart, and certainly understand the true beating of mine. After our agreement and my promise I could delay no longer, and must let you know where I am, how I live, and what I am doing. If you will send me a few lines soon they may be addressed to Copenhagen, for I shall return there as soon as my doctor allows me. Here, in Sorœ, I

am, as I have already said, only four miles<sup>1</sup> from Corsör. People can arrive in two hours by rail, but the cold weather and fresh air of the last few days have brought about a great improvement in that town. When at Weimar I wrote an account of the festivities for one of our best papers, which has since been reprinted in several others. I shall soon send a little fairy tale in German to the "Weimar Monatsschrift," and if God wills, I shall write a long and cheerful letter, but if I must die my spirit will hover in love and gratitude over you.

My most respectful greeting to her Royal Highness the Grand-Duchess. God bless and rejoice you and the house of Weimar.

H. C. ANDERSEN.

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*Andersen to Charles Dickens.*

SORÖE, September 1857.

MY DEAR DICKENS,—I am now again in Denmark, but was only two days in Copenha-

<sup>1</sup> Danish mile--about 4 English miles.

gen, where I received your long-hoped-for letter. Thank you for it. I am again far from the town and out in the country, where my physician sent me immediately, as some cholera cases had just shown themselves on my arrival. It has also broken out in other towns, but most severely in Corsör. It is a miserable time to come home. It is as if I had come from the warm sunshine into a cold, damp cloud, and into the bargain I am unable to shake off a cold which I took at Weimar festivities. Otherwise I had a happy time there. The Grand-Duke received me as heartily and kindly as only my best and dearest friend could. I really felt that to him I was a welcome guest. He is so noble and good, I think very highly of him.

People had streamed into the town from all parts of Germany round about. Flags and banners waved from towers and houses, wreaths and garlands were everywhere, and in addition the weather was fine, particularly so on the day when the Wieland Statue, and afterwards the two poet-figures,

Schiller and Goethe, both cast in bronze and standing on one and the same pedestal, were unveiled. At the theatre single acts from Schiller's and Goethe's tragedies were played, a division which I do not like. Emil Devrient, Davison, and Fräulein Seebach,—three of the most notable of German artistes,—contributed by their talent to the successes of the festival. Devrient, with whom I conversed a great deal, begged me to send you the warmest greeting. We talked a great deal about you and England. On September 6th I left Weimar with a severe cold and a frightful headache. I was therefore compelled to take the journey in short stages, and to stop in Cassel, Göttingen, and Hanover, as well as in Hamburg. In the latter town was the cholera, a disease which I fear the most of any. When I got to Denmark I did not escape the epidemic. It was raging in the little town of Corsör, to which the steamer from Kiel brought me; and when, after a few hours' stay, I reached Copenhagen, my physician received me with the question as

to what I wanted there under the circumstances. I remained, notwithstanding, two days, and then, as there were several cases, particularly in my neighbourhood, I at once went away to the little university town of Sorœ, which lies in the midst of forest solitudes on the shores of a large inland lake. The Nestor of Danish poets, Ingemann, lives here with his respected, excellent wife. I have now been for more than a week the guest of these dear old people. The air here, however, during this time is not at all good, and the exhalations from the lake are by no means agreeable.

Corsör is scarcely two hours by rail from Copenhagen, and the trains are running daily backwards and forwards with travellers. In the midst of all this depression, where thought and speech might be so easily concentrated on what is dismal here at home, the attention is first fixed on the English in India. The course of events there is followed with tears and anxious hearts. You have now doubtless heard from Walter? Do not forget when you write

to tell me how he is! All my friends and acquaintances—nay, I can safely say every one who comes in contact with me—enquire most sympathetically after Charles Dickens, and all the family at Gadshill. They extol my good fortune, and envy me my visit at your house. That will also never be obliterated from my memory, and particularly you, who stand before me so unchangeable in goodness and amiability, who show no sign of variableness. How often I call to mind the kind, cordial voice with which your amiable wife told me more than once that I was truly welcome to you, and that you so much liked to have me! I always cherished the fear that you would get tired of me,—the stranger who could not speak your language properly. With such a feeling as that, one is all eyes and ears down to one's finger tips; though I felt and understood that here, too, man and wife were of one thought and one mind. God bless you for it! Greet your daughters and sons as well as Miss Hogarth! May I dwell in your thoughts with friendliness,

as many pleasant memories of you float before mine daily !

To the baby I send a special message, and if Turk, Dandy, and the Raven could likewise understand, I would also tie a greeting to them beneath the wings of the carrier pigeon. Collins promised me that I should receive "The Frozen Deep." I should have had great pleasure in seeing it represented at Copenhagen if he did not object.

You promised to give me the name of the best edition of Shakespeare in one volume. Thanks for the friendly words you said to me about "To Be or Not to Be." Let me know—that is if I may know—if you will soon have another great work ready. I am now thinking out a new novel! Naturally it takes place in our own times—I know no other. The plot is laid in Denmark. It is there where my roots are planted. Good-bye, God bless and watch over you.—Sincerely your faithful friend,

H. C. ANDERSEN.

*Andersen to the Grand-Duke of Weimar.*

COPENHAGEN, 30th October 1857.

A FEW days ago I arrived in Copenhagen. The cholera, it is true, has not yet quite disappeared, but there are only isolated cases now,—about five or six a week.

On my arrival I found a letter on my table from your Royal Highness, a fresh bouquet from the Wartburg, the place of which I have just been reading so much, and whether my thoughts so often fly, as if they were looking for a background for future composition. The letter was so sincerely kind, and characteristic of yourself, my dear sir. My most hearty thanks for it. Every line breathes sincerity and genuine sympathy.

I have spent the last three weeks at beautiful Basnäs on the Great Belt. You already know the mediæval castle from my former descriptions. It stands by the sea, and is surrounded by wooded hills. The weather was summer-like, and I was as com-

fortable there as it is possible to be with dear, kind friends who are also blessed with riches. And yet I yearned for my little study at home, and my friends. In the neighbourhood of Basnäs the cholera raged more than in Copenhagen. I therefore left, and have been well up till now, and, if God wills, I shall continue so.

Our old stage,—perhaps the oldest in Europe,—has been pulled down and replaced by a better and larger one. On the first of December the representations will begin again. Until then we shall play at the little Court Theatre. There has been a split in the theatrical world. Our best artiste, Fräu Heiberg, who must certainly also be known to your Royal Highness, leaves the stage in displeasure with the management. This is really an event. Fräu Heiberg can well be classed with a Ristori, a Rachel, or even a Mars. Our stage will not produce her equal for centuries.

At a concert a few days ago the overture in "Tannhäuser" was heard in public for the first time in this town, and was much ap-

plauded, as was also Liszt's Prelude. In time we shall have the whole opera of "Tannhäuser" performed here. It is to me the most pleasing of Wagner's compositions.

Dickens' novel, "Little Dorrit," has, I see, been violently attacked in England. He has, however, defended himself bravely and well. When I stayed in his house I saw how generously and zealously he worked to raise a few thousand pounds for Douglas Jerrold's widow. He arranged recitations, dramatic performances, and similar entertainments, but received very poor thanks for his trouble. The son of the deceased Jerrold has, I hear, intimated that it was unnecessary to carry round the hat to collect money for his mother, as she was not left in straitened circumstances. This is written after everything had taken place and all the trouble been spent on it. How ungrateful !

I have received a letter to-day from Frau Serre. She is enchanted at the cordiality and graciousness with which your Royal Highness has received her husband. Major Serre and his wife are noble, benevolent

people. Their kindness is extended to a large circle of friends, and their hospitality is well known.

I have not heard from Chancellor Beaulieu whether he goes to Italy or remains in Weimar this winter. His painful loss of a rare wife has grieved me deeply. I often think of her.

H. C. ANDERSEN.

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*Andersen to the Grand-Duke of Weimar.*

COPENHAGEN, 14th December 1857.

Soon the festive Christmastide will be here. I am flying from town to Basnäs to pass a few days in country comfort. If it were not for the sea and the great stretch between Copenhagen and Weimar, I should have come to you for the sacred festivity. Now I can only be there in thought. I can see you plainly in your happy circle: I hear the children's joy. May the proofs of goodness

shown to me descend upon the children.  
Give them all my Christmas greeting.

A new lithographic portrait of me will soon be ready. I shall take the liberty of sending it to you, so that during the winter you may have me to some extent under your eyes. I have finished two new fairy tales,—perhaps my best,—but they will not be printed until I have a collection ready.

The Royal Danish Theatre has an entirely new caste this summer. The first representation was a play of Holberg's, following a prologue of mine. I had the vexation of seeing the actor, Professor Nielsen, who of late has suffered from a very bad memory, halt in the middle of my piece, lose his place, and skip over no less than thirteen strophes. What torture for an author to listen to! It nearly made me ill.

As I have mentioned Holberg here, our Northern Molière, I should like to recommend to your Royal Highness a work which has just appeared in Stuttgart and Augsburg. It is "Ludwig Holberg: his Life and Works, with a Selection of his Plays," by Robert

Prutz. It is certainly very anti-Danish, which I much regret; but in the main it is excellent. One can see by it what importance Holberg formerly had in Germany, and his influence on the German stage. Even Hagdorn sings,—

“Who laughs not with Holberg  
Can with Goldoni weep.”

In the Hamburg repertoire of 1742 to 1743, among the list of one hundred and ninety plays which had been represented in the course of years, are forty-four by Holberg. The Ackermanns (husband and wife), Eckhof and Schröder, and such artists as these supported and loved Holberg. It is curious that he has not been re-established in his former status like Molière and Goldoni. It would redound to the credit of the German stage to reproduce a piece of his, and it would delight me if the Weimar theatre made the first step.

In any case you will find this book by Robert Prutz interesting. Read at least one of the comedies; Prutz only gives five of

them, but Holberg has written six times as many. "The Political Statemonger," "The Lying-in Room," "The Man who has no Time," "Rasmus Montanus," "Jean de France," belong to the best. In Copenhagen they are performed again and again every year, and have worked their way into the hearts of the people. Many phrases in these comedies have become household proverbs.

The state of health here is now good. The cholera is over, God be praised, but it still exists in Sweden. The weather is fine, and unusually mild and warm, and I already feel the longing of the birds of passage. May the coming year bring happiness and blessing.

H. C. ANDERSEN.

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*Andersen to the Grand-Duke of Weimar.*

COPENHAGEN, 12th January 1858.

ON my return from the country, where I spent Christmas and the first days of

the New Year, I found your Royal Highness' letter and several friendly greetings from Germany. Among these I must touch upon one. At Maxen, near Dresden, I met a young lady<sup>1</sup> last summer, the daughter of the deceased Superintendent of Police in Breslau. In a letter to her afterwards I described the festivals in Weimar, and among other things related to her what I saw at the unveiling of Goethe's and Schiller's statues—namely, how a white butterfly fluttered around the poet-heroes, and, as if it had not quite made up its mind whether to settle on the one or the other of them, after circling round both, soared into the air. After this the young lady made me a drawing, surrounded by an arabesque, embracing many places dear to me, notably the castle in Weimar, the old wings and the new building, as well as the Crystal Palace in London, Maxen, where the Serre family live, the tree I planted there, etc., etc.

<sup>1</sup> Fraulein Clara Fredericka Heincke, the well-known portrait-painter of Berlin.

During the Christmas season I was very energetic, and have written no less than three new fairy tales; one of these, "The Last Dream of an Old Oak-Tree," is probably one of my best. Another, "A Bachelor's Night-cap," I hope will please; the plot is laid in Eisenach and Copenhagen.

I am now writing a piece for the National Theatre. Unfortunately none of my dramatic works have yet been put upon the German stage, with the exception of "Little Karin;" but this, as your Royal Highness knows, is only an opera.

Fresh fairy tales are still demanded, and it is to be hoped that in the spring a new volume of them will appear, and also a German translation.

The desire to travel—a longing for the South—is already beginning in me earlier than ever on account of the fine weather. It is like March now. At Christmastide I found violets in the wood.

Through the publisher Lock, in Leipzig, I have taken the liberty of sending your Royal Highness a new portrait of myself.

It is considered very successful; I hope to hear your opinion of it at your leisure.

Christmas literature was very abundant this year in Denmark. Among the more important items may be mentioned a novel, "The Visionary." Of remarkable pieces on the stage the most conspicuous is, "The King's Favourite," by Hauch. The plot is laid in the time of Christian IV. Jerichau the sculptor is working at a bust of Christian VIII.

Fredericka Bremer is living in Rome this winter. I received a letter from her yesterday, in which she tells me she has just finished another long novel.

Possibly I may go to Rome next winter. I must see once more the native land of the "Improvisatore." Between Rome and Denmark lies the home-like Weimar, and when in the spring everything blossoms and sings, a voice within me cries,—thither away!—away!

With the most sincere wishes for your health and happiness,

H. C. ANDERSEN,

*Andersen to the Grand-Duke of Weimar.*

COPENHAGEN, 25th February 1858.

A NEW work of mine is just about to appear, "New Fairy Tales and Stories." My thoughts have been concentrated on this book, or else my carrier pigeon would have flown over the snow and ice to dear Weimar long since. I should like to have had a German translation of it at once, but my German publisher wishes for a few more pages than the Danish edition has, and would therefore rather wait till September.

I should like to know if one of the tales, "The Bachelor's Night-cap," pleases your Royal Highness, as I so much hope it will. I have mentioned this one before; the principal character is from Eisenach, and his sweetheart from Weimar, and their home sickness is for Thuringia. The holy Elisabeth, as well as Frau Holle, appear in it. It is written from my heart.

These new tales, which are already pretty well known in manuscript in Copenhagen, have been exceedingly appreciated, and that is why the Danish publisher is in such a hurry to bring them out. And after the happier task of composing, I have lately been fully occupied with copying and correcting.

I should rejoice exceedingly to learn that you had read these new stories with pleasure.

Your Royal Highness in your last letter enquired if I could write a fairy comedy for the Weimar stage. I am thinking a great deal about it, and should like to, and should be glad if I could write it as if I were a native of Weimar. There will certainly be no want of effort on my part.

One of my old pieces, "More than Pearls and Gold," has recently been produced on the Copenhagen stage. It still seems to maintain the interest of freshness. Also "Fliedermutterchen," which I have handed over to your Royal Highness in the hope

that it may possibly be adapted to the Weimar stage, will be revived on the Danish boards.

It is now winter here—a mild one it is true, but, nevertheless, the shipping communication with Germany is interrupted, and the letters go by the longest way overland.

The 2nd of April will soon be here, and then I shall be three years over fifty. It is dreadful to be so old and yet so young! It would give great pleasure to me to receive a letter from you on that day.

If God wills, I shall go this summer to Switzerland, where I did not go last year. Unfortunately I can only spend a month on this trip. I am meditating a larger work which I can bring out best in Denmark.

I hope that peace and joy may descend upon the realm. The present contentions are painful to me.

Remember me graciously to the Grand-Duchess and your Royal Mother.

H. C. ANDERSEN.

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*Andersen to the Grand-Duke of Weimar.*

COPENHAGEN, 21st March 1859.

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS is always so sincerely kind to me, since you honour and delight me with your letters. Thanks for your last.

I hope that you have already received the copy of "Europe," which contains my fairy tale, "The Philosopher's Stone," and that it has pleased you. It is, however, no longer my last, for since that I have written no less than six new fairy stories, which will appear in a small volume this week. If only my German friends could receive my muse as quickly. They form some of the best of my work. One of these stories, "The Wind tells us of Waldemar Daae and his Daughters," is, perhaps, regarding the construction, of special significance. I have tried, and hope I have succeeded, in giving the whole narrative a tone as if one heard the wind

itself. Another story, "Anna Lisbeth," I consider the best from a psychological point of view. I have endeavoured to show in it how small a germ of good and of evil is hidden in the heart, and how it springs into life according as it has been touched either by "Einem Sonnenstrahl oder von einer bösen hand."<sup>1</sup>

In January I also produced a great deal, but since the middle of February I have had influenza and a feverish cold, and am obliged to stay at home more than usual. Nevertheless I have frequently heard Singer's excellent music, which has given me very great pleasure. Your Royal Highness knows that Herr Singer, from Weimar, is here. He appeared for the first time in the "Musikverein" at a large concert, where there were certainly more than 2000 in the audience, and won great applause. Later on he played at a smaller concert, and four times in the National Theatre. All the papers praised him, and he is himself much pleased with

<sup>1</sup> By a sunbeam or by a wicked hand.

his visit and his reception here. The day before yesterday I heard him at the Queen-Dowager's before a select company (the Hereditary Prince Ferdinand and his Consort, Prince Christian, and the Landgraf's family). Here, too, he found great favour. I also met him in select, private circles. He is always welcomed and is in good health. I am writing so much about him because I do not know if they have already heard in Weimar how he is. I also like to write about him because it pleases me to see the name of Weimar, which has such a magic sound in artistic circles, also appreciated here.

In a few days, on the 2nd of April, I shall be fifty-four years old—so old, for it is a great number of years, and yet how young—and on this day of all others I humbly recognise how many blessings have been given me. The good and happy events wander like a caravan through my thoughts, so many true, kind eyes greet me. I see here and there places where I have been offered a happy home, and among these

Weimar is perhaps the dearest to me. You will also understand, dear sir, why you are particularly in my thoughts just on this day.

May your Royal Highness preserve your kindness and sympathy for me,

H. C. ANDERSEN.

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*Andersen to the Grand-Duke of Weimar.*

BASNÄS NEAR SKJEKSKJÖR, 15<sup>th</sup> June 1859.

I HAVE given my countrymen a whole bouquet of new fairy tales this spring, and have won much appreciation and pleasure. For several months, until quite lately, I have had a sharp attack of "La Grippe," but now summer is here with cuckoo and nightingale, and I fly out again in the ever young and beautiful world.

The oldest of the Danish living authors, Ingemann, celebrated his birthday on the 28th of May. He lives in the beautiful

forest solitudes by the lake near Soröe. His novels have penetrated into the hearts of the people, even the peasants. In Ingemann's novels they learn all about the olden time in Denmark. It was his 70th birthday. The children and young girls collected a sum of 3000 thalers, with which they bought him a large golden horn, artistically decorated with all the principal characters in his works. The peasants of the district where the old author's father once lived as a clergyman presented him with a beautiful porcelain vase, on which was engraved the name of Ingemann and that of his father. Many people left Copenhagen by rail for Soröe, where there was singing, speeches, and a torchlight procession. I was unable to be present at the *fête*, but it was also a day of rejoicing for me. On the same day, the King, who is very gracious and kind to me, had summoned me to his summer castle, Friedrichsburg. It lies six miles to the north-west of Copenhagen. There, on rising from dinner, the king gave me a beautiful

ring, with his monogram in diamonds. We afterwards went out on the forest-girt lake in a large boat, and I read aloud one of my newest fairy tales: "What the Wind tells us of Waldemar Daae and his Daughters." Later on, after we had taken a stroll in the garden, I read several of my new stories.

The following day I went back to Copenhagen, and on the first of June to Sorœ, where the old author Ingemann and his wife live like Philemon and Baucis. The old people seemed quite regenerated by the fête. Thus, you see, my dear Grand-Duke, that my summer travels have begun under auspicious circumstances. Now I am at Basnäs on the Great Belt, and think of commencing on Monday an interesting and little-known journey. I wish to visit the North Sea and the entire west coast of Jutland as far as Skagen, and then to visit the barren desert land with its sand hills, there to find poetical treasures or the mood for composition. I shall go first to Silkeborg, the rich forest country

with its inland lakes, from there to the North Sea, and later by steamer through Limfjord to Aalborg. I cannot, however, wander about in the great solitude without giving you some idea of where I shall be rambling this summer. Through the papers I always know pretty well where you are staying, whether travelling, or at Weimar.

How often I live over again in memory the first hours when I saw your Royal Highness and learnt to know you. It was your Royal Highness' birthday when I saw you for the first time in the Grand-ducal Theatre in Weimar greeted by the people. It was then that I spoke to you for the first time in Ettersburg. The town was *en fête* that evening with music *mât de cocagne* for the peasants. Many beautiful reminiscences of graciousness and kindness pass through my thoughts again and again, and then my heart always flies to dear Weimar.

H. C. ANDERSEN.

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*Andersen to the Grand-Duke of Weimar.*

COPENHAGEN, 16th October 1859.

You have been so often and so vividly in my thoughts during this summer, in which I have visited some of the most isolated and peculiar districts of my fatherland. The last letter from your Royal Highness reached me at the old estate, Nørre-Wosborg, on the dunes of the North Sea, while I was under the spell of the *fata morgana* appearances of the desert land. That you should have remembered me in your heavy trial, and in the midst of your grief over mother and child, has touched me deeply. May the painful loss appear to you even now in a more softened light!

I am bringing a rich harvest of poetical material from these travels. Wherever I went I was agreeably surprised to find myself treated with loving attention. They received me as a longed-for friend with

cordiality and fêtes, so that I felt quite humble and insignificant.

The scenery of Jutland has been a great revelation to me. The storms of the North Sea whip up the great sand-dunes, the whirling sand cuts the face, the sea dashes and rolls like a seething cataract against the coast, and loosens the clay of the precipices. But the most striking sight of all was "Skagen,"—this desert, with a small town but no streets,—for the houses lie miles apart from each other, according as the whirling sandhills permit: pieces of "wrack" bound with rope indicate where the street ought to be. The little town stretches for half a mile along the Cattegat, and from thence there is just as long a road over the plains to old Skagen, where the gates and doors are decorated with the figure-heads of ships. It looks as if "Neptune," "Hope," and other exalted deities lived here; for their figures, taken from stranded ships, are to be seen at every entrance. The most remarkable feature, however, is the large

Gothic church buried in the sand. First the sand covered the churchyard, then the walls; but the services were still continued, until one Sunday a sand-bank settled in front of the door. Then the clergyman turned to his congregation: "God," said he, "has now closed this house; we must build Him a new one elsewhere;" and another now stands in a new portion of the town. Just as in the fairy-tale of the enchanted forest the castle is surrounded by an impenetrable thicket, so is the church here over-grown with sand-plants, thorns, and wild roses, which spread like a stockade over the mighty plains. Like a buried Pompeii, the church now lies with its grave-stones and monuments till a westerly storm comes and sets the sands in motion; and this will happen, for the dunes are always moving eastwards and new ones rising up. It is like coming into the birds' kingdom here, especially outside the town. For a quarter of a mile from the light-house a tongue of land, strewn with rolling stones,

stretches out into the sea, and ends in a point just wide enough for a man to stand on and let the North Sea play over his left boot and the Cattegat over his right. It is very plainly seen how the two seas meet here; but the North Sea always holds the mastery.

The journey is fatiguing, but very interesting. From Frederickshavn to Skagen is a five-mile drive at low water,—half across the sands, half on land. The waves, even in fine weather, often dash upon the carriage, and great care is required to avoid the quicksands where carriages and horses might sink. On the plains one frequently finds turf, which shows that forests must have stood here formerly.

I have already written a description of this interesting journey. It still touches me when I think of the affectionate manner in which my country people received me. In Hjörring, the largest northern town, they serenaded me. In Aalborg also the Artisans' Choral Society gave me a farewell greeting. Flowers and cheers accom-

panied me as if I were a Prince : I was humbled by it and yet inexpressibly happy. I see what an effect my writings have had upon the people. To you, my noble Prince, who have so much heart and so much sympathy for me, I can relate everything in the way I do. You will not misunderstand me.

I long for you and Weimar ! God keep and rejoice your Royal Highness.

H. C. ANDERSEN.

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*King Maximilian II. of Bavaria to  
Andersen.*

BORDER-RISS, 8th November 1859.

WHILE wandering lately on a glorious evening by the Wallersee, and thinking of your beautiful fairy tales and poems, I resolved to put aside the obstacles which had hitherto been raised on account of your not being a German by birth, and to give my

self the real pleasure of conferring upon you my Maximilian-Order, since your writings have a very German ring about them, and your tales are so popular in Germany. I made a note of my resolve on my tablets by moonlight. Will you regard the granting of this Order as a sign of my great esteem for you, and of the pleasure with which I recall our meeting.—I am, with friendly sentiments,  
your well-wisher,

MAX.

*Andersen to King Max. II. of Bavaria.*

COPENHAGEN, 16th November 1859.

YOUR MAJESTY has given me a joyful surprise and a happy day by your sincere and gracious letter. To be remembered in this way by a noble and intellectual King touches me deeply, uplifts me, and fills my heart with thanks to your Majesty. I shall preserve the royal letter among my most cherished memories. It shall take a place

with the lilac flower which your Majesty picked and gave me on little Wallersee Island, where I had the happiness for the first time of seeing King Max, and speaking to him. How often do I not recall those happy days at Hohenschwangan !

The last few years have brought me much happiness—great, almost too great, recognition in my fatherland ; and my works have been kindly judged in foreign countries, and most cordially received. God has allotted to me unspeakable happiness, and I acknowledge it with deep gratitude. In little Denmark, books are naturally not issued in large editions, but during last year four to five thousand copies of my “Fairy Tales and Stories” were published. My last work belongs to this collection : “A Story of the Sand-Plains.” The whole description is the result of a visit during last summer to the weirdest part of my fatherland : West Jutland to Skagen. Nature is there so strange. From the magnificent beech-forests of the eastern coast, which are still the haunts of the eagle and the black-stork, one

reaches the far-stretching heaths dotted with countless barrows of the Huns. The *fata morgana* of the desert displays here her fairy pictures: the west coast presents green meadows and mighty sand-dunes, which rise in jagged points like a chain of Alps, a bulwark against the rolling sea. Here I passed the summer, and visited the most northern point of the land of Skagen, where the North Sea and the Cattegat break against each other, and where, as in the fairy tale of the enchanted forest, the church, covered with sand and overgrown with thorns and wild roses, presents a peculiar spectacle, only the spire projecting above the sand. The place possesses no streets or alleys, the houses are scattered among the sand-billows, and ropes, which are stretched between bunches of *wrack*, show the way. Here, in this scenery, I have laid the plot of my latest work, which will appear in my mother-tongue at Christmas, and will, I hope, very soon be translated into German. How happy I should be if it were granted me to read this book aloud to your Majesty. My

dearest wish is that God will let me live to visit Bayaria again in order to express to your Majesty my heartfelt gratitude to the noble Royal pair who have accorded so much graciousness to me,—a foreigner. The high order of honour which your Majesty has conferred upon me will awaken in my heart the deepest gratitude. On the 21st of November, with my prayers to God will be mingled my sincere thanks to you, noble, exalted King. God bless your Majesty.

H. C. ANDERSEN.

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*Andersen to the Grand-Duke of Weimar.*

BASNÄS, NEAR SKJELSKJÖR,  
DENMARK, 31st December 1859.

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,—A new year is beginning, but I must, while the old is still here, express my gratitude and regard for you. God has severely tried you, dear sir, in the year that has passed away; but yet

you have gained two noble souls,—two praying for you, loving you, before the Throne of God. Strength and consolation will be given to you. May the New Year bring to you, your Royal Consort, and your children, happiness, and blessing.

The past year has brought to me much pleasure and appreciation. Never have I been so much valued in my own country as now. I have written "A Story of the Sand-Plains." This, with four shorter tales, has been issued in an edition of 5000 copies, and is nearly sold out. The critics place the tale among the best and most poetical that I have written, and I think it will soon be translated into German. My summer travels through Jutland to Skagen provided material and scenery for this new composition. From abroad I have also reaped fame and gratification. From Germany, the other day, came great recognition: the noble King Max of Bavaria honoured me with a letter written by his own hand, and conferred upon me the Maximilian-Order for Art and Science.

A sad and painful event for us Danes was the burning of the Friedrichborg Palace. Last week, on December 17th, this wonderful old Gothic building was destroyed by fire in a few hours. The building, church, and Gothic hall are ruins. I was there this spring. The King had graciously invited me. I sailed with the King in a large boat, and read some of the newest fairy tales to His Majesty. It was a lovely evening. The castle stood out so stately and magnificent in the sun's rays, with its towers and minarets reflected in the lake. Never shall I see it again!

At present I am in the country on the Baltic; but at the New Year I am going back to Copenhagen.

H. C. ANDERSEN.

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*Andersen to the Grand-Duke of Weimar.*

COPENHAGEN, 3rd May 1860.

I HAD hoped to have been able to send your Royal Highness my last work during

the first days of April. It contains a large collection of fairy tales, stories, and travel-sketches, which have had the greatest success in Denmark, and passed through several editions before the German one could be printed. April is now over, and as I cannot receive the book before the end of June, I can no longer delay writing, for I must relate to your Royal Highness how I live and work, in order to keep myself in your kind remembrance.

I have been very industrious all through the winter, and my energies have also been engaged in an entirely new direction. Several university professors and other able men have been giving instructive weekly discourses to assemblies of the working-class. I was asked to represent the art of poetry and literature, and particularly to recite some fairy tales. This I have done, and have derived much pleasure from the experiment. Artisans, with their wives and children, filled the large hall, and it was of psychological interest to note the impression which the lectures made.

I have several times had the honour of conversing with the Princess Anna of Hesse at the hereditary Prince Ferdinand's and the Prince of Denmark's,<sup>1</sup> and we always talked of you, dear Grand-Duke. On one such occasion the Prussian Chamberlain very prettily improvised on a subject given by me: "Dear Weimar." The brothers Müller from Meiningen are here in consequence of an engagement with the Society of Music. They are extremely popular, and appear to be pleased with their stay in Copenhagen. They also gave a concert at Aarhuus, where a piece from "Lohengrin" was played and received with favour.

In the month of June I hope to be in Germany. If I knew that your Royal Highness would be at Eisenach, I would arrange my route that way. I intend to spend the summer in Switzerland, and the winter, if God gives peace and tranquillity, at Rome. I shall not be at home again until the summer of 1861. I should so

<sup>1</sup> Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein-Glücksburg, the present King Christian IX.

much like to pass another winter in beautiful Italy. It will probably be the last time. On the 2nd of April I reached my fifty-fourth year.

For Schiller's Album I have written a new legend, "The Old Church-Bell," and sent it to Major Serre. At Schiller's birth his mother heard the sound of the old church-bell at Marbach. At his death the head and bust of Thorwaldsen's statue of Schiller at Stuttgart were made of this bell. Schiller's life rings here in "The Song of the Bell," and by means of Thorwaldsen I bring into it an element of my own father-land. I hope this little tale will please you.

I beg you to give my most respectful greeting to your Royal Consort.

H. C. ANDERSEN.

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*Andersen to the Grand-Duke of Weimar.*

BRUNNEN, 24th July 1860.

At the end of May I left Copenhagen for the Duchies, where I lingered some time,

and went from there to Eisenach. The idea of seeing your Royal Highness again made my heart beat with the joy of anticipation. I would have gone to Weimar if you had been there, but I heard in Eisenach that your Royal Highness had started for Switzerland the previous day. I hoped that I should certainly meet you there, but when I reached Munich I read in the newspapers, "The Grand-Duke of Saxe-Weimar is in Baden-Baden," and shortly after the news reached me that you had already returned to Weimar. I was quite sad about it. When and where shall I now have the pleasure, the real happiness of seeing you, my dear, noble sir, again? It is my intention in the late autumn to proceed to Rome for the winter; but as things now stand I take no pleasure in it. I only care to be where peace and quiet dwell.

I have been already, as I have said, two months away from home, and have spent pleasant, happy days. I know your Royal Highness' sympathy for me, and I therefore relate to you, without ceremony, every-

thing that I must tell those of whom I am very fond.

In the Duchies I was received with extraordinary kindness. I spent a whole week at Rendsburg, and as I was begged most pressingly and affectionately to give readings there once, from some of my fairy tales for the Danish soldiers, as I did in the winter at Copenhagen for the artisans, I promised to do so. The Town Hall was decorated with flowers and flags. Officers, and their wives, non-commissioned officers, soldiers, and also German-speaking people, who understood Danish, made up an audience of nearly 1500. I was received with cheers and flowers, and felt very pleased. At night German was sung under my windows—a greeting from the Germans. In the morning the military band played for me. And at my departure the station was dressed with Danish flags. There was singing, and they gave me three cheers. I could not help weeping. The world has granted me far too much sympathy and kindness. Strongly affected by these hearty

demonstrations, I flew to Eisenach. If you had only been there, my noble Prince, how pleased I should have been.

In Munich I spent pleasant days with Kaulbach. He has done a wonderful picture for my legend, "The Angel," and says he thinks of illustrating some of the others. The King of Bavaria was not in Munich, but I was received very graciously by the Queen. Her Majesty presented me with photographs of herself, the King, and the two Princes.

The Passion-Play at Oberammergau, which is repeated there every ten years, made a great impression on me. It surpassed all my expectations. I had always feared that the representation of Christ on the stage must have something sacrilegious about it, but, as it was given here, it was elevating and noble. There was something about the whole resembling the open-air Indian plays; "Sacuntala," for example. The choruses recall the Greek tragedies. The music and singing are carried out with taste and precision. The representation lasted from eight

o'clock in the morning till five in the afternoon, and no one went away, so refined and affecting was the whole performance.

Do go there. It will repay you the trouble. Representations will be given on the 6th, 12th, 19th, and 26th of August, as well as on the 9th and 16th of September. It is better to put up at the Pastor's. Do go to see it.

I have now been twelve days in Brunnen, on the Vierwaldstädtersee, where I am boarding at Colonel Aufdermauer's. There are several strangers here, also Count Harrach, and Von Slicht from Weimar, who both earnestly desire to be remembered to your Royal Highness.

Next week I am going to Locke, in the Jura Mountains, where I remain till the 14th August. I should be happy to receive a letter there—*poste restante*,—or a week later at Geneva. My new book, "From Heart and World," containing legends, stories, and travels, I have long since sent your Royal Highness, through my publisher, but addressed to Chamberlain Beaulieu, who,

I hear, is now travelling. Read "Anne Elizabeth," "The Story from the Sand-dunes," and "Pen and Inkstand." I dare hope that these will please your Royal Highness.

H. C. ANDERSEN.

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*Andersen to Edward Collin.*

OUCHY, BY LAUSANNE, 15th *August 1860.*

DEAR FRIEND,—The day before yesterday I left Locle, and spent the night at Inverdun. I took the coach to see the lovely valley of Travers, where Rousseau lived. I arrived yesterday at Ouchy, which is a kind of suburb to Lausanne, and is situated half an hour's walk from the lake. In the hotel here (The Anchor) Byron lived and wrote his "Prisoner of Chillon." His little room is close to mine. The Prince of Joinville was here with his wife and children last week. I have the room in which the Princess slept. It is very

small ; but the view over the lake to the mountains of Savoy is fine. I had a sad dream last night which has affected me in a remarkable degree, and is my reason for writing you to-day. It seemed to me that I was on a visit to Copenhagen and went to your father's house. Outside stood the singers Faaborg and Chr. Hansen ; they said : " But you have been here in town since Saturday ! " I thought it remarkable that I had not sooner been to see your father. I now saw him in the hall in his blue coat, the one he wore when he was ill. I told him I had come to see him. He burst into tears, embraced me, and called out my name so loudly that I woke. I was very hot, yet a cold shiver went through my limbs, possibly the result of my thoughts. " My God ! what has happened at home ? Have I lost him ? Is he dead ? " thought I. I slept no more for some time ; but I hope and believe the whole dream means nothing. But I felt I must tell you about it Shall I hear from you before long ?

I thank you and your wife for your letter received. It did me good, for I am here in Ouchy quite alone, and do not know a soul. Yesterday when I arrived there was at the dinner-table a German family, Barinemann; they had only landed to have dinner. We sat together, and he asked me from which country I came. I said: "Denmark!" "Consequently an enemy!" he exclaimed. "Yes, and a well known enemy," I replied, and told him my name. This created a spirit of very good feeling between us. They drank my health. The ladies were delighted, and in the end they all spoke enthusiastically of Copenhagen. Such was my reception here at Ouchy. Believe me it is an unspeakable blessing thus to have friends, or, at least, to see faces beaming with amiability when one mentions one's name. I feel softened and moved at the thought. In France they begin to know me. The great work, "Dictionnaire des contemporains," published in Paris, had an article about me,

"Avec un esprit qui rappelle quelquefois celui de Voltaire par l'ironie fine et aiguisée, M. Andersen a tout le sentiment et la reverie du peuple du Nord. Mais il a su y mêler une richesse d'imagination vraiment orientale qui contribue à faire de lui un poète des plus originaux du XIX<sup>me</sup>. siècle."

I stayed a fortnight in Locle. Jules Jürgensen seemed very pleased to see me. I felt welcome. The sons I liked very much. The youngest has something in him of the northern calmness; the eldest is entirely French and full of life. He especially took to me. Jürgensen has a considerable business. He has made many improvements in watches. He sends quantities of watches to America and Paris, and on all for America he puts the word "Copenhagen." In his way he does our country great honour, and it is an injustice that at home they have not conferred upon him the Order of Dannebrog. His brother is a knight as his father was; and this man, who is an honour to the name "Danish," ought, I think, to be rewarded. I know it would please him. Can you do anything in the matter? Mention him in the proper

place to one of the ministers who has charge of that sort of thing. Let me know something about it when you write again.

I hope to hear your father is well and happy. Press his hand kindly for me, and remember me to Theodor. The rheumatism in my finger still continues, but the toothache I suffered from in Locle is gone. When I left, the day before yesterday, the weather was fine, but only four degrees of heat. What do you think of that? The Neufchatel paper has mentioned my stay here :

“Depuis quelque temps notre pays possède l'écrivain rénommé, le poète illustre, auquel plus qu'à tout autre on peut décerner le titre de cosmopolite. Pour tout ce qui a trait aux choses de l'esprit, ce titre est heureusement applicable et bien que M. Andersen écrive dans une langue peu répandue, il est le poète de tout le monde,” etc., etc.

Enjoyable it might be to travel along with a countryman you could talk to, but I have a more serious purpose in travelling than mere pleasure. I have a greater end in view; which is to do all in my

power to make my name ring in France, if not so much as in England, at least that my writings may find a greater sale than they have now. Only "The Improvisatore," and the Fairy Tales and Picture Book are translated—the latter very badly—but I think the tales will soon appear in better form. I shall not make money, but renown is the great point. It surprises me that Bille has not mentioned in "Dagbladet" the great success of my last stories in England.

In a day or two I shall go to Montreux. It is close to the lake, not far from Chillon. Perhaps I may go to Bex, and to the valley of Chamounix. But the starting point is Lausanne.

I wish I had you all here, if only for an hour. The lake is broad and green, the mountains are capped with snow, the sun shines, and in the gardens hang ripe figs and large bunches of grapes. A couple of cypresses are growing in the open, and pomegranates are in blossom.

It has just struck me that I can enrich

your wife's cookery book with a new recipe for making salad, which I learnt at Locle. I like it, but perhaps she may not. The addition is a garlic. The salad is made as usual, then you take a crust of French bread and rub into it a whole garlic. This bread you put into the salad, while being prepared, and thus obtain a piquant flavour of garlic. Try it and then you can thank me.

Here in Ouchy, for the first time during my travels, I have felt lonely. Possibly it is because I have just left a family circle, and am now in a rather lonely place where only French is spoken, and I speak to no one except the servants. At the dinner-table are only Englishmen, who are completely mute. I have made some attacks, but am never able to start a conversation, not even among themselves. It is as if they had made a vow to be silent. Now good-bye, my dear faithful friend.—  
Your devoted,

H. C. ANDERSEN,

*Andersen to Philarète-Charles in  
Paris.*

COPENHAGEN, October 1867.

DEAR, MUCH RESPECTED HERR PHILARÈTE,—I spent a splendid fortnight in Paris on my last visit, and among the happiest memories are the day and evening in your little country paradise, which you, with your brilliant humour, and your cousin made so enjoyable and homelike. Unfortunately, I must deplore not having seen you more often, for I had a very few days left.

Last Monday I reached Copenhagen, and I now hasten to recall myself to the kind remembrance of yourself and your *Franz Cousine*.

In your sympathy for me as an author you made a proposition, which, if it could be realised, would give me unbounded happiness; namely, that a collection of my many tales, which have not yet been translated, should be published in the French language,

By the interest which you and your cousin have shown for me, I shall live to see myself introduced in France, and if my writings take, I shall win recognition as I have done in England and Germany. If I please the French, then my dearest dreams will be fulfilled—of becoming an European author.

I herewith send you the most complete edition of the tales in a good German translation, and have marked with a cross all those which I think have not yet been translated into French, and with two crosses the short ones, which I consider of the most importance.

I will next send you the only German edition of "In Sweden," as well as "The Fairy Tale of my Life." The latest complete edition has only appeared in Danish, and that, unfortunately, you would not be able to read. The novel, "Only a Fiddler," I will send to you at Paris on the next opportunity. The parcel of books I have entrusted to a young friend.

Favour me with a few words and accept my warm, hearty thanks for your good in-

tentions, and for all that you are doing for  
the Danish author,—Your grateful,

H. C. ANDERSEN.

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*Andersen to ten Kate<sup>1</sup> of Amsterdam.*

COPENHAGEN, 22nd January 1869.

DEAR HERR TEN KATE,—Excellent friend,  
I am writing this in Danish. You  
thoroughly understand my mother-tongue,  
in which I can express myself much better  
than in German. Accept my sincere thanks  
for the valued gift you have made me in  
sending your versified edition of my fairy  
tales. I very much admire the rich and  
splendid binding of the book. My portrait,

<sup>1</sup> Kate (Jan Jacob Lobewijk ten), Dutch poet, born 23rd December 1819, at the Hague. In 1845 he became a clergyman of the Reformed Church, and has lived since 1860 in Amsterdam. He has published several poems, and has made himself a name as a translator from most European languages. Among his longer poems, which are chiefly of a religious nature, are "De Shepping" ("The Creation") and "De Planeten." Several of his works have been translated,

too, I think very good, and am astonished that, in your remarkable rendering of my prose stories, you have been able to follow the original so closely, almost word for word in metrical numbers. My most heartfelt thanks for the perseverance and affection with which you have worked for me.

I received the book on Monday evening, and on every Monday morning the King holds a public *levée*. Before the following Monday, therefore, I should have had no opportunity of seeing His Majesty. I, however, went on Friday to the castle, when the King most graciously received me immediately. I informed him of your importance and position, and then handed His Majesty the copy which you had sent me for that purpose. The King accepted the book kindly and cordially as ever, read your letter aloud to me, and said that I was first to give you his thanks, and to add that it pleased him very much to see how well you write Danish. I myself thank you for the commission which you gave me to present your beautiful work to His Majesty.

In one of our newspapers, *Dagens Nyneder*, the book has already been noticed. Most people in Denmark are acquainted with your name, and the interest you take in my tales.

Give my most cordial greetings to your family.

I will soon take the liberty of sending you such of my little poems as you do not yet possess. "The Dryads" is already translated, and has appeared in English and German. Of the French edition I have heard nothing as yet.—Your gratefully devoted friend and admirer,

H. C. ANDERSEN.

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*Andersen to the Grand-Duke of Weimar.*

BREGENTVED, NEAR KJOGE,  
HASLOV STATION,  
DENMARK.

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS will graciously and with friendly interest accept my most sin-

cere thanks for the pleasing letter I received from Holland, which was a new proof of your goodness of heart and sympathy. The letter reached me during my stay at beautiful Holsteinborg, where I once wrote a fairy tale called "Weno and Gleno," on the parish which is connected here with the island Gleno in the Baltic, in front of the wood-girt castle.

Now I am the guest of Count Moltke at Bregentved, some miles distant from Holsteinborg, in the midst of a beautiful and extensive forest, so luxuriant that there is scarcely another to equal it in Denmark. The garden here, with its great verdant lawns, immense avenues of lime trees, and cheerful lakes, where swans and shimmering white lotus flowers float up on the water, reminds me of the English parks.

Bregentved is without doubt one of the largest and finest of our seigniorial estates. I have been acquainted with the present family from my earliest days, and now see growing up in the comfortable, happy home an entirely new race of lively and beautiful children.

A residence in the country was, and is to me still, the best of medicines. I can now take long walks in the garden, and have even tried to read aloud some of my tales (an attempt which I have not been able to make for over a year), and did not feel it beyond my strength. If my recovery continues to make the same progress, I may once more dare to think, in a not too distant future, of seeing Weimar, your Royal Highness, the Grand-Duchess, and the whole Grand-Ducal juvenile circle again. What a memorable day it would be for me! God bless the house of Weimar, and grant that I may there perpetually be held in kind and gracious remembrance.

H. C. ANDERSEN.

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*Mary Livingstone to Andersen.*

ULVA COTTAGE, HAMILTON,  
SCOTLAND, 1st January 1869.

DEAR HANS ANDERSEN,—I do like your fairy tales so much, that I would like to go

and see you, but I cannot do that, so I thought I would write to you. When papa comes home from Africa, I will ask him to take me to see you. My favourite stories in one book are: "The Goloshes of Fortune," "The Snow Queen," and some others. My papa's name is Dr. Livingstone. I am sending my card and papa's autograph. I will say good-bye to you and a happy New Year.—I am your affectionate little friend,

ANNA MARY LIVINGSTONE.

P.S.—Please write to me soon. My address is on the first page, and please send me your card.

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*Mary Livingstone to Andersen.*

ULVA COTTAGE, HAMILTON,  
SCOTLAND, 20th October 1869.

MY DEAR HANS C. ANDERSEN,—It is a very long time since I have written to you,

but I am writing to you now, and that is so much. Is it not? I was so delighted to get your letter; and when I got your card I looked at it, and thought that I had got acquainted with a gentleman whom I would like very much. I thank you very much for the "Translation," for without it I could not understand your letter, and then I would not have been able to answer any of the questions you asked me. We got news twice about papa, but none of them were true. But last Friday our station-master, who knows us, came up with a paper that had news, the good news, and oh! we were so delighted. I saw the story of "Vaenoe and Glanoe." I thought it very pretty, and I hope you will write some more. The first that I ever read was "Maja," or "Little Thurnb." Thomas and Oswell, my brothers, and Agnes, my sister, are quite well. Only my mamma is dead, and I have two aunts, Janet and Agnes Livingstone, with whom my home is. It is a very nice home. I once had a Grandmamma Livingstone, but she is dead now. Please could you tell me

if you know the Swedish language. Tell me in your next letter if you do. With my best love to all at your home, I remain your most affectionate little friend,

ANNA MARY LIVINGSTONE.

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*Andersen to Mary Livingstone.*

BASNÄS, NEAR SKJELSKÖR,  
DENMARK, May 1871.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIEND,—Thanks for the charming letter which you sent me a short time ago, and thanks for all that you have told me about the pantomime which you saw in the Theatre Royal. That must have been an enjoyable evening. I know the story of Sindbad quite well. It is in “The Arabian Nights.” You must read the book. I will also send at the first opportunity the continuation of the tales and stories which your sister Agnes brought from me. In my new book there are many,

many tales which you will scarcely know. I was staying at a country house outside Copenhagen when your sister and some friends delighted me with their visit and brought me greetings from little Mary Livingstone. How kind and thoughtful of her. Remember me to her and to the noble old lady who accompanied her. Greetings to each of her companions whom I then saw. Here in Denmark we often speak of your dear papa and his travels in Africa. Recently I read in a newspaper that he had left there and was on his way back to Europe. Hurrah! That would be indeed splendid. The dear God never forsakes good people who live in Him, and produce good works. What a joy for the family, what a festival for the whole country it will be, when the dear, energetic father whom we all value and honour returns to England! Then when he has well kissed his little Mary, conversed with her, and told her everything, remember me to him, and greet him kindly for me, him over whom God has stretched His protecting

hand to the delight and instruction of us all. Greet the aunt also, and every member of the family who is well-disposed towards little Mary's friend, Hans Christian Andersen.

Now I am out in the country, close by the sea coast, and am staying at an ancient castle with a high tower. The garden runs down to the sea-shore, and stretches away to the beech woods, which are now splendidly fresh and green. The whole ground of the forest is like a carpet strewn with violets and anemones. The wood doves are cooing, and the cuckoo's note is heard. Here I shall certainly write a new story, which my little friend will afterwards be able to read. After Whitsuntide I shall return to the capital and live for a while at my friend, Melchior's, in the beautiful villa where your sister Agnes was so kind as to visit me. When papa comes then I shall probably have a letter from his dear little Mary? Now may you be well and merry.

You will not forget the friend in Denmark,— HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

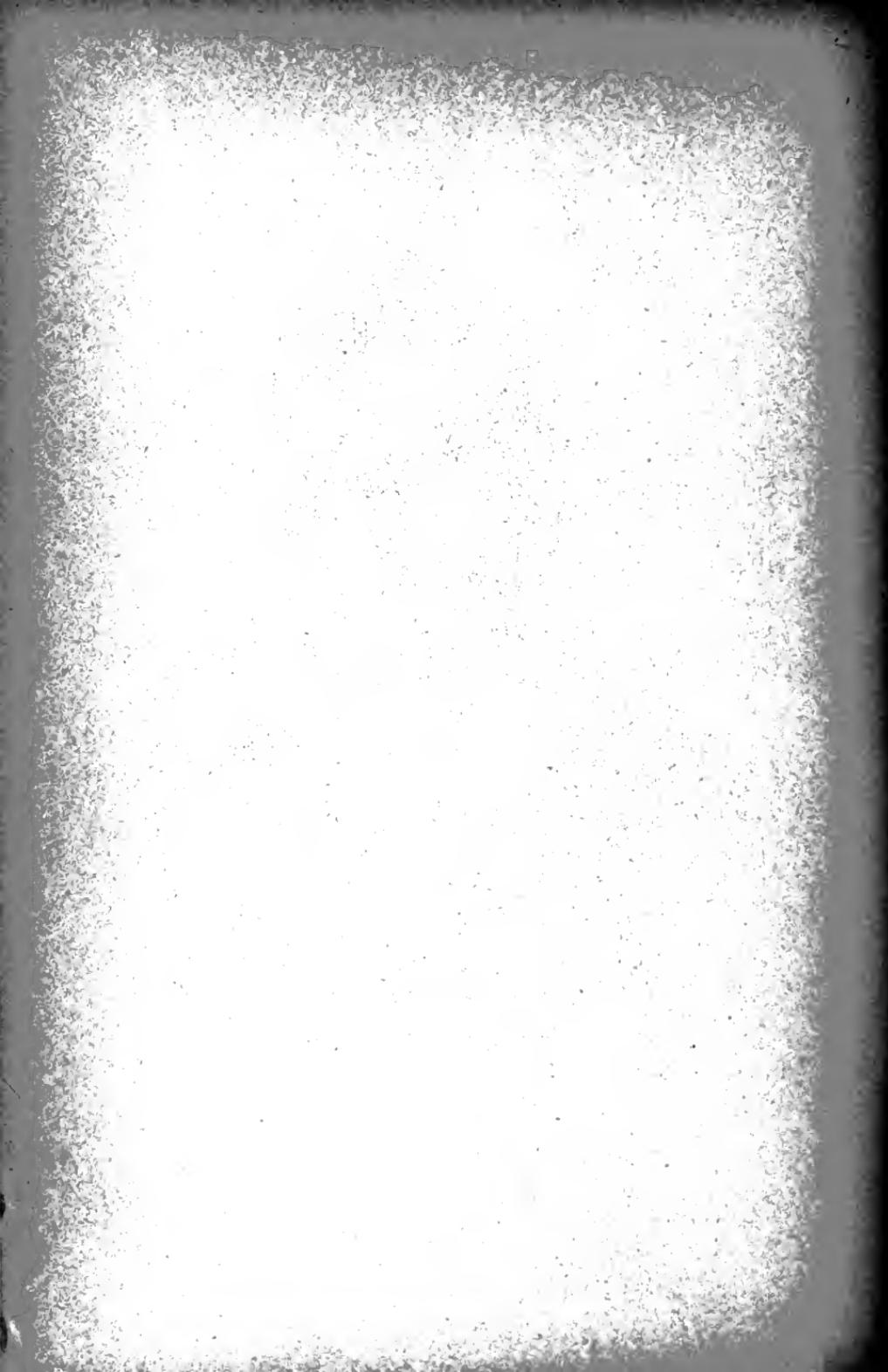
*Mary Livingstone to Andersen.*

ULVA COTTAGE, HAMILTON, 23rd November 1872.

MY DEAREST H. ANDERSEN,—I meant to have written to you long ago and sent you a greenstone for that you lost; but I never could get time. First my brother Thomas took very ill with pleurisy, eleven weeks from to-day, and this is the first day he has been able to be downstairs. Then we had Mr. Stanley. He came to stay a day or two with the Provost of Hamilton, Mr. Dykes, and to lecture here. He was presented with the freedom of the Burgh of Hamilton. My sister Agnes and one of my aunts and I were introduced to him on the platform, amid loud cheers. He came in the afternoon to our house, and then went to the banquet in the town hall. In the evening he delivered a very interesting lecture. Next day we took him to see the palace, and then he went away. I was very sorry when he went. I like him so much.



H. M. STANLEY.



When I was in Iona, a Highland relation of ours gave me a whole sovereign. Agnes, and Thomas, and Oswell, and I bought a beautiful gold locket for Mr. Stanley, and had his initials put on it, and inside is papa on one side, and on the other his four children, in recognition of his finding papa. So I gave ten shillings of the sovereign for this locket; and, as I have heard that there have been dreadful floods in Denmark, I willingly give the other ten shillings for the relief of the people. You will please see that it is given all right.

I am studying German just now and find it very interesting.

I should so like to get a letter from you when you have time. I shall now close. So I am, dear Hans Andersen, your ever affectionate young friend,

ANNA MARY LIVINGSTONE.

P.S.—I love you so much, dear, dear Hans Andersen.

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*Andersen to Mary Livingstone.*

COPENHAGEN, *December 1872.*

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIEND,—During more than seven weeks I have been ill and am not quite well.

The greatest sympathy and attention have been shown me by our Royal House as well as by the poorest. Our dear good-hearted Crown Prince, the brother of the amiable Princess of Wales, has visited me. Sympathy I have had in the fullest measure, but convalescence progresses but slowly. Reading wearies me, and writing I cannot and dare not undertake. One of my friends is writing this from dictation. I shall be very glad to get a letter from my dear little friend in return: Now I possess and guard "the greenstone" which can protect me on sea voyages, but the dearest to me still is the nice little letter which tells me of Mary's home, and Stanley's visit to Hamilton. It was right and natural of you

to buy the locket, and have papa's portrait, and Mary's and her sister's set in it, and to give it to Stanley. He will understand and highly appreciate the gift. But it rejoices and touches me deeply that my good, dear little friend has also thought so tenderly of the need of the sufferers from the floods in Denmark, my native land, and has sent for them the other half of the sovereign. Thanks, dear, good child! May heaven grant that your father will soon press a kiss on your rosy little mouth! The half-sovereign has been forwarded to the Central Committee for the relief of our sufferers from the floods. My mention of it has stirred all my friends, and in most of the newspapers of our country this pretty incident has been warmly commented on, so that if Mary really comes over here with her father, she will find friends for herself, as he finds them in all the countries of the North. I also send in a wrapper the first newspaper that mentions little Mary's gift.

I forward in another wrapper a good portrait of myself. It will reach you, I think,

with this letter, which contains the most heartfelt Christmas greetings and New Year's wishes for Mary, and all her dear ones in Livingstone's, Byron's, and Walter Scott's great country.

Cheer me soon with a letter !

H. C. ANDERSEN.

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*Andersen to the Crown Prince Frederick  
of Denmark.*

GLION, May 1873.

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS is now again in dear Denmark, therefore I send this letter in the hope that it will arrive on the fête day, the 3rd of June, so that my grateful words and greeting may mingle with the others in the Royal House, from which I have received so many proofs of sympathy and sincere good-will during this winter, when I have been chained to my room by illness.

This is now the second month that I have been abroad. I was very desirous of writing to you before—your Royal Highness granted me the permission—but you had gone to Vienna. Now the papers announce that Denmark's Crown Prince is at home again.

On Whitsunday I shall have been three weeks in Glion, and have drunk "Molken," which appears to have suited me. But my recovery is very tedious. I have great difficulty in climbing hills, and all the roads here are up and down. During the first half of my stay I had the loveliest summer weather. The air was soft and warm. The snow glittered on the mountain tops, and the beech trees looked as fresh and green as in Denmark. The cuckoo calls as it does in our forests; and it seemed to me as if I were at home. The Swiss flag, the red cross on the white ground, reminded me of my dear Danebrog. Lately there has been incessant cold and rain. The clouds are nearly resting on the lake. I have a fire and yet I am freezing.

It throws me back somewhat, and it is therefore my intention to leave on Whitmonday, and see my doctor, Professor Dor, in Bern, and to go for a short time to Interlachen where it is warmer, and where I can also drink "Molken" if it should be necessary.

At the end of June, please God, I think of arriving in the dear Danish home again, and seeing all my loved ones.

With the deepest homage,—Your Royal Highness' grateful and most devoted

H. C. ANDERSEN.

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*Andersen to Frau Kaulbach<sup>1</sup> in Munich.*

COPENHAGEN, 25th April 1874.

DEAR FRAU KAULBACH,—During your first deep grief at the death of your dear husband I thought it best not to write. God softens even the heaviest trials. I hope that

<sup>1</sup> Kaulbach (Wilhelm von), artist, born, 15th October 1805, at Arolsen, and died 7th April 1874.

the pain you now feel is less keen, and I therefore now write for the first time. It was a most unexpected blow to me to hear of the death of my true and noble friend, the great painter Kaulbach. This news oppressed me with deep melancholy and sympathy. I had certainly hoped to press his hand again, and to have seen you, dear Frau Kaulbach, your children, and relations, for you were so kind as to offer me a home in your house on my next visit to Munich. Everything earthly,—beauty, goodness, and happiness, all pass away !

I shall be unable to get to Munich this summer. I am still ill, and have been so for the last eighteen months, almost as severely as when I returned from Munich to Copenhagen last summer. I have spent the greater part of the time in my room, but now I am better, and the doctors think that the summer will recuperate me. I shall therefore live to see my friends again, but him, our noble and delightful friend, Kaulbach, I shall never meet in this world any more. I deeply treasure every remembrance of our short

acquaintance. God strengthen you in your great grief. May He bless you for all the kindness and sympathy you have shown to your gratefully devoted

H. C. ANDERSEN.

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*Andersen to Mary Livingstone.*

COPENHAGEN, 27th February 1874.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—How glad I was to receive your letter, which was written and posted to me on January 25th. I was just then thinking of you, and was much grieved, but your letter has given me hope and joy again. You know, young as you are, that one must not always believe what the newspapers relate; there is often not a single grain of truth in it. More than once it has been announced that the Livingstone so highly prized by the world was dead, and—God be praised and thanked—he lives still. A similar announcement of his death was

published in the Danish newspapers before February 25th, and I, in common with the whole Danish nation, was grieved to hear that he had been called away from his great work for mankind just as he would be returning to his family and his country. Then I received your letter, dear Mary, and as you told me in it that he was coming home, and that you would perhaps visit Copenhagen with him, all the press news disappeared like fog, and I hoped, and hope, that he lives, and that he will see his children, relations, and friends again.

I have much to say and to write to you, but to-day I feel great anxiety as to the uncertainty of your father's destiny as mapped out by God.

Write me very soon. May it be an all-sunshiny letter!

With the most sincere sympathy and devotion,

H. C. ANDERSEN.

*Mary Livingstone to Andersen.*

ULVA COTTAGE,  
HAMILTON, 24th September 1874.

MY DEAR HANS ANDERSEN,—I have often thought of you since you wrote to me last, and wished to write to you, but never got to do so before. You would see from the newspapers the great sorrow we have had this year. I did so expect to have had papa take me to see you in Denmark. Instead of going to the different places I fully intended to with papa, I was obliged to take the sad journey to London to see him buried in Westminster Abbey. Both my aunts were there, and also my brothers and sister. We all had wreaths of pure white flowers to put on his coffin. At one o'clock the procession entered the abbey, and the coffin was placed on velvet trestles. It was covered with a black velvet pall edged with white silk, and the top of the coffin was covered with white wreaths and palm leaves. While the proces-

sion was moving along the organ played most beautifully. Then we all sang that hymn :

“ O God of Bethel, by whose hand  
Thy people still are fed,  
Who through this weary pilgrimage  
Hast all our fathers led.”

Then the procession to the grave formed. Immediately after the coffin came grandpapa (Dr. Moffat) and my two brothers, Thomas and Oswell. Next came my sister and myself, and behind us my aunts, and then friends. When the coffin was set down at the grave, which was all draped in black Agnes, my sister, and I had to lay our wreaths on the coffin, and then my aunts laid theirs. One of my aunts from the south of England laid a wreath of violets and primroses from a lane that papa liked to walk in very much. We were ranged round close to the grave, and a beautiful anthem was sung, called : “ His body was buried in peace.” Then the Dean read the funeral service, and all was over. The abbey was crowded, and

the vergers of the abbey said they had never seen such a number of people in Westminster Abbey since the death of the Prince Consort. There was a funeral service preached in the abbey the next Sunday. The picture of me that I send you is taken just as I stood at papa's grave. It was my first visit to London. Papa's two coloured servants were here seeing us last week. They were telling us a great many interesting things about papa ; and one of them, called Chumah, made a little model of the grass hut in which papa died, and showed us the position of papa's bed in it. It is very interesting to us.

I was very, very sorry to hear you had been so ill, but I hope you are better now. I should so much like, if you are able, to get a letter from you. My brother has gone back to Egypt again.

I am going to a boarding-school next week, which will be a new experience to me altogether.

I forgot to tell you, when speaking of papa's funeral, that our beloved Queen sent a most lovely white wreath, and she and the

Prince of Wales had their carriages at the abbey.

I think I have told you all I know, so with much love,—I am your ever loving,

ANNA MARY LIVINGSTONE,

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*Andersen to the Grand-Duke of Weimar.*

HOLSTEINBORG, NEAR SKJELFKOR,  
DENMARK, 2nd June 1874.

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS has again conferred great pleasure upon me through your gracious letter. Seal and address immediately recalled to me pleasant memories of former days. Many times have I read the letter through, and gazed at the portrait which stands upon my writing-table. An earlier photograph of your Royal Highness has its place in my study. I was very ill when your letter arrived, and writing would have tried me much. I knew also that your Royal Highness had gone to Holland, but

now, I hope, you are back again in Weimar, or up at woody Ettersburg.

I have been already eight days in the country, at Count Holstein's, our President of the Council. He and his dear family have always been so sympathetic and kind to me. Throughout my long illness I have felt the deepest gratitude towards them.

Here it is like being with one's relations; I have everything which wealth and goodness of heart can give. The situation of Holsteinborg is very beautiful, with its large garden and woods by the sea. The air is very salubrious, and I feel much better than before. I am able to get about. The pain in the liver has almost disappeared, and it seems as if my strength were returning daily. I have been ill more than eighteen months, and in all that long time have written nothing at all. The last work was a small volume of fairy tales, among them, "The Sea-Serpent," which is the submarine cable between England and America. This little book has also appeared in German at Bremen. But a longer tale which came into

the world three years ago, "Lucky Peter," was received with the greatest sympathy at home and abroad. Your Royal Highness will permit me to forward you the little book.

Wagner's music gleams like a ray of sunshine on our life here.

Our new, grand theatre is now nearly ready. It is to be opened in September with Holberg's "Die Wochenstube," and a new ballet of Bournonville's.

Copenhagen is always growing larger and more beautiful. Very many strangers come here, and the Sanitoria at Klampenborg and Mariealust are always occupied, principally by German families.

A month ago—your Royal Highness possibly read the story in the newspapers—Günther, a young German engineer, came here from Hanover. He had heard there was much worth seeing in Copenhagen. On the second evening of his stay here he was passing down the "Long Walk," our finest promenade, which has the old bastion with deep pits close to it, when he heard cries for

help from a little boy who had fallen into the deep, marshy water. Günther instantly threw off his overcoat, sprang into the water, seized the child and saved it, but he, the noble rescuer, sank and died. It has excited deep sympathy in the town. His brother came to the funeral, which was grand and impressive in the highest degree; for the young German's noble deed had deeply affected the whole population. More than three thousand people of all classes, rich and poor, followed his coffin. The various corporations, the Prussian Ambassador, von Heydebrant, the Gentlemen-in-Waiting of the King, and the Crown Prince followed in the Royal carriages. On the way there, and by the grave, the psalms were accompanied by wind instruments. The Chief of Police laid the Rescue Medal on Günther's coffin in the King's name, and our German clergyman, Schmaltz, made a touching address in German at the side of the grave. After him a Danish preacher spoke in the national language. The railway officials carried the coffin, and now a monu-

ment is to be erected at the grave to the noble German who, with his life, saved a Danish child. What a beautiful death for Günther! God bless his noble act! I am sorry I was not at the funeral, but was unable to go on account of my illness.

May I hope, my dear, noble Grand-Duke, that you will remember me to H.R.H. the Grand-Duchess, and the Grand-Ducal children.

H. C. ANDERSEN.

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*Andersen to Carl Steen Adolf Bille.*

BREGENTVED, 12th July 1874.

DEAR FRIEND,—You have given me the right to call you by this name. You have ever been a true friend to me,—have given me good advice, explained many a thing to me, and tranquillised my easily excited nerves, particularly upon the occasion of that American hurricane. It is blowing now

here again from that side. Yesterday evening I received a letter from a child in New York—I presume it is from New York—and in it lay “one dollar,” as well as a cutting from a newspaper, “The Children’s Debt ;” which I understand to be a summons to the youth of America to collect the charitable shilling for me towards a comfortable old age. Is that not so ? The idea may be very nice if it were set on foot by men of position, or if it attained a great result. It would be an honour to young America, as well as to the Danish poet. But as it is here written, it does not impress me. And it seems to me, if I understand correctly, that it states I have never received a dollar from America for my writings. I am supposed to have said that myself. Such a thing has never passed my lips, and it is certainly connected with the false report circulated in the German newspapers in reference to the visit of a Hungarian poet to me, that I said to him I had never received so much as a shilling from Germany as an honorarium for my works.

but, on the other hand, I had recently received 800 thalers from America. I believe, dear friend, that I spoke of it to you, and quite distinctly said that I once received through Lord, the publisher (in Leipzig), 800 thalers (£120) for my collected writings, and lately, for a similar edition in America, a small sum had been paid. All this has now been grossly misrepresented, even in Danish newspapers, and people have congratulated me on having received 8000 thalers from America.

Now, the true version is something different, and it really seems as if I were perpetually complaining and asserting an untruth, which you and all my Danish friends know that I never do. Tell me soon what I am to do about it. To send back this dollar seems to me unkind towards the kind child who sent it to me. Writing letters gives me too much trouble, and if the story got into our papers the single dollar would soon, in the mouths of the people, expand into thousands of dollars received. Favour me with a few words on the subject! I do not

know whether to be vexed or pleased at the whole thing.

I am for the most part considerably better, and can walk about in Bregentved's large garden for nearly an hour. But I suffer from any kind of agitation of the mind, and I have been troubled by the American letter and its contents. During the next few days I hope to receive a tranquillising letter from you, returning the communication and newspaper cutting.

With greetings to your aimable wife and the children,—Your very devoted,

H. C. ANDERSEN.

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*Andersen to Gibson Peacock, publisher of  
"The Evening Bulletin."*

COPENHAGEN, 30th August 1874.

HONOURED SIR,—You will accept my most sincere thanks for your kind com-

munication, and will hear with the same disposition what I have to say.

American papers have taken the occasion of my recent illness to discuss the outward circumstances under which I live, and to point out to parents and patrons the obligations which they owe me, after flattering expressions in relation to me as the author of "Fairy Tales and Stories." I hear also, in addition, that a general subscription has begun in several places of the Union. You, my unknown friend, have already forwarded me some cash contributions.

The thought from which this movement had its origin touches me deeply. It has always been my joy and happiness that my tales have found readers far beyond the boundaries of my small fatherland, and its little-known language, and I cannot be more thankful for the bounties of Providence towards me, in that it has been granted me to influence such numberless child-souls, and, as I hope, to have implanted in so many childish hearts something of nobility and goodness. It moves me deeply, and I admit

it most sincerely, that a feeling of obligation and gratitude has been expressed towards me. I feel it doubly in that you have sought me after severe illness, and under presumably narrow circumstances.

A gift of affection brought to me under such conditions I cannot thrust aside. Large or small, it bears a stamp which must make it dear to me. Deeply touched, I send the little ones my greeting and my thanks!

But it is due to myself, as well as the nation to which I belong, to clear up a possible misunderstanding. I am still weak after my illness, and am near the end of my seventieth year; but I do not find myself in pecuniary distress. My fatherland does not belong to those countries which allow their poets to suffer want. Without being in the service of the State, I receive yearly from it an honourable stipend, which covers all my expenses. My work as an author also brings me in an income, and although it is a truth that I have practically received no honorarium for the manifold translations of my books into foreign languages, yet I have here and there

been paid an indemnification, as from America, for the so-called "Author's Edition." My sympathising friends, therefore, must not think of me as a poor, forsaken, old poet, who lives in anxiety for his daily bread, and can take no care of his feeble body. In this respect, also, God has been good towards me. Kind friends surround me. Great happiness, not to say fortune, has been my portion, and not the least of it is the pleasure which I experience, that in wide America many children have broken open their money-boxes, in order to share their contents with their old author, whom they believe to be in the deepest necessity.

The whole is to me an enchanted page in my life's history, but it must be understood that I can accept no gift sent to me by private individuals. However well meant they might be, they would still have a stamp, which would neither accord with the desire of the giver, nor with my sense of dignity. What would be to me an honour and a token of esteem, when presented by the American youth as a whole, would become a painful act

of benevolence, if sent piece-meal in gifts from single persons, and that for which I ought really to feel pride and gratitude would be turned to humiliation.

I beg you, sir, who have already proved to me your kindly sympathy, to bring this, my explanation, to the knowledge of your readers, and I hope that your respected colleagues throughout the wide country will give publicity to the same.—I remain, your servant,

H. C. ANDERSEN.

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*Andersen to the Editor of the "New York Tribune."*

COPENHAGEN, 17th April 1875.

MOST HONOURED SIR,—It has long been my heart's desire to write to you and express my thanks for all the sympathy you have shown me; but my serious illness during the severe winter has brought

me so low that I can only write with difficulty. It has been a real pleasure to me to hear (after my explanation concerning the American collection had been received with such heartfelt comprehension), that in consequence the dear young friends had resolved to send me their fairy tale teller, a work with many illustrations of America. On Christmas day I received the telegram about it. I expected that the books would soon come to hand, and it was my intention then immediately to send my reply to you, my noble, sympathetic friend. In the meantime, weeks and months have passed away. I wrote, therefore, to my respected friend, General Christensen, in New York, asking him for some information as to whether the package of books was lying at some bookseller's, or at the bottom of the sea. About the same time as I received his friendly reply, information reached me that the ship was coming, and just on my seventieth birthday the books reached me. I am infinitely delighted with this gift.—the dear-

est one that could come to me from the mighty land where I am so happy in possessing so many friends among young and old. I can now not only read about that splendid country to which in my age and weakness I cannot go, but also have it before my eyes.

How splendid if that could have come to pass next year at the time of the grand festival; but I have already had much happiness which millions of others do not share.

My seventieth birthday was a day rich in sunshine and blessing. From every part of my beloved fatherland, and far away from its boundaries, came beautiful presents, letters, and telegrams, and the welcome gift of the American children arrived likewise. For what an infinite amount of good have I to thank the dear God!

At the same time I feel very much overcome by all this. My weak body cannot bear it. For the last fortnight, since my birthday, I have been suffering, and incapable of writing this letter for the early

dispatch, of which I have felt the greatest anxiety. Take the goodwill with my poor words, and give these again in fuller and better expression to young and old.

The precious work, "Picturesque America," is to me a dear gift, and will be preserved after my death in memory of the love of the American youth for their old story teller,

H. C. ANDERSEN.

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*Andersen to the Grand-Duke of Weimar.*

COPENHAGEN, 7th May 1875.

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,—Accept my most heartfelt thanks for the repeated proofs of kindness and sympathy you have shown me. Last week, when I received the letter from my noble Grand-Duke, written by his own hand, and learned from it that the Grand-Ducal family had remembered me on my seventieth birthday, I would have

written immediately; but it was signified at the same time that a high Order had been conferred upon me which would soon arrive. I have now received the Decoration, and am full of gratitude.

My birthday, April 2nd, was a grand and splendid day for me; but I was very ill, and it was trying to me to receive the deputations and other visitors. Long afterwards, and now also, I am so continually exhausted that I can only write with difficulty, and but inadequately express my feelings to you, my exalted patron.

I had so much to relate of all the affection which came to me from every side: from our Royal House, from the whole Danish kingdom, and from foreign countries.

From the "Verein Berliner Presse" I received a pretty and richly mounted congratulatory address, and most beautiful gifts from many others.

God willing I shall soon leave the town. Only country quiet and summer warmth can help me. How happy would I feel if I could this summer again see Weimar's

noble Grand-Duke, the Grand-Duchess, and the children.

Prosperity and happiness to the land where Goethe, Herden, and Schiller lived, where the Minnesingers held their festivals, and Luther found a home. With deepest respect and sincere gratitude,

H. C. ANDERSEN.

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## APPENDIX.

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Since going to press, the Publishers have come into possession of the following letter.

*Charles Dickens to Hans Andersen.*

VILLA DES MOULINEAUX, NEAR BOULOGNE,  
*Saturday, 5th July 1856.*

MY DEAR AND WORTHY HANS,—I am extremely sorry that I cannot show your friend Mr. Bille the attention and interest that it would indeed be a great pleasure to me to testify to any friend of yours. But I have left London for the summer, in order that I may work the more freely and pleasantly in the midst of a pretty garden here. You know, my dear fellow-labourer, what the distractions of a London life are

and what a relief it is to escape from them. You will not be surprised at my remaining away from it as long as I can, and not intending to return to London until late in October.

I cannot write to explain this to Mr. Bille myself, because I have not received with your letter (which he left at my house in town) any card of his, and consequently I do not know his address. But when you next see him or communicate with him, pray do me the favour to tell him how glad I should have been to have tried to make his visit to London more domestic and agreeable if I had been there. You have too much modesty to be able to tell him how delightedly and cordially I should have taken a hand that had been lately in your grasp, so I will tell him that myself when he comes again.

And you, my friend—when are you coming again? Nine years (as you say) have flown away since you were among us. In these nine years you have not faded out of the hearts of the English people, but

have become even better known and more beloved than when you saw them for the first time. When Aladdin shall have come out of those caves of science to run a triumphant course on earth and make us all wiser and better—as I know you will—you ought to come for another visit. You ought to come to me, for example, and stay in my house. We would all do our best to make you happy.

I am hard at work at “Little Dorrit,” and she will hold me prisoner for another nine or ten months. She is a wonderful favourite in England. The mention of my country’s name reminds me to say, that you now write English most admirably, and that this letter of yours now lying on my desk is a perfect Englishman’s.

Mrs. Dickens wishes me to tell you, that she would have been mortally offended if you had suspected her of forgetting you, and that you only do her justice in supposing that you live in her remembrance. Such of my children as you saw at Broadstairs-by-the-Sea, and especially my two

daughters, who are now young women, are very indignant at your dreaming of the possibility of their forgetting Hans Christian Andersen. They say that if you know them half as well as they have for years and years known Tommelise or the "Ugly Duck," you would know better. However, they send you their love and forgiveness.

My dear Andersen, I have had the heartiest pleasure in hearing from you again, and I assure you that I love and esteem you more than I could tell you on as much paper as would pave the whole road from here to Copenhagen.

Ever your affectionate friend,

CHARLES DICKENS.

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